

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. VIII. : : No. 13.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Poetry.

OUR MARY.

BY DR. ROLLAND.

Where in the whole range of English poetry can be found a better description of an infant than the following lines afford—

RUTH. (Kneeling and rocking the cradle.)

What is the little one thinking about?

Very wonderful things no doubt,

Unfathomable mystery!

Yet it laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,

And chuckles and croaks, and laughs and barks,

As a little dog in the kitchen,

And various riddles as any sphinx;

Warped by colic and wet with tears;

Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears;

Our little nephew will lose two years;

And he'll never know

Where the summers go—

He need not laugh for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what the baby thinks?

Who can follow the gossamer links?

By which the little one feels his way

Out from the door of the great unknown,

With a step, a look, a noise,

Into the light of day—

Out from the shore of the unknown sea,

Tossing in pitiful agony—

Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,

Spewed with the barks of little souls—

Barks that were launched on the other side,

And slipped from Heaven on an ebbing tide!

What does he think of his mother's eyes?

What does he think of his mother's hair?

What of the cradle roof testifies?

Forward and backwards through the air?

What does he think of his mother's breast—

Breast and beautiful, smooth and white,

Seeking it with fresh delight?

Cup of life and couch of his rest?

What does he think when his quick embrace

Presses his hand and buries his face

Deep where the heart throbs sink and swell

With a tenderness she never can tell,

Though she murmur the words

Of all the birds—

Words she has learned to murmur well?

Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!

I can see the shadow creeps—

Over his eyes, and covers his eyelids,

Over his brow, and covers his lips,

Out of his little finger tips!

Softly sinking, down he goes!

Down he goes! Down he goes!

[Ring! and carefully retreating to her seat]

See! he is hushed in sweet repose.

In Excellent Original Story.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MIDDLESEX JOURNAL.]

The Kansas Pioneer.

A STORY OF THE NEW TERRITORY.

BY CHARLES CARROLL.
Author of "The Old House at Wincaster," "The Sagamore of Monomoy," and other Tales of Woburn, and other Tales.

CHAPTER XIII. (Continued.)
CONFESSIONS.

When the Kentuckian parted from his friend Hubbard at the door of Maxwell's room, he hastened to the chamber of Dick Breeze. He found that individual lying upon the bed with the injured limb, enveloped in bloody bandages, stretched out upon the coverlet; he seemed to suffer severe pain, and he was evidently in a state of great nervous excitement.

Govins approached the bed, and began carefully to remove the dressing, his face was pale at the time, in expression of intense anxiety. At length, covering the wretched man, he shook his head with a gravity becoming a practical surgeon, which said as plainly as possible, "It's a very doubtful case."

"Is it very bad?" said the poor man faintly.

"Pad? wal, now I should think it was."

"Must I die, or loose my leg?"

"Perhaps both; There's nobody here that can cut off a leg with safety to the balance o' the body. I can't."

"I'll die, anyway."

"I should think you might; and before comes out, better take my advice, and re-live your conscience of some things that must be unconsciously hard upon it."

"You've seen the man that's cut—the man I stabbed this morning. I may as well speak plain,—will he get well?"

"That's doubtful. He's very bad."

"But, what do you think? What's the chance?"

"The chance? why if no other trouble comes up, this, the chance is he'll get well."

"So much the better, I shan't have his blood on my soul. And now I'd like to sleep. I wish you'd pull a curtain across that winder. What is there outside that winder?"

"Outside the winder?" said Govins and although it was daylight, he felt uncomfortable as he looked toward it, in sympathy with his patient. "Why the garden, of course, don't you see the roses climbing all round it? But you needn't go to sleep just yet. I want to see you some time."

"You've seen the man that's cut—the man I stabbed this morning. I may as well speak plain,—will he get well?"

"That's doubtful. He's very bad."

"But, what do you think? What's the chance?"

"The chance? why if no other trouble comes up, this, the chance is he'll get well."

"So much the better, I shan't have his blood on my soul. And now I'd like to sleep. I wish you'd pull a curtain across that winder. What is there outside that winder?"

"Outside the winder?" said Govins and although it was daylight, he felt uncomfortable as he looked toward it, in sympathy with his patient. "Why the garden, of course, don't you see the roses climbing all round it? But you needn't go to sleep just yet. I want to see you some time."

"You've seen the man that's cut—the man I stabbed this morning. I may as well speak plain,—will he get well?"

"That's doubtful. He's very bad."

"But, what do you think? What's the chance?"

"The chance? why if no other trouble comes up, this, the chance is he'll get well."

"So much the better, I shan't have his blood on my soul. And now I'd like to sleep. I wish you'd pull a curtain across that winder. What is there outside that winder?"

"Outside the winder?" said Govins and although it was daylight, he felt uncomfortable as he looked toward it, in sympathy with his patient. "Why the garden, of course, don't you see the roses climbing all round it? But you needn't go to sleep just yet. I want to see you some time."

"You've seen the man that's cut—the man I stabbed this morning. I may as well speak plain,—will he get well?"

"That's doubtful. He's very bad."

"But, what do you think? What's the chance?"

"The chance? why if no other trouble comes up, this, the chance is he'll get well."

"So much the better, I shan't have his blood on my soul. And now I'd like to sleep. I wish you'd pull a curtain across that winder. What is there outside that winder?"

"Outside the winder?" said Govins and although it was daylight, he felt uncomfortable as he looked toward it, in sympathy with his patient. "Why the garden, of course, don't you see the roses climbing all round it? But you needn't go to sleep just yet. I want to see you some time."

"You've seen the man that's cut—the man I stabbed this morning. I may as well speak plain,—will he get well?"

"That's doubtful. He's very bad."

"But, what do you think? What's the chance?"

"The chance? why if no other trouble comes up, this, the chance is he'll get well."

"So much the better, I shan't have his blood on my soul. And now I'd like to sleep. I wish you'd pull a curtain across that winder. What is there outside that winder?"

"Outside the winder?" said Govins and although it was daylight, he felt uncomfortable as he looked toward it, in sympathy with his patient. "Why the garden, of course, don't you see the roses climbing all round it? But you needn't go to sleep just yet. I want to see you some time."

"You've seen the man that's cut—the man I stabbed this morning. I may as well speak plain,—will he get well?"

"That's doubtful. He's very bad."

"But, what do you think? What's the chance?"

"The chance? why if no other trouble comes up, this, the chance is he'll get well."

"So much the better, I shan't have his blood on my soul. And now I'd like to sleep. I wish you'd pull a curtain across that winder. What is there outside that winder?"

"Outside the winder?" said Govins and although it was daylight, he felt uncomfortable as he looked toward it, in sympathy with his patient. "Why the garden, of course, don't you see the roses climbing all round it? But you needn't go to sleep just yet. I want to see you some time."

"You've seen the man that's cut—the man I stabbed this morning. I may as well speak plain,—will he get well?"

"That's doubtful. He's very bad."

"But, what do you think? What's the chance?"

"The chance? why if no other trouble comes up, this, the chance is he'll get well."

"So much the better, I shan't have his blood on my soul. And now I'd like to sleep. I wish you'd pull a curtain across that winder. What is there outside that winder?"

"Outside the winder?" said Govins and although it was daylight, he felt uncomfortable as he looked toward it, in sympathy with his patient. "Why the garden, of course, don't you see the roses climbing all round it? But you needn't go to sleep just yet. I want to see you some time."

"You've seen the man that's cut—the man I stabbed this morning. I may as well speak plain,—will he get well?"

"That's doubtful. He's very bad."

"But, what do you think? What's the chance?"

"The chance? why if no other trouble comes up, this, the chance is he'll get well."

"So much the better, I shan't have his blood on my soul. And now I'd like to sleep. I wish you'd pull a curtain across that winder. What is there outside that winder?"

"Outside the winder?" said Govins and although it was daylight, he felt uncomfortable as he looked toward it, in sympathy with his patient. "Why the garden, of course, don't you see the roses climbing all round it? But you needn't go to sleep just yet. I want to see you some time."

"You've seen the man that's cut—the man I stabbed this morning. I may as well speak plain,—will he get well?"

"That's doubtful. He's very bad."

"But, what do you think? What's the chance?"

"The chance? why if no other trouble comes up, this, the chance is he'll get well."

"So much the better, I shan't have his blood on my soul. And now I'd like to sleep. I wish you'd pull a curtain across that winder. What is there outside that winder?"

"Outside the winder?" said Govins and although it was daylight, he felt uncomfortable as he looked toward it, in sympathy with his patient. "Why the garden, of course, don't you see the roses climbing all round it? But you needn't go to sleep just yet. I want to see you some time."

"You've seen the man that's cut—the man I stabbed this morning. I may as well speak plain,—will he get well?"

"That's doubtful. He's very bad."

"But, what do you think? What's the chance?"

"The chance? why if no other trouble comes up, this, the chance is he'll get well."

"So much the better, I shan't have his blood on my soul. And now I'd like to sleep. I wish you'd pull a curtain across that winder. What is there outside that winder?"

"Outside the winder?" said Govins and although it was daylight, he felt uncomfortable as he looked toward it, in sympathy with his patient. "Why the garden, of course, don't you see the roses climbing all round it? But you needn't go to sleep just yet. I want to see you some time."

"You've seen the man that's cut—the man I stabbed this morning. I may as well speak plain,—will he get well?"

"That's doubtful. He's very bad."

"But, what do you think? What's the chance?"

"The chance? why if no other trouble comes up, this, the chance is he'll get well."

"So much the better, I shan't have his blood on my soul. And now I'd like to sleep. I wish you'd pull a curtain across that winder. What is there outside that winder?"

"Outside the winder?" said Govins and although it was daylight, he felt uncomfortable as he looked toward it, in sympathy with his patient. "Why the garden, of course, don't you see the roses climbing all round it? But you needn't go to sleep just yet. I want to see you some time."

"You've seen the man that's cut—the man I stabbed this morning. I may as well speak plain,—will he get well?"

"That's doubtful. He's very bad."

"But, what do you think? What's the chance?"

"The chance? why if no other trouble comes up, this, the chance is he'll get well."

"So much the better, I shan't have his blood on my soul. And now I'd like to sleep. I wish you'd pull a curtain across that winder. What is there outside that winder?"

"Outside the winder?" said Govins and although it was daylight, he felt uncomfortable as he looked toward it

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859.

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPY, Editor and Proprietor.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except in cases of death, or where any person writing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (fourteen lines), one insertion, \$1.00; one thousand insertions, 25 cents. Half a square, seven lines, one insertion, 15 cents; each subsequent insertion, 9 cents. One Square, per year, \$12.00; six months, \$7.00; three months, \$4.00. Half a square, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.00; three months, \$2.00. Less than half a square charge as half a square; more than half a square charge as one square. Each insertion, 9 cents; a line, for one insertion, 4 cents; a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted gratis, and will be charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly in front of advertisements in advance.

AGENTS.

North Woburn—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WERN & CO.,
East Woburn—ALBERT L. RICHARDSON,
Stoneham—T. W. WILFRETT,
Roxbury—THOMAS RICHARDSON,
South Reading—DR. J. D. MANFIELD,
Winchester—JOSEPH HENRY,
S. W. & R. XILES, (successors to V. B. Palmer),
Scovell's Building, Court Street, Boston, and JOHN BURHILL, Boston, are duly empowered to take all necessary arrangements for the Journal at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of the Journal renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and preserved by the best families of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates in an extent enjoyed by no other paper. It is not excelled, if equalled, in typographical appearance, by ANY PAPER published in Middlesex County. By preserving uniformity in arrangement, equal prominence is obtained by ALL ADVERTISERS. Our terms of advertising are moderate.

JOB PRINTING.

We will call the special attention of all readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of JOB PRINTING. The variety of NEW and MANDATORY type with which our office is supplied is very extensive; our presses are new and fast; our workmen are well and skillfully selected; therefore, every facility for doing all kinds of work, QUICK, NEAT and CAREFUL. Orders left at our office, or sent through our agents, will be promptly attended to, and the prices will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers will confer a favor by giving notice at the office where they fail to receive their paper regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1859.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

New Year's Day has been a time of rejoicing in all ages and among all people. Libanius, the rhetorician, has left in his writings a glowing account of the manner in which it was celebrated among the ancient Romans, from whom the greater part of the customs connected with the day, both in England and in our own country, have been derived. He assumes that all men love holidays, a fact which very few will presume to deny. In his time in the city of Rome all the people were in a fever of expectation during the day preceding the festival. Presents of all kinds were to be seen passing from one to the other in all parts of the city, some for ornament, others for the table; some from the rich to the poor, and some from the poor to the rich. Deep into the night all was song and dance, laugh and jest, both at home and in the streets. No one thought of sleeping, and no one could do so even if he desired it. The columns and porches of the houses were wreathed with laurel and evergreens, and troops of gay companions, clad in purple, might be seen bearing small torches, and accompanying some of the rich, on horseback, to the sacred shrines and temples. Servants followed, scattering gold among the people, causing a constant scramble to be kept up, to the great amusement of all parties. Having offered the usual sacrifices to the gods, they went round to the magistrates, and bestowed New Year's presents upon their servants. This was done openly, the money passing through the hands of the officers themselves, who kissed the persons to whom they presented the intended gift. Others imitated the example thus set, and gold flowed freely on all sides, while the joyous revelry was carried to the highest pitch.

Such a mingling of the rich and the poor in all the festivities of the occasion, such an interchange of presents and kindly wishes, carried out in the spirit that characterized those early days, are worthy a more general imitation in this age of boasted progress and refinement. It is done to a considerable extent in some parts of this country, affording the happiest season of the whole year.

Christmas and New Year's days should ever be celebrated in a manner that will leave the most enduring impressions for good upon all classes, the high and low, the rich and the poor. There is something peculiarly interesting in the ten thousand kind wishes, heard on all sides, as the customary salutation—"I wish you a happy new year" is expressed. Were all these wishes—shall we not even call them prayers from the hearts of childhood—answered, we should all live to see more days than allotted to the antediluvian race. See the surly, morose, selfish man. Intent upon the business of making money, he gives all the days of the year to his chosen employment. Shutting out the sunshine of human kindness from his heart, he immures himself in his dark and dusty office "From morn till night, from youth till hoary age." But there is one day in the year that even to him is unlike other days. Early in the morning on New Year's Day his ears are greeted with the salutation from childhood's lips—"I wish you a happy New Year," and this is heard so often that he feels compelled to reward the happy little well-wishers, till he is surprised at the drudgery made upon his pocket, and yet he is conscious of feeling all the better for what he has done. It is easy for him who has a heart for it, to make others happy, and at the same time a reflex influence is felt at work, so that happiness is received as well as bestowed. Well would it be if far more in every community were aware of this fact, and would act accordingly.

The year just closed is one that will long be remembered by many an individual and in many a household. One year ago many were

indulging in bright hopes and joyous anticipations respecting the future. But, in an hour unlooked for, a black cloud arose and overspread their sky, leaving them to know, by bitter experience, that their most fondly cherished hopes are built upon the sand.

In the business world, the past year has been marked by a fair degree of prosperity, taking into account the previous fearful crisis. Would that all could learn wisdom by experience—that severe master—and seek a competence, not by attempting to compass sea and land, but from the sure gains of an honest industry. The world is large enough for us all, and however much any one now seeks to appropriate, the day is not far distant when a small space will be all he will receive or need.

We hope that every one in this community will enter upon the New year with new purposes and new resolutions. It becomes us all to glance over the past, that its mistakes and errors may be recalled and corrected in the future. As we grow older we ought to become more truly wise, especially in the practical affairs and duties of life.

To our many readers and friends we offer the customary salutation of the season. With heartfelt thanks to the Giver of all good for the mercies vouchsafed to them and theirs, even amid the darkest hours of trial and anxiety, let them pass from the departed to the advancing year. What it is bearing for them and us in its unseen future we know not—we wish not to know. It may be the full cup of joy, or it may be the overflowing cup of sorrow. Whichever it may be, some in this—in every community—will be called during the next twelve months to drain the one, and some the other. One year hence some who are now the light of our homes, the pride of our hearts, will be sleeping peacefully beneath the clods of the valley. Such, too, may be our own lot. But, be the unknown future what it may—whether joyous or sorrowful, the path of duty is plain before us, and we have only to walk carefully, circumspectly therein. There are duties we owe to our Creator and to our fellow-men. Let us all, individually, seek to discharge them aright—to Divine acceptance—and then, come weal or woe, come life or death, the great purpose of our existence will have been answered, and it will matter little whether our days on earth are few or many.

For the firm and increasing support bestowed upon the Journal, we tender our heartfelt thanks. It has been a cheering thought amid our arduous labors, that our efforts are satisfactory to an appreciating public. We have labored to make our sheet worthy the patronage of the people among whom our lot is cast, and it gives us real satisfaction to hear them say—in acts as well as words—that we have succeeded. Kind readers and friends, we wish you, one and all.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR. We do not invoke upon your heads cloudless prosperity. We trust you will thankfully receive the cup Heaven may give you to drink, whether bitter or sweet, ever remembering that

"Life is like the stream that flows,—
Something leaving—something taking."

Woburn Lyceum.

REV. MR. AMES, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this town, delivered a Poem before the Lyceum on Monday evening last. His subject was "The Mission of the Heart."

A theme so comprehensive necessarily carried him over a wide range of thought, and allowed him time only to touch lightly a few of the many topics which engage the attention and enlist the sympathies of the people, or rather the portion of the people whose hearts beat in unison with philanthropic movements for the benefit of their race. The fertile prairies, populous cities, and busy marts of the Great West, cultivated, built up and developed by New England men, were graphically described; the struggles they had encountered in their "mission," the hardships they had braved, the difficulties they had conquered, and the victories they had won, were rehearsed in measured lines. The curse of human slavery, and the encroachments of the slave power upon the free States, were denounced in language remarkable for force more than for terseness of diction. The sin of intemperance was rebuked in becoming terms, as were also many other of the sins, frailties and follies indulged in by the men and women of our time. In the closing lines of his poem, the learned gentleman indulged in the poetic license accorded to a poet's fancy, and treated his audience to a pleasing view of the "good time coming," when the "mission of the heart" will have been fulfilled, and Arcadia will no longer be in Peloponnesus only, but will prevail over the whole heritage of man.

This is the second poem that has been delivered before the Lyceum this season. The literary merits of these lectures in rhyme may be unexceptionable, but we do not find that they either interest, instruct or please the audience in attendance at our Lyceum. The people of Woburn, with few exceptions, prefer solid food for the mind, and they appreciate that lecture the best from which they can carry away some living fact in science or philosophy, which they can think about with profit and remember with pleasure, or turn to some good account in practical life.

Y. M. C. ASSOCIATION.—Surprise.—On Thursday evening last, the Young Men's Christian Association and the young ladies' sewing society in connection therewith, met in the Baptist vestry, ostensibly to hear the report of the festival committee, and for the transaction of business pertaining to the society. After the report had been read, and a very appropriate speech delivered by Mr. Jones P. Barrett, the young men of the Association invited the ladies to accompany them to the Town Hall, and on entering, to their surprise they found two long tables spread with an excellent Oyster-supper, with the usual accompaniments. The company were soon seated, and regaled themselves with the bivalves, which were prepared in excellent style. After the supper they passed an hour or two very pleasantly in the exchange of social courtesies, singing, &c.

SKATING.—This is a healthful exercise, and multitudes seem disposed to avail themselves of it this season. Horn Pond is the favorite resort of ladies and gentlemen, masters and misses. The ice is rather rough, but they make it.

ACCIDENT.—Widow George Hunt, an aged lady, residing with her son on Court street, fell down cellar on Monday last, fracturing the radius of her left arm.

WE HOPE more of our many friends who recently received specimen copies of the Journal, have been sufficiently interested in it to become regular subscribers. Although we have already received a large accession to our list, there is still an opportunity for more.

THURSDAY.—We are indebted to Walter Frost, Esq., for late files of California and New Orleans papers.

BOOK NOTICES.

Our book table presents a very inviting appearance this week. If we could but command the time to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest all we see before us, we would without doubt be the wiser and the better for it. But the close of the year reminds us that time is fleeting, that the active pursuits of life demand at our hands almost every moment, and that we must, for the present at least, content ourselves with a hasty perusal, or perhaps only a glance, at the "storehouses of thought" with which our table is filled. The first in order is a very neat volume, entitled

THE QUEEN'S DOMAIN; and other poems. By William Winter. Boston: E. O. Libby & Co.

Mr. Winter has written some good poetry, and this volume includes the cream of his writings. It contains thoughts, clothed in very becoming language, that would be no discredit to Bryant or Wordsworth. We consider the volume well worthy a place on our bookshelves.

FROM POOR HOUSE TO PULPIT; or, the triumphs of the late Dr. John Kitto, from boyhood to manhood. A book for youth. By William M. Thayer. Boston: E. O. Libby & Co.

When a poor, deaf pauper, like Kitto, comes forth from his obscure condition, and, by his own personal exertions, to distinction among Biblical and Theological scholars, it is worth while to inquire how it is done. The young will be benefited by studying such an example of perseverance. New and noble resolutions may be awakened thereby in their hearts, the fulfillment of which may lead them on to usefulness and renown." This paragraph from the preface affords a full explanation of the character and object of the book; but the author has told the story of Kitto's life in a way so pleasing and familiar that all who read the first chapter will be unwilling to put the book aside until they become familiar with its contents.

THE EVENING OF LIFE; or, light and comfort amidst the shadows of declining years. By Jerome C. Caplin, D. D. A new edition, revised and much enlarged. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

When we say that the title of this volume is a true index to its contents, we can speak for it no higher praise. That the Christian consolation it affords has proved a "light and comfort" to many, amidst the shadows of their declining years, the call for this new and much improved edition verifies.

THE POOR GIRL AND THE TRUE WOMAN; or, Elementary sketches of Woman's Success drawn from the Life of Mary Lyon. A Book for Girls. By William M. Thayer, author of the "Poor Boy and McDonald Priests." Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

This is a book of no ordinary interest. Young ladies, especially those pursuing a course of study, will here see examples worthy of the most careful imitation, and will meet with suggestions of the highest value, if wisely heeded.

POOR FRIENDS; or, the Circumstances of a Story for Boys and Girls. By William Lovett. Boston: E. O. Libby & Co.

We have here another volume for young readers, and we think they will find much in it to interest them. If we mistake not it is well calculated to add a valuable link to the chain of circumstances that will help make the girl-boy who reads it all that is amiable and lovely, manly and noble in character.

Further notices of new books unavoidably delayed.

CHRISTMAS TREES.—Much interest was added to Christmas in this town last week, by Christmas trees. There was a large one on Academy Hill, upon the boughs of which a numerous circle of family friends and acquaintances gathered most acceptable fruit.

It was said to be a splendid affair. The members of the Woburn High School got up a tree in fine style, and they with their teachers spent last Saturday evening very pleasantly in gathering in the harvest its branches afforded. There was a gathering of "little folks" on Bennett street, for Santa Claus put it into the hearts of certain individuals to set up a tree upon which he could hang his rewards for several little boys and girls. They were all satisfied, and returned to their homes with a higher respect for the old gentleman than ever before. There was a very pleasant affair also at the Eastern Primary school-house.

We understand that all of the scholars found something there to remind them of the kindness of their teacher, Miss Andrews, and to encourage them in continued efforts at well-doing. There was a splendid tree also, at the spacious brown mansion on New Boston Street. Christmas trees are usually very interesting to all concerned, and admirably calculated to bind more firmly the bonds of parental and filial affection. Whatever does this, thereby rendering more the dearest spot on earth, is of unspeakable value in the early training of children. With each returning year we hope the Christmas trees will be more numerous than were allotted to the antediluvian race. See the surly, morose, selfish man.

It is the second poem that has been delivered before the Lyceum this season. The literary merits of these lectures in rhyme may be unexceptionable, but we do not find that they either interest, instruct or please the audience in attendance at our Lyceum.

The members of the Unitarian Society of Stoneham, intend giving an exhibition in the Town Hall, on Friday evening next, consisting of music, tableaux, dramatic pieces &c. From what we have learned concerning this exhibition, we believe it will be of a most pleasing and interesting character, and will doubtless attract a very large audience.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL EXHIBITION.—The members of the Unitarian Society of Stoneham, intend giving an exhibition in the Town Hall, on Friday evening next, consisting of music, tableaux, dramatic pieces &c. From what we have learned concerning this exhibition, we believe it will be of a most pleasing and interesting character, and will doubtless attract a very large audience.

R. R. ACCIDENT.—Mr. Charles C. Foster, of North Woburn, was severely injured this week by being thrown from a hand-car on the Boston and Lowell Railroad. His injuries, though severe, are not dangerous, and he is in a fair way to be soon well again.

THE W. M. P. ASSEMBLIES.—The first ball of the Phalanx course will take place on Friday evening next, in the Lyceum Hall. Halls' Band furnishes the music. We have no doubt it will be as usual with the Phalanx parties, one of the pleasantest of the season.

SKATING.—This is a healthful exercise, and multitudes seem disposed to avail themselves of it this season. Horn Pond is the favorite resort of ladies and gentlemen, masters and misses. The ice is rather rough, but they make it.

ACCIDENT.—Widow George Hunt, an aged lady, residing with her son on Court street, fell down cellar on Monday last, fracturing the radius of her left arm.

THURSDAY.—We are indebted to Walter Frost, Esq., for late files of California and New Orleans papers.

BREAKING ROADS.—A correspondent in last week's *Andover Advertiser* says:—Harrowes are said, by a practical friend of ours, to answer admirably for this purpose. Instead of plowing the snow from the road and leaving bare ground for the runners, they pulverize and settle it down as they do the soil over which they are drawn, and make it so hard and solid that good sleighing will often remain long after the snow has disappeared from each side of the road. It occurs to us that for this purpose a large snow harrow might be advantageously made of heavy timber, and from both a strength of mental and moral purpose, which would greatly benefit their characters.

Christ." He would not look there for the burning thoughts and sublime ethics of Paul, nor the loving sympathies and trusting faith of John. No, he would render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

Whether the young men of the present day get their attainments from Shakespeare or the Bible I suppose depends something upon their mental habits, or the instructions and examples placed before them. They would undoubtedly receive from either source a large addition to their intellectual fibre, and from both a strength of mental and moral life.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. Russell Towner, an employee of the Lowell R. R. Company, was badly injured near the Horn Pond station on Tuesday last, by being caught between the busters of two cars he was attempting to shackle. We understand his injuries are not as severe as was at first anticipated, and that is doing well.

17 STREET LIGHTS.—The lamp post near Mr. Towne's shop is to be removed to the corner of Walnut and Main streets, and new posts are to be placed on Main street near the Methodist Church, and on Warren street opposite the mansion of Hon. Charles Choate. In the latter case Mr. C. furnishes the post, lamp, &c., at his own expense.

BOSTON THEATRE.—Don Giovanni is to be performed this afternoon at the Boston, and on next Tuesday afternoon will take place the last MATINEE and last performance of Piccolomini at the Boston. The opera troupe affords a full explanation of the character and object of the book; but the author has told the story of Kitto's life in a way so pleasurable, and the name of Piccolomini—a singer of unequalled beauty and sweetness—is added, the attractions are unsurpassed.

17 The "Parker Assembly" last evening, at the Central House Hall, was well attended, and passed off very pleasantly.

Found at last, a remedy that not only relieves Consumption and its numerous satellites, which revolve about in the shape of coughs, colds, influenza, bronchitis, &c. This remedy is Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Shakespeare and the Bible.

MR. EDITOR:—

A writer in the last number of the *Journal* asked a few very hypercritical questions of some "admirer" of Mr. King, respecting the use made by him of the above phrase in his late lecture before the Lyceum. It does not seem necessary to claim any special friendship for that gentleman, to defend him from such a foolish and pernicious attack. Indeed it is a book of no ordinary interest.

Young ladies, especially those pursuing a course of study, will find it a source of much pleasure and profit to turn to the *Journal* for the best of what it contains.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

AN ACROSTIC.

M eandering through the verdant bays of life,
In a gentle breeze, or in the tempest's gale,
D oth glide the fertilizing stream along,
D oing its mission, swelling forth its song.
E ver move I onward, never to return!
S o moves this fleeting life's majestic stream,
E ver flowing onward in its power supreme.
X excess, the great, and millions great and small!
J oin in the grave, from which there's no recall!
O bserve, then, where the fragile vessel tempts us
To see time aught—good deeds are faithful friends
R emain to all the service just and true,
N or fear to give each reprobate his due.
A nd when life's duties and its tolls shall cease,
L et thy anchor in the port of peace.
Greenwood, Jan. 1, 1859.

F. H. S.

LOCALS.

The Sabbath School connected with the Congregational Society in South Lynnfield, are to have an exhibition in the old chapel, near the hotel, on Wednesday evening next, January 5th, commencing at half-past six o'clock; tickets, 10 cents. The proceeds to be appropriated to replenish the library. On this occasion, we understand, that Rev. Mr. Johnson of South Reading, will give an address, and Mr. Amos L. Walton of South Reading will deliver a poem.

South Reading, Dec. 1858. J. E.

MORE ANNEXATION.—It is said to be a southern project for the government to purchase two or three of the northern states of Mexico. Of course it is with the view of making them slave states. It will be "northern aggression upon the south," of course, for any one to speak a word against it.—*Worcester Pa.*

HOLLOWAY'S PILL.—Bilious headache and all affection of the system which result from an insufficient or inadequate supply of bile, are once relieved by the operation of Holloway's Pills. Dyspepsia and liver disease are inseparable; for the stomach and the liver always sympathize, and as this great medicine acts powerfully upon both these important organs, it performs the work of cure with a precision, rapidity, and thoroughness which no parallel in the record of medical practice. Pills may be relied upon in the utmost emergency, in case of diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera morbus, spasms of the stomach, cholera infantum, and all other disorders affecting the digestive organs and the bowels.

Rev. James Cooper, recently of Ohio, has accepted a call to become the pastor of the Baptist Church in Melrose.

Mr. Churchill's place of business was beautifully lighted up on Wednesday evening, it being the opening of his new store, just completed. It is a pretty building externally, and the interior is arranged with neatness and taste.

M.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MEDITATION.

A calamity had overwhelmed me. I was sorely bereaved, and my whole self, it seemed, had gone forth from me never to return, and there I sat in my low-roofed parlor, the shell, as it were, whence the pearl had departed, with but sense enough left to feel my own emptiness, and a disgust for all the world. Oh! how I prayed for release from that terrible state of approaching apathy. How I prayed for something to do by which I might realize myself a human, active being. But without faith prayer had no wings, and fluttering awhile within a cold bosom, it sunk, like the bird beneath an exhausted receiver, and fell earthward.

It was a sultry evening in August, and my house stood in a remote and lonely spot, where I sat by an open window, overlooking a garden over-run with tall, rank weeds, with here and there a little flower springing up beneath. At the approach of twilight a slight breeze stirred the tall stems without, and so sullen and sluggish was my poor soul, that I withdrew my chair into the deepest shadows of the room, away from sound or motion. Why was I thus doomed to be so incapable of good? My spirit had once thirsted for the power of being benevolent, of benefiting some one, but the means were now all gone, and I was thrust, while in this world, into "outer darkness." How beautiful had been my air-castles in a portion of which had I ever seated self or low desire, but all was peopled by those whom I could serve and render happy, while for their enjoyment I sat apart and sang a hymn of praise.

Now all was gone, and "speechless sorrow sat with me," while my lovely Lares and Penates lay scattered around us. The hour of sacrifice was past; for nothing then would grieve or affright me, (so I felt,) and the question often sent up by my heart of what next was over. In the recess where I sat my eyes were open, but I saw not, and my ears received no sound. It seemed that no other faculty belonged to me.

Suddenly I became sensible to the faintest possible odor of an agreeable nature, and presently the shadows of my apartment were redolent of sweets. As the evening darkened, and the breeze arose, that delicate fragrance floated in like the perfume from an orange blossom, or the opening of a magnolia, yet softer, sweeter even than they. It stirred a slumbering sense, a natural fondness and affection for flowers, so I passed out of the door and stood among the high, green weeds. It was yet early, for the sun had not been long down, and I saw two humming-birds busy at their work, from stem to stem, as they plied their pointed bills to some flower disclosing sweetness.

Just then a silvery crescent in the sky revealed the unfolding of a row of evening primroses, all gently breathing forth their mission upon the shades of night. Yes, they had penetrated the darkness of my concealment, they had touched and roused my spirit and had led me forth to feel and to enjoy! Sweet evening primrose, with that holy, lovely lesson, sending up incense to heaven under falling dew and gathering night, I was better for thy teaching, as I remembered who prepared thee for thy course, and from that little flower I gathered strength and hope, as pressing it to my bosom, I resolved to find sweetest even in the garden of desolation, and wisdom everywhere.

HELEN BEVERLY.
South Reading, Dec. 1858.

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.

8.

9.

10.

11.

12.

13.

14.

15.

16.

17.

18.

19.

20.

21.

22.

23.

24.

25.

26.

27.

28.

29.

30.

31.

32.

33.

34.

35.

36.

37.

38.

39.

40.

41.

42.

43.

44.

45.

46.

47.

48.

49.

50.

51.

52.

53.

54.

55.

56.

57.

58.

59.

60.

61.

62.

63.

64.

65.

66.

67.

68.

69.

70.

71.

72.

73.

74.

75.

76.

77.

78.

79.

80.

81.

82.

83.

84.

85.

86.

87.

88.

89.

90.

91.

92.

93.

94.

95.

96.

97.

98.

99.

100.

101.

102.

103.

104.

105.

106.

107.

108.

109.

110.

111.

112.

113.

114.

115.

116.

117.

118.

119.

120.

121.

122.

123.

124.

125.

126.

127.

128.

129.

130.

131.

132.

133.

134.

135.

136.

137.

138.

139.

140.

141.

142.

143.

144.

145.

146.

147.

148.

149.

150.

151.

152.

153.

154.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. VIII. :: No. 14.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1859.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

IMPROMPTU.

Half-past eleven, December 31st, 1858.

Oh ! year, I cannot let you go,
Though life is ebbing fast ;
You've been a firm, true friend to me,
I'm with you to the last.

A blessing are you to me,
Your life will soon be o'er ;
To you the great hereafter goes,
I'll never see you more.

And I must stay with a sad heart,
To greet the coming year ;
I always like old friends the best,
But do not yet, OLD YEAR !

Those trembling lips would speak to me,
See ! see ! I bend to hear ;
You bid me, with unfaltering trust,
To love the young NEW YEAR !

There : the clock strikes ! He's coming now !
Old Year ! Good-bye ! Good-bye !
My heart is sad, for all alone,
I've stayed to see you die !

TWELVE O'CLOCK.

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Orphan hours ; the year is dead,
Come to a still, close and weep !

Every heart is silent instead,
For the year is but asleep.

See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse
In its coffin in the clay,
Sister ! Where, then, such curse,
Rocketh death, cold year to day ?

Solenn hours ! wall alone !

For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and aways
The tree-swing cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year ; be calm and mild,
Trembling hours : she will arise,
With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here,
Like a sexton by her grave ;
February bears the bier,
March with grief doth howl and rave,
And April weeps : but oh ! ye hours,
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

An Excellent Original Story.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MIDDLESEX JOURNAL.]

The Kansas Pioneer.

A STORY OF THE NEW TERRITORY.

BY CHARLES CARROLL.

Author of "The Old House at Winchester," "The Sagamore's Mark" or the early settlers of Woburn," and other Tales.

CHAPTER XV. (Concluded.)

LAST SCENES.

Days sped. It was a week had passed, when letters came express from Govins. Like a man who had been recovered as to be able to return to his family, he had allowed himself to be led along through many tedious windings. Constantly upon his track, he had, as yet, not seen John Hubbard. Many times, when about to seize him, he had clutched his grasp. He had employed a government officer to assist him in his search, and had undiminished hope of final success, but was doubtful as to the time which he should find it necessary to occupy.

Fir Breeze had followed his steps, generally treading in his wake, and allowed him to pass through many dangerous windings. Constantly upon his track, he had, as yet, not seen John Hubbard. Many times, when about to seize him, he had clutched his grasp. He had employed a government officer to assist him in his search, and had undiminished hope of final success, but was doubtful as to the time which he should find it necessary to occupy.

Ellen had by his side, and he had continued speaking, and his heart stood still as he awaited the reply.

Ellen had much to say. She would have spoken of father and mother, and of her love for them ; of the scenes of the weeks passed, of thoughts by day and dreams by night, but her lips would only utter what the frankness of her nature dictated, and she said, "We are but children."

Some minutes ensued in silence, only the sound, sparkling waters filled the air, without intruding on the realms of silence. There a bird sang out its evening song among the branches, a grasshopper bade its thrill good-night. The shadows deepened, but the lovers took no heed ; a star arose in the eastern sky and twinkled through the leaves. But what had been a longing, without a wind to stir, had become a reality.

Another week had gone. Later advice had been received from the pursuing party. The object of their search, which had been partially known in many of the little cottages which they visited. Suspicious were entertained that John Hubbard had been concerned in some dark deeds that of late had startled the people of the country, and warrants for his arrest were out in every direction. Hubbard had been often seen. The pursuers were on his track. "I'll catch him yet," were the last words of the second day.

The weather of health was rapidly reappearing upon Maxwell's cheek. By slow degrees he was enabled to brave exposure, and morning and evening, during these pleasant days of early autumn, he wandered over the prairie or along the bluffs that formed the river's bank, inhaling health with every breath, and receiving pleasure from every scene. He was alone, but, in his heart, he had by his side, and he had guided the hours by relating her own experiences in the wilderness, or inventing romantic scenes with new interest, by telling some wild legend of the native tribes connected therewith.

Would you know the season when the heart of youth is moved most readily ? It is in the spring time, when the atmosphere is filled with the fragrance of new born flowers ; not in winter, when the earth is in the fullness of its bearing, when the sultry air by day or night can scarcely wave the heavy forest leaves or the full ripe grasses of the plains ; not in winter, when the winding sheets of snow-beaten thoughts of death, and the chill north-wind has riveted the chains of nature with icicles ; but, in the autumn time, when the labor of the year is done, and all things are gently sinking to their winter

rest. When through the pure atmosphere of evening the stars smile brightly in the sky, and the clear round moon pours her full flood of gentle light on hill, valley and plain. This is the season when the heart is most readily moved. Oh ! youth ! If thou woulds have thy tale of love find favor, tell it softly, in presence of the stars gazing an autumn sky. If thou wouldst keep thy heart still within thy heart, stand not in the light of an autumn moon with a fair one at thy side.

The mutual delight of the young people in each other's society did not escape the notice of Ellen's parents, but, far from causing them additional anxiety, it served to relieve their minds of a part of the pressure caused by the continued absence of Governor. The long absence of a parental influence of such a course is an event every way desirable, and Maxwell readily perceived that his increasing attentions to Ellen were not displeasing to her parents.

How rapidly the hours fly by when mingled with pleasure. How soon the shadows of night seem to chase away the brilliant sunshine of the morning. When found time enough for the doing of new measures to begin, how reluctant to resign it to the sombre arms of night. The days we write of were all pleasant days to the two young hearts whose beatings we record. The morning rose and smiled upon them. The evening came, and still it smiled. The night was passed in happy dreams, and always ushered in a morning happier than the last. They talked of many things, and gazed with rapture on the scenes of the past, and were watching for the day when the commonwealth would be spilt by the sword.

"And may water henceforth be my poison, if by any act of mine I make myself unworthy of your love," said Maxwell, as he drained the cup.

In the hour of strife Hubert did not hesitate as to the banner under which he should enlist, and he rendered efficient aid to the cause of freedom, for which he had been rewarded by the thanks of his fellows, and by public honors which their choice had conferred upon him.

The exiled wife and mother had departed to her long home, followed to her grave by the affection and esteem of all who knew her.

Govins, soon after the marriage of Maxwell, began to complain that game was getting scarce in Kentucky. This was the prelude to his removal to the Kansas, where he still hunts the deer with all the perseverance of his youth. Here, too, he is a soldier, and the conduct of those who were too bad that the Kansans should be spilt like Kentucky, for the sake of negroes, and engaged with his young friend for the "good cause." His character, as I trust, has been preserved, unprecedent and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public service was sufficiently unjust to have aroused the indignation of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who demanded his recall into his conduct, *judge of his capacity*, and, if necessary, order him home; at least, to appoint another over him. This measure, unprecedented and insulting, when he had omitted nothing enjoined in his commission, and had paid out of his own pocket between three and four hundred pounds in the public

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1859.

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS
TO THE PATRONS OF
The Middlesex Journal.
JANUARY 8, 1859.

Another year its ceaseless course has run,
Four changing seasons hastened to the sun;
Spring clothed with green, and bright with
opening flowers;

Its budding leaves and fresh'ning vernal
showers;

The Summer's sun, scentsing the new mown
hay;

Gives glowing beauty to the length'ning day;
While Autumn's sunsets gladden as we roam,
Speaking in living language — "Harvest
home!"

Till now, tree, shrub and lawn have shed their
green;

And Winter comes at last and shuts the
scene.

We have seen the Christmas branches
Bending with their tokens dear,
As of old the "Yule log" cracked,
Telling all of goodly cheer.

You have seen your loved ones gather
Round the old paternal chair;
Seen the smile each face enlivens,
When you gave the present there.

Thought you then of those around you,
Those pale cheeks and wasted forms,
Only passed through summer's sunshine,
But to feel the winter's storms?

Yes, you saw, and, seeing, pitied,
Gave the speedy, sweet relief;

Then you felt within your bosom,
Truly felt, the "joy of grief."

And now yet another spring shall cheer,
We had the advent of this glad "new year,"
Round every heart may sweet affection twine,
And hope's fruition welcome "FIFTY NINE."

On this the birth-day of our joyous earth,
May new resolves and higher thoughts have
birth,

That at its close we may not say again,
Those saddest words, alas! "it might have
been."

But yet, ere time shall turn his glass of sand,
Or grasp again his scythe with eager hand,
Go back with me and scan the passing year;
See clouds dispel and brightening skies
appear;

See our proud country banish all our fears,
Lifting her head and smiling through her
tears.

True, war's alarms have threatened, but in
vain;

The storm has passed and all is calm again;
Our foreign friends by their disposition show,

"We're better to be 'foreign friend' than foe.

While talking men discussed a nation's right,
Shaking the timor with nervous fright,

Genius had triumphed, and the greeting word

"Neath ocean's dark, tumultuous waves was
heard.

Improvements new, inventions strange we
see;

The march of intellect must onward be.

Progressive age! first in thy crowding
ranks —

For which we greet thee with a nation's
thanks —

We hail the Press, pulse of a country's
heart!

Cheering the fireside home and business mart.

How speaks thy voice? True to the maxims
of word,

The pen is potent, "mightier than the sword."

Wields nobler power, governs with more skill
Than scepters swayed by kings' controlling
will;

Now crushing wrong, defending wholesome
laws,

Aiding the widow's and the orphan's cause.

But last and greatest, noblest work of all,

The Press has rallied to our country's call;

While Everett writes, and Bonner through
our land

Shall spread his brightest gems with lavish
hand,

We have no fear but Vernon's hallowed
shrine,

Around whose shades our best affections
twine,

Shall soon be ours; its consecrated dust
Transferred to us, and to our children's trust.

And now we make our bow, our best, for
sooth,

Feeling the closing year renew our youth;

And as th' advancing one comes on apace,

We hope to greet each old familiar face.

Our modesty compels us to be mute,

And let the public praise the late new suit
Which we have donned, and which, in case of
need —

If business presses, — "the who runs can read,"

but brief our lay, the sportive child of song

Would linger truant in its maze too long,

And we have wandered strangely, we confess,

While penning this — the Carrier's Address;

The carrier, who, through summer's search-

ing heat,

And winter's cold, must urge his weary feet;

Who, if your paper should have gone astray,

Must bear the blame — "the devil is to pay";

Who lives, poor boy, (his case with pity seen),

That some day he an "Editor" may be.

Remember him on this bright joyous day,

And let "material aid" now cheer his day,

With thanks for what you'll gladly do
cheer,

He wishes each and all a GLAD NEW YEAR.

The Rev. Dr. —, of Georgia, has a

slow delivery, which was the occasion, of an

amusing scene in the chapel of the Lunatic

Asylum. At his last appointment, he was

preaching upon the absolute necessity of trust-

ing in Christ. He was illustrating his subject

by the case of a man condemned to be hung,

and reprieved under the gallows. He went on

to describe the gathering of the crowd, the

bringing out of the prisoner, his remarks un-

der the gallows, the appearance of the execu-

tioner, the adjustment of the halter, the pre-

paration to let fall on the platform, and just

then the appearance in the distance of the

dust-covered courier, and jaded horse, the

waving handkerchief, the commotion in the

crowd. At this thrilling point, when every

one was listening in breathless silence to the

denouement, the doctor became a little prolix.

One of lunatics could hold no longer; he

rose in the congregation, and shouted: "Hur-

ry, Doctor, for mercy's sake hurry! They'll

hang the man before you get there!"

Miscellaneous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men.

NOTICE TO TRAVELLERS. — The following
"rules of the road" are based upon legal de-
cisions, and they ought to be universally
known:

It has been legally decided that applica-
tions for tickets on railroads can be rejected
from the cars if they do not offer the exact
amount of their fare. Conductors are not
bound to make change. All railroad tickets
are good until used, and conditions "good
for this day only," or otherwise limiting the
time of genuineness, are of no account. Pas-
sengers who lose their tickets can be ejected
from the cars unless they purchase a second
one. Passengers are bound to observe de-
corm in the cars and are obliged to comply
with all reasonable demands to show their
tickets. Standing upon the platform or
otherwise violating a rule of the company,
renders a person liable to be put from the
train. No person has a right to monopolize
more seats than he has paid for, and any article
left in a seat, while the owner is tem-
porarily absent, entitles him to the place up-
on his return."

Advise your business. Do not hide
your light under a bushel. Whatever your
calling or occupation may be, if it needs sup-
port from the public, advertise it thoroughly
and efficiently in some shape or other that
will arrest public attention. I freely confess
that what success I have had in my life, may
fairly be attributed more to the press than to
nearly all other cause combined. There may
possibly be occupations that do not require
advertising, but I cannot well conceive what
they are." — P. T. BARNUM.

LOVE. — If you love others, they will love
you. If you speak kindly to them they will
speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with
love, and hatred with hatred. Would you
have a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweet-
ly and pleasantly yourself.

Advise your business. Do not hide
your light under a bushel. Whatever your
calling or occupation may be, if it needs sup-
port from the public, advertise it thoroughly
and efficiently in some shape or other that
will arrest public attention. I freely confess
that what success I have had in my life, may
fairly be attributed more to the press than to
nearly all other cause combined. There may
possibly be occupations that do not require
advertising, but I cannot well conceive what
they are." — P. T. BARNUM.

LOVE. — If you love others, they will love
you. If you speak kindly to them they will
speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with
love, and hatred with hatred. Would you
have a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweet-
ly and pleasantly yourself.

Advise your business. Do not hide
your light under a bushel. Whatever your
calling or occupation may be, if it needs sup-
port from the public, advertise it thoroughly
and efficiently in some shape or other that
will arrest public attention. I freely confess
that what success I have had in my life, may
fairly be attributed more to the press than to
nearly all other cause combined. There may
possibly be occupations that do not require
advertising, but I cannot well conceive what
they are." — P. T. BARNUM.

LOVE. — If you love others, they will love
you. If you speak kindly to them they will
speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with
love, and hatred with hatred. Would you
have a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweet-
ly and pleasantly yourself.

Advise your business. Do not hide
your light under a bushel. Whatever your
calling or occupation may be, if it needs sup-
port from the public, advertise it thoroughly
and efficiently in some shape or other that
will arrest public attention. I freely confess
that what success I have had in my life, may
fairly be attributed more to the press than to
nearly all other cause combined. There may
possibly be occupations that do not require
advertising, but I cannot well conceive what
they are." — P. T. BARNUM.

LOVE. — If you love others, they will love
you. If you speak kindly to them they will
speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with
love, and hatred with hatred. Would you
have a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweet-
ly and pleasantly yourself.

Advise your business. Do not hide
your light under a bushel. Whatever your
calling or occupation may be, if it needs sup-
port from the public, advertise it thoroughly
and efficiently in some shape or other that
will arrest public attention. I freely confess
that what success I have had in my life, may
fairly be attributed more to the press than to
nearly all other cause combined. There may
possibly be occupations that do not require
advertising, but I cannot well conceive what
they are." — P. T. BARNUM.

LOVE. — If you love others, they will love
you. If you speak kindly to them they will
speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with
love, and hatred with hatred. Would you
have a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweet-
ly and pleasantly yourself.

Advise your business. Do not hide
your light under a bushel. Whatever your
calling or occupation may be, if it needs sup-
port from the public, advertise it thoroughly
and efficiently in some shape or other that
will arrest public attention. I freely confess
that what success I have had in my life, may
fairly be attributed more to the press than to
nearly all other cause combined. There may
possibly be occupations that do not require
advertising, but I cannot well conceive what
they are." — P. T. BARNUM.

LOVE. — If you love others, they will love
you. If you speak kindly to them they will
speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with
love, and hatred with hatred. Would you
have a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweet-
ly and pleasantly yourself.

Advise your business. Do not hide
your light under a bushel. Whatever your
calling or occupation may be, if it needs sup-
port from the public, advertise it thoroughly
and efficiently in some shape or other that
will arrest public attention. I freely confess
that what success I have had in my life, may
fairly be attributed more to the press than to
nearly all other cause combined. There may
possibly be occupations that do not require
advertising, but I cannot well conceive what
they are." — P. T. BARNUM.

LOVE. — If you love others, they will love
you. If you speak kindly to them they will
speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with
love, and hatred with hatred. Would you
have a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweet-
ly and pleasantly yourself.

Advise your business. Do not hide
your light under a bushel. Whatever your
calling or occupation may be, if it needs sup-
port from the public, advertise it thoroughly
and efficiently in some shape or other that
will arrest public attention. I freely confess
that what success I have had in my life, may
fairly be attributed more to the press than to
nearly all other cause combined. There may
possibly be occupations that do not require
advertising, but I cannot well conceive what
they are." — P. T. BARNUM.

LOVE. — If you love others, they will love
you. If you speak kindly to them they will
speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with
love, and hatred with hatred. Would you
have a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweet-
ly and pleasantly yourself.

Advise your business. Do not hide
your light under a bushel. Whatever your
calling or occupation may be, if it needs sup-
port from the public, advertise it thoroughly
and efficiently in some shape or other that
will arrest public attention. I freely confess
that what success I have had in my life, may
fairly be attributed more to the press than to
nearly all other cause combined. There may
possibly be occupations that do not require
advertising, but I cannot well conceive what
they are." — P. T. BARNUM.

LOVE. — If you love others, they will love
you. If you speak kindly to them they will
speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with
love, and hatred with hatred. Would you
have a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweet-
ly and pleasantly yourself.

Advise your business. Do not hide
your light under a bushel. Whatever your
calling or occupation may be, if it needs sup-
port from the public, advertise it thoroughly
and efficiently in some shape or other that
will arrest public attention. I freely confess
that what success I have had in my life, may
fairly be attributed more to the press than to
nearly all other cause combined. There may
possibly be occupations that do not require
advertising, but I cannot well conceive what
they are." — P. T. BARNUM.

LOVE. — If you love others, they will love
you. If you speak kindly to them they will
speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with
love, and hatred with hatred. Would you
have a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweet-
ly and pleasantly yourself.

Advise your business. Do not hide
your light under a bushel. Whatever your
calling or occupation may be, if it needs sup-
port from the public, advertise it thoroughly
and efficiently in some shape or other that
will arrest public attention. I freely confess
that what success I have had in my life, may
fairly be attributed more to the press than to
nearly all other cause combined. There may
possibly be occupations that do not require
advertising, but I cannot well conceive what
they are." — P. T. BARNUM.

LOVE. — If you love others, they will love
you. If you speak kindly to them they will
speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with
love, and hatred with hatred. Would you
have a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweet-
ly and pleasantly yourself.

Advise your business. Do not hide
your light under a bushel. Whatever your
calling or occupation may be, if it needs sup-
port from the public, advertise it thoroughly
and efficiently in some shape or other that
will arrest public attention. I freely confess
that what success I have had in my life, may
fairly be attributed more to the press than to
nearly all other cause combined. There may
possibly be occupations that do not require
advertising, but I cannot well conceive what
they are." — P. T. BARNUM.

LOVE. — If you love others, they will love
you. If you speak kindly to them they will
speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with
love, and hatred with hatred. Would you

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stow, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. VIII. :: No. 15.

Original Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MORAL EPIDEMICS.

'Twas in a sunset's golden gleam,
Along a sandy shore I strayed,
Just as the last bright, beauteous beam,
From off the rippling waters played.

In contemplation I ranged,
Nor heard a sound, nor saw a sight,
Till twilight's silken robes were changed,
And round me hovered sable night.

Then Luna brought her welcome light,
And placed it on her eastern stand.
It cast a mellow radiance bright,
O'er woods and waters, lake and land.

I onward strayed till midnight's watch
Was fully set on every hill;
No sound of wakefulness could catch,
But all around, as death, was still.

At that hushed hour I paused to see
The moon-beams on the waters play,
As 'neath my feet, in sparkling glee,
In all their loveliness they lay.

Those silencing points, those suns o'er head,
Like glistening seemed from angel's tears;
I stood, and almost thought I heard
The storied "music of the spheres."

As there I gazed a deeprawn sigh
Fall on my unexpectant ear;

To whence it came I turned my eye,
And saw an old man sitting near.

A heavy tear stood on his face,
And marks of sorrow on his brow;
Yet his whole aspect wore a grace
I've not forgotten even now.

How I approached, and thus addressed,
And offered him a friendly hand;
Why art thou here, thus sore oppressed,
At midnight on this lonely strand?

He took my hand, and heaved a sigh;
His frame with strong convulsions shook;
On me he turned his tearful eye;
I sat me down, and thus he spoke:

Doth thou ask me, young man, why my mind's
Thus oppressed,

Why sorrow and anguish are heaving my breast?
I'll tell thee, though grief's e'er choke as I speak:
I'm sorely oppressed here, for *misfits* are sick.

Since the days of the Pilgrims two centuries have
assisted;

Their children have changed and demoralized fast;
They have strayed from the path by their ancestors
trod,

And I'm fully assured they've forgotten their God.

We sought e'er to keep our communities pure;

To expel innovations we were sure;

We approved of the words of King David's wise
Son,

And we wished to have "nothing new under the
sun."

When Saturday evening brought on its shade,
The arms of our toil were immediately laid.

In their place, to remain till the sabbath was over,

And a woe-betide him who would touch them before.

On Sunday to church, with a suitable grace,

Did we go, and were there always found in our
place;

And 'tis a fact, though, no doubt, to folks now-a-
days new,

I never knew a *deacon* to sleep in his pew.

The laws for our morals were rigid and strict;

And all things pernicious they did interdict;

We used unbelievers execrably severe,

For we meant that all with us to truth should ad-
here.

The Quakers—just notice our zeal for the truth,

And that when our church was e'en then in its
youth—

We could not at tolerate, brook, or endure,

A sect who held tenets so grossly impure.

So before our divines, when the synod was met,

They were called, if they might in the right way be
set;

But we found them a willful, satanical band,

And so some we hung up, and some banished the
land.

And those women who formed with the devil a
league,

And who promised with him to ever intrigue;

Those who, by the magic from Sataas received,

Had many a child of his reason bereaved.—

Even down in Salem, in righteousness we

Sought out and arrested, where'er they might be;

For the Pentecost said, and 'tis authority now,

"That witches to live there shall never allow."

This command, to the letter, we there did obey;

And hung up our witches as other folks may;

For we never could suffer that creatures as base,

By their wiles should contaminate or should dis-
grace.

In such ways we kept our communities pure;

And all our views puritanic ensure;

Well were it's now had our posterity to fail;

On their shoulders our mantle to fall.

But alas! oh, alas! this degenerate race!

All manner of error they're glad to embrace;

Both their hearts and their ears they ope wide to
receive

The dogmas of Satan, and fully believe.

The faith of their fathers they ever eschew;

But are constantly seeking for something that's

more.

The toads we held seem them never to suit,

But after "strange doctrines" "they're gadding
about."

Perfectionists, socialists, rise on my view;

Like a cloud that shuts out the ethereal blue;

Then Swedenborg comes, like a calm summer eve,

And his poetic beauty do many receive.

The people were ready to take, without doubt;

Those baleful opinions Joe Smith spread about;

And many, oh, monstrous! are spending their lives,

Like Brigham, the Prophet, with dozens of wives.

The mesmerists, like the magicians of yore,

Do wonders achieve that were ne'er wrought
fore;

Phrenologists tell, and Fatiologists know,

By the head and the hand, just what each man will do.

When Miller, to introduce some novel thing,

Together plain prophecies strangely did bring;

And proclaimed that man had in wisdom found
out

What the Bible declared he knew nothing about.—

Even this, though its folly shone bright on its face,

Some were ready at once, as the truth to embrace;

But why they embraced it the half never knew;

But the fact was, because 'twas, forsooth, something

new.

Then all Pandemonium's counsels were bent;

For threefold seductions some trick to invent;

When Moloch and Dagon, and other such chaps,

As the jury, agreed on the *spiritual* raps.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1859.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Sketches from Roman History.

Certain papers with the above title have of late appeared in the columns of this paper, over the signature of "E. R." which are worthy of a passing notice.

The author manifests the most virulent hatred of the Roman Catholic Church, and accusation is heaped upon it in endless succession. Whatever the most virulent of the opponents of Catholicism has charged upon the church is admitted without question, and allowed to form the basis of reflection. Has the writer never heard of the virtue of charity? and has he never supposed that even protestants may be guilty of bringing charges either altogether false or having slight foundation.

Are we to believe, upon the simple assertion of plotters and conspirators, most of whom used protestant prejudices for political purposes alone, that the papists of London were possessed of a treasury of jewels, thrown together without regard to order, but each one glistening with a luster of its own, with which we shall be pleased to gladden the eyes of others.

Almost every man follows his own taste in reading, and if he keeps a "Common place book," the extracts which will be found therein will, in a greater or less degree, be a reflection of his own mind, and may claim originality for that which, by appropriation, makes his own. But we shall not confine ourselves exclusively to quotations; we claim the privilege of exhibiting specimens of our own manufacture, while we are praising the imported goods upon our shelves.

Perhaps some thoughts herein set down may be productive of benefit. To such of my readers as may easily forget an idea or a precept which is unquestionably good, I would recommend this passage from Swedenborg: "The emissary understands that, for every devil can understand what is true when he hears it, but he cannot retain it, because the affection of evil, in which it is itself the lust of the flesh, when it returns, casts out the thoughts of truth."

Another class of men who sneer at mere literary labor, and who are constantly calling for something "practical," who stand upon the curb-stone of State street, and pity those poor fellows whose brain are a drug in the market, whose notes of hand could not be negotiated cent per cent. We would say, that these same poor fellows, in fancy look down upon them and pity them for having perverted all their facilities to the one single purpose of money making, like a "bar-keeper" described by Hawthorne, "who had a large intellectual development all in one direction, namely, the skillful mixing of 'gin-cocktails.'" No class of men can claim superiority over any other class. Not so much the work done as the manner and completeness of doing it, makes the man. A man may attend to the ordinary occupations which he finds in the great lakes and about the headwaters of the Mississippi. Were these men all bad? Had they no redeeming qualities? When we read the thrilling narrative contained in the first volume of the great History of Bancroft. Trace the progress of those *Jesuitical* heroes who were the pioneers of Northern civilization, who first raised them to the holy name of God upon the shores of the great lakes and about the headwaters of the Mississippi. Were these men all bad? Had they no redeeming qualities?

Youths as well as old men, filled with enthusiasm for the cause in which they were engaged, braved all dangers, encountered all difficulties, that they might carry the banner of the church where it never before had waved. Marquette wrapped his cloak about him and fled him down to die in the midst of a people who made his grave wet with their tears, for whom he had abandoned all and given his life.

Youths as well as old men, filled with enthusiasm for the cause in which they were engaged, braved all dangers, encountered all difficulties, that they might carry the banner of the church where it never before had waved. Marquette wrapped his cloak about him and fled him down to die in the midst of a people who made his grave wet with their tears, for whom he had abandoned all and given his life.

Just read the last sentence over again. Did you ever think of it before? Let a man understand the cause in which he is engaged, braved all dangers, encountered all difficulties, that they might carry the banner of the church where it never before had waved. Marquette wrapped his cloak about him and fled him down to die in the midst of a people who made his grave wet with their tears, for whom he had abandoned all and given his life.

By other records of thought and feeling, we pause with unslanded feet and bowed head; for here the spirit of truth has swept the cords of the soul's "Eolian," and makes music which, though it gave no sign to others, save in deeper light of the eye, and the holier gleam of the brow, has set up a new altar in the soul from which shall forever rise a sweet, pure sacrifice than we have known before.

But whatever the past may suggest, the future is that to which our eye should be mainly turned. The record of the past is sealed, that of the future is still open. Under God that record's character is in our own hands, to be shaped as we will; for "will is destiny," always in subjection to God's will. But He has told us to "work out our own salvation," though it is to "be with fear and trembling"; and the command applies not more to spiritual than to mental and physical development. The power comes from God, but it is none the less our's because He gives; and it is as true of our mental and physical natures, as of our spiritual and moral, that we "will not come to Him that we might have life." Our will is God's will, if our object be only truth for truth and God are one. He never requires of us what we are unable to perform, but ever fulfills His promise, "as thy day is so shall thy strength be." Highly understood, then, Will is omnipotent, for a cherubic intellect, without a strong will, is nothing; while poor talents with great will, will make an indelible mark upon the ages.

Medford, Jan. 4th, 1859. Ora.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. ERIRON:—It seems scarcely a month since we hailed the advent of 1858, and here we are already past the threshold of 1859. The packet of last year's dead has been sealed, sealed and delivered, and now we are filling out the blanks of another year. Thoughts, grave and solemn, light and gay, sad and pleasant, come crowding through the mind. The *emissary* of Jesus we owe the opening of the roads by which civilization has advanced through the Northern portion of this continent, and these roads are sprinkled all over with their whitened bones. They were mistaken in their zeal, they were the missionaries of a perverted Christianity; of this we have no doubt, but they were men—their sacrifices proved them honest men. They have done great service. In the name of justice as well as charity let us not blacken their memory.

JUSTICE.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. ERIRON:—It seems scarcely a month since we hailed the advent of 1858, and here we are already past the threshold of 1859. The packet of last year's dead has been sealed, sealed and delivered, and now we are filling out the blanks of another year. Thoughts, grave and solemn, light and gay, sad and pleasant, come crowding through the mind. The *emissary* of Jesus we owe the opening of the roads by which civilization has advanced through the Northern portion of this continent, and these roads are sprinkled all over with their whitened bones. They were mistaken in their zeal, they were the missionaries of a perverted Christianity; of this we have no doubt, but they were men—their sacrifices proved them honest men. They have done great service. In the name of justice as well as charity let us not blacken their memory.

JUSTICE.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. ERIRON:—It seems scarcely a month since we hailed the advent of 1858, and here we are already past the threshold of 1859. The packet of last year's dead has been sealed, sealed and delivered, and now we are filling out the blanks of another year. Thoughts, grave and solemn, light and gay, sad and pleasant, come crowding through the mind. The *emissary* of Jesus we owe the opening of the roads by which civilization has advanced through the Northern portion of this continent, and these roads are sprinkled all over with their whitened bones. They were mistaken in their zeal, they were the missionaries of a perverted Christianity; of this we have no doubt, but they were men—their sacrifices proved them honest men. They have done great service. In the name of justice as well as charity let us not blacken their memory.

JUSTICE.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. ERIRON:—It seems scarcely a month since we hailed the advent of 1858, and here we are already past the threshold of 1859. The packet of last year's dead has been sealed, sealed and delivered, and now we are filling out the blanks of another year. Thoughts, grave and solemn, light and gay, sad and pleasant, come crowding through the mind. The *emissary* of Jesus we owe the opening of the roads by which civilization has advanced through the Northern portion of this continent, and these roads are sprinkled all over with their whitened bones. They were mistaken in their zeal, they were the missionaries of a perverted Christianity; of this we have no doubt, but they were men—their sacrifices proved them honest men. They have done great service. In the name of justice as well as charity let us not blacken their memory.

JUSTICE.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. ERIRON:—It seems scarcely a month since we hailed the advent of 1858, and here we are already past the threshold of 1859. The packet of last year's dead has been sealed, sealed and delivered, and now we are filling out the blanks of another year. Thoughts, grave and solemn, light and gay, sad and pleasant, come crowding through the mind. The *emissary* of Jesus we owe the opening of the roads by which civilization has advanced through the Northern portion of this continent,

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1859.

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPY, Editor and Proprietor.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS.—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Line, (fourteen lines), one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 25 cents. Half a Square, sixteen lines, one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion 25 cents. One Square per year, \$1.00; six months, \$5.00; three months, \$3.00; half a Square, per year, \$1.00; six months, \$3.00; three months, \$1.50; three months, \$1.00; charged as a square. Special Notices, *labeled*, 12 cents a line; *one line inserted*; 4 cents a line for each additional insertion. *Two lines inserted*, 8 cents; *otherwise marked on the copy*, will be inserted **UNTIL ORDERED OUT** and charged accordingly. **Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.**

AGENTS.

North Western—Moore, Nichols, Wiss & Co. East Western—Adams & Richardson. New Haven—E. T. Whittier. Reading—Thomas Richardson. South Western—D. W. Mansfield. Manchester—Joseph Boyer.

S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES (transferred to the P. P. Smith Publishing Company). One insertion, \$1.00. JOHN BURHILL, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions for the JOURNAL at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of the JOURNAL renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and preserved by the best families of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates to an extent enjoyed by no other paper. It is not excelled, if equalled, in typographical appearance, by any paper published in Middlesex County. By preserving uniformity in arrangement, equal prominence is obtained by all ADVERTISERS. Our terms of advertising are moderate.

JOINT PRINTING.

We would call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of JOINT PRINTING. The variety of NEW and HANDSOME type with which our office is supplied is very extensive; our presses are new and fast; our workmen expert and skillful. We have, therefore, every facility for doing all kinds of work, QUICK, NEAT AND CHEAP. Orders left at our office, or sent through our agents, will be promptly attended to, and the prices will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers will confer a favor by giving notice at the office when they fail to receive their paper regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 15, 1859.

THE GOVERNOR'S ADDRESS.

We think the late address of His Excellency, Governor Banks, is as well worthy of high commendation as any paper of a like character which has emanated from the Executive for the last quarter of a century. Public expectation has, in some degree, been disappointed; for though the political friends of the Governor have full faith in his ability, yet, knowing him to be a strong party-man, they were of opinion that his recommendations concerning State affairs would, in some measure, be mingled with party considerations—while the enemies of the present government were prepared to attack such portions of the address as referred to our relations with other States, and with the National Government. The Governor says nothing which can be construed into partisanship, and does not, either by intuitions or direct mention, refer to our Federal relations.

Most of our readers have perused with pleasure the address, and we need not refer in detail to the matters of which it treats. The financial and educational interests of the State are discussed in a clear and direct style, not common in State papers, and the recommendations of the Governor are characterized by a high-minded liberality which is not at war with true economy.

The carefully considered suggestions of the Governor, relating to the charitable institutions of the State, demand careful consideration from legislators and the people. We shall not attempt to make any abstract of the address, for upon perusal it will be found already sufficiently concise, and we would urge all our readers to take advantage of this opportunity for obtaining a definite knowledge of the present financial condition of the Commonwealth, and of the various interests which they have confided to the care of their legislators. These interests are exhibited in such terse and pointed language that the legislature cannot avoid the responsibility which now rests upon them, but will be called upon to consider carefully and thoroughly each distinct recommendation. The people will not permit legislators to pass lightly over matters, the importance of which is clear to the plainest comprehension, but will punish sins of omission as severely as sins of commission.

There are no "fancy questions," so called, mooted in the address, and hence there will be no excuse for making long speeches to "buncum." By "fancy question" is meant such a subject for discussion as has no particular reference to matters of State policy, but involves some great party principle resolutions in regard to some act of the Executive of South Carolina or Alabama, or relating to the course of the National Administration in regard to Kansas. The discussion of such questions serves no practical purpose, but merely gives an opportunity for the orators, upon both sides of the house, to air their rhetoric at the expense of the Commonwealth. Enough of practical importance is mentioned in the Address of the Governor to occupy all the time of the Legislature, and we look forward confidently to a session of hard work.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage his friends to hope that he may be able to resume his seat during the present session of Congress.

JOHN C. TUCKER, of Boston, one of the few Democrats in the present House of Representatives, on Wednesday last offered an order requesting the Governor to inform the House whether a vacancy exists in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, other than that filled by the re-election of Hon. Henry Wilson. This order coming up for consideration on Thursday, was voted down by a majority of at least five to one. In this connection we may remark that the latest advices from Hon. Charles Sumner, encourage

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1859.

The Poet's Corner.

NEW SONG.

We clip from an exchange the following new song, written by an editor in distress. He says "There is beauty, pathos, and truth combined in the following song, which all our delinquent subscribers should learn to sing with an understanding heart."

Oh, how happy are they,
Who the printer do pay,

And have squared up the old year and more;

Tongue cannot express

The great joy of the Press,

When delinquents have squared up the old score.

Printers all day the long,

Labor hard for their song;

Oh, that their hard fate all could see;

They have worked all the day,

And of course want their pay,

To buy sugar—bread—butter and tea.

Miscellaneous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men.

WINTER SHOES.

The feet should be well protected, in winter, from cold and damp. When the feet are cold, the whole body is uncomfortable. We should see to it that at this season of the year our feet are properly clad. In discoursing of winter shoes, Hall's Journal of Health gives the following sensible advice:

"Like the gnarled oak that has withstood the storms and thunderbolts of centuries, man himself begins to die at the extremities. Keep the feet dry and warm, and we may snap our fingers in joyous triumph at disease and the doctors. Put on two pairs of thick woolen stockings, but keep this to yourself; go to some honest son of Saint Crispin, and have your measure taken for a stout pair of winter boots or shoes; shoes are better for ordinary, every day use, as they allow the ready use of the toes; as they are the sole, adjusting them to depend on themselves. A very slight accident is sufficient to cause a sprained ankle to an habitual boot wearer. Besides, a shoe compresses less, and hence admits of a more vigorous circulation of blood. But wear boots when you ride or travel. Give direction, also, to have no cork or India rubber about the shoes, but to place between the layers of the soles, from out to out, a piece of stout hemp or tow linen, which has been dipped in melted pitch. This will not only keep the shoes dry, but will not absorb a particle, while we know that cork does, and after a while becomes 'soggy,' and damp for weeks. When you put them on for the first time, they are as 'easy as an old shoe,' and you may stand on damp places for hours with impunity."

A Clerk in one of the departments at Washington was recently removed because he refused to contribute money to influence the State elections. He was employed under Prof. Torrey, who refused to sanction the removal, and has appealed to the President, who holds the case under advisement. If he approves the removal, he condemns his own letter written to the Fort Duquesne committee; if he condemns it, he justifies the clerks in refusing, for the future, to be taxed as they have been to carry on elections; and what is the party to do for want of the fund thus raised? "Which way I turn is woe."

ANCESTORS OF THE FRENCH EMPRESS.—The French have discovered, in some of the old Spanish law journals, interesting items regarding the antecedents of the Empress Eugenie. They ascertain that her father died about three years before she was born—at least such is the inference, for her thirty-second birthday (according to the Moniteur) was celebrated on the 4th of June, and her father died in 1823. Moreover, a divorce between her father and mother, resulting from mutual accusations of adultery, had been pronounced as far back as 1813, although they subsequently lived together, and the divorce was ultimately annulled.

BABY OFFICERS.—The infant Archduchess of Austria is a Colonel of cavalry; the baby of Louis Napoleon is Commander of a Regiment; the Queen of Greece is a Brigadier-General, and before long the Prince Frederick William of Prussia will be enrolled as Captain of a Cuirassier Guard. This French baby and these three girls draw heavy salaries as officers of the army, and have allowances for servants, rations, &c. The question is who pays? These are pretty artifices for supplying the royal nurseries with pin money from the public treasures.

WINTER CARE OF HENS.—Keep the hens in a warm, clean place, where they can have access to the sun whenever it shines. Feed them regularly with a variety of food, such as corn, which may always be before them, barley, wheat, boiled potatoes, mashed, and mixed with cold meal; that is, corn and cob ground together; give them access to plenty of gravel, old plaster, or broken oyster or clam shells. The barley and wheat may be fed to them occasionally, if convenient. Add to these plenty of clear water, and pork or beef scraps, or bits of fresh meat two or three times each week, and you will not fail to find your fowls profitable.

JOSEPH Jonathan Blake, for many years a representative from Warwick in the Massachusetts legislature, and afterwards a senator from Franklin county, now lives in Brattleboro, Vt., and has amused himself this season in laying forty rods of the handsomest stone wall in that neighborhood. Solemn fun, that, for a man over seventy years old.

There are three females now in confinement in this State on life sentences, viz.: Mrs. Gardner, of Hingham, who poisoned her husband, one at East Cambridge, for setting fire to a dwelling house at Framington, where she was a servant, and one at Dedham, also for arson.

We cannot all of us be beautiful, but the pleasantness of a good humored look is denied to none. We can all of us increase and strengthen the family affections and the delights of home.

It is better to hug a pretty girl than a "bare illusion," says an exchange. Of course it is, for a pretty girl will return the compliment and the illusion will not. That's so.

He, who borrows his splendor, gives us after all but moon and star light on our way. It may be light, but without brilliancy or warmth.

A SAD ROMANCE.—The El Paso correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times*, writing from Camp Nov. 10th, relates the following sad romance:

Among the killed in the battle between Major Van Dorn's command and the Camanches, was Lieut. Cornelius Van Camp, one of the Second Cavalry, a gallant and meritorious young officer. He was betrothed to a young lady from New York, the daughter of Captain Jones, of the Mounted Rifles, now at Fort Bliss. She, a lovely and accomplished girl, had just arrived at the fort from her home in the East, and the marriage was to take place on the return of the Lieutenant from his campaign. Nothing had been heard of the expedition for several days, but all hoped for a speedy return of the young soldier, with the laurels of an arduous campaign. One day the fair girl was exhibiting to her mother and friends the bridal attire she had brought, when dispatches were received from Major Van Dorn. They were opened and contained the dreadful intelligence that Lieut. Van Camp was killed—shot through the heart, while in the thick of the fight. Who can imagine the awful grief, the deadly blight, which fell upon that young breast at the fearful intelligence that thus blighted the dearest hopes on earth!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Attention Police!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

THE following is the police drill of Philadelphia, as given by the Transcript of that city. Would it not do for other longitudes?

Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho!

Forward to carbuncle!
Stand at ease against tree-box!
Draw sedge!
Produce match!
Mouth your segars!
Elevate match!
Puff segar!
Loaf away!
Dismiss for drinks!

BOSTON & LOWELL AND NASHUA & LOWELL RAIL ROAD. WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, DEC. 6th,
1858, trains will leave BOSTON, for<br

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stonham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. VIII. :: No. 16.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1859.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Original Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

THE CHILD TEACHER.

The following lines were suggested by an anecdote related by Rev. Dr. Francis, of Cambridge, from Rev. Dr. Stebbins' pulpit, a few Sabbath evenings ago.

"Twas morning, and the silv'ry light came Through the half-opened casement slowly in, Folding back the curtains of the night, and With a soft'en'd mellowness rested upon The breathing pictures which adorned his room, The sculptor stood, with chisel in his hand, Gazing upon his work. The bold words, Uttered by him, half-audible, had not Rose to his lips; yet the "I" is finished," Whirled by him, half-audible, had not The last line written when from Calvary They fell on mournful ears and hushed a world. With trembling hand he laid his master by, Drawing the veil around that hallowed form, I Image of him who prayed on Olivet.

With days advancing came the pressing feet Of those who, like the widow, when "HIMSELF," Was here, woe had fain touched his garments. They came, kings, couriers, lords, to bow And praise the mighty hand of genius; And as each leaf, by an autumnal wind, Itself is moved, yet makes one rustling voice, So every eye, entire, gazed intently on, But prudently. Aart from all— Was then Dallinger, unaffected— The glowing tribute weeping up, heartfelt By all who stood amazed, fell on his ear, Yet moved him not, like the cold marble Which his hands had moulded. He needed not. The softened foot-steps of departing friends Fell listless on his ear, as one by one, With higher, holier thoughts, wended their way.

Then Dallinger arose, and long and earnestly Fixed his deep gaze upon his profound work. Something was lacking; yet he knew not what, As on that matron's form he many a thought, He bethought him not. A laughing boy, Once when the sculptor toiled, who oft had cheered His kindly solitude, came bounding in; And as he brushed the ringlets from his brow, With that simplicity which childhood bears, He burst forth, "Tell me what greatness is this,"

The cloud was lifted, with the heavy weight Of a mind long burdened with deep thought And cruel torture, was Dallinger relieved. Those pierced hands, which unbethinking Thomas Faun would see; the crown of thorns yet resting On his brow, told with what severity That 'twas the form of His tomb could hide. But such a mighty look, so full of love, Of such abounding, which, in the garden Of Gethsemane, when he pour'd that prayer: "Not my will, Father, thine alone be done." The radiant glory that illumined his face, When by the new made grave of Lazarus He sorrowed at the mourners' sorrowing, Was not there.

Grasping again his chisel, Once more the marble yielded to his touch, And as if all were giv'n him from above, With skillful hand he turned that kindly look To one of sweet and smiling tenderness. From that beaming eye there shone a light So calm, so holy, as if all the splendors Of this starry home were breathed upon the marble.

The wondering boy gazed on in mute surprise Till all was finished; then clasping his hands, As his quick eye beheld the sudden change, Child-like, he said, "Ah! how I know! 'Tis He!"

"It is our blessed Lord, who, His arms, Took children such as I, and blessed them."

THE FIRST AND THIRD MARRIAGE.

CANADIAN ROMANCE.

Thus, you see, my own Hortense, that I must leave you. I shall provide an income of a hundred lousis for your expenses. Look forward constantly to my return; and when fortune smiles upon me I shall come back, never again to be separated until death."

The weeping wife could not be comforted. It was hard that, so soon after her marriage, when the world seemed so bright and gay, and when wealth and fortune smiled so serenely upon her, all should be swept away, and she left, like a lone widow, to protect herself. The husband was almost distracted with the thought of leaving her. His heart had been bound up in his beautiful Hortense. She had been his idol from boyhood—the bright dream of his existence; and when he had attained the distinction of one of the merchant princes of Montreal, he married her, and placed her in the very heart of luxury.

Misfortune came on swift wings to the happy. One by one his possessions left him, and, worse than that, others were involved in his affairs, who were less able to lose than himself. He could not look upon the ruin of those around him, for he had a kind heart, and would not wrong any one for the world. They that lost by his ill-fortune admitted that M. Valentin was a strictly honest man, and that is great praise from those who are inclined to say man's ill-luck. People are too apt to call it dishonesty.

There was but a single bright spot before M. Valentin. Australia gleamed up, warm and golden, and with a desperation born of love to his wife, and justice to his creditors, he secretly embarked for the land of promise. There was a nine days' wonder as to where he had gone, and to what purpose; and then he died out of the thoughts of the community, as thoroughly as though he had been dead and buried.

The weeping Hortense removed to another locality; the fashionables who had strained every nerve to get invited to the house of the rich merchant, never paused to look after his wife; and lonely and miserable, without friends or relatives, Hortense drooped and pined, until the beauty which her husband so praised, was changed into dimness. She never heard from M. Valentin. No single word had cheered her solitude since he left her. As month after month dragged its slow weight, and no tidings reached her, her heart utterly sank within her, and she believed him dead. What, indeed, could she think? It was better to think so than to believe him

unmindful of her, and day after day she watered his memory with tears of genuine sorrow, sorrow for the beloved dead.

She put on the deepest mourning; kept her room for months, and when she finally went out again, and that to church, her sorrow was written plainly in the face, which, if it had lost some of its beauty, was yet most deeply interesting. So at least thought young Eugene Stanbury, an Englishman, of unblemished character, and prosperous business. He saw her at church, devised some ingenuous expedient to be introduced, and begged the privilege of waiting upon her. The lady pleaded her inability to entertain gentlemen, the impropriety of her receiving gentlemen, and a thousand reasons why he should not visit her.

He over-ruled them all; besought her to waive all ceremony with him; to consider him as a deeply attached friend, a brother, anything, in short, if he might be permitted to see her sometimes, and Hortense, weary of her monotonous and dreary life, at last consented.

Once having renewed the delicious consciousness of a protecting presence, she found it hard to give it up for the mere punctilios of what the world would say of her. Indeed, she had long since shaken hands with the world, and parted from it. She owed it no favor. It had no right to criticise her conduct. Thus she reasoned while listening to Eugene's impassioned entreaties that she would lay aside her sorrows for the dead, and become his wife.

M. Valentin had been richly rewarded for his enterprise. God had showered upon him almost fabulous profusion, and now he seriously thought of returning home. Somewhat enfeebled by his late illness, he was struck with dismay at being again prostrated. Aided at last in the shape of a child—a young boy whose father was at work in the mines, and whose mother supported herself and child by washing. Hours did little Ben Cole sit beside him, watching every movement and trying to give him ease; or bringing water from the spring, he would bathe his fevered forehead with his little hands. A tender nurse, indeed, was little Ben, and on his recovery M. Valentin made the laundress happy by providing for the boy.

M. Valentin had been richly rewarded for his enterprise. God had showered upon him almost fabulous profusion, and now he seriously thought of returning home. Somewhat enfeebled by his late illness, he was struck with dismay at being again prostrated. Aided at last in the shape of a child—a young boy whose father was at work in the mines, and whose mother supported herself and child by washing. Hours did little Ben Cole sit beside him, watching every movement and trying to give him ease; or bringing water from the spring, he would bathe his fevered forehead with his little hands. A tender nurse, indeed, was little Ben, and on his recovery M. Valentin made the laundress happy by providing for the boy.

She still hesitated. She truly believed in her husband's death; for would he not have written her if he had been living? Of the many letters she had written to him, the many inquiries she had instituted, no answer could be obtained. No one knew anything of M. Valentin.

In an hour of more than unusual loneliness and trouble, she whispered to herself that, should Eugene press his suit anew, she would consent to marry him. She liked him. She was weary of her own life, caged and caged as she was. She longed for freedom from the restraint that poverty and widowhood were constantly imposing upon her; and all these combined, operated wonderfully in Eugene's favor. The marriage was strictly private; and half Mr. Stanbury's friends had no suspicion that he had ever intended to marry at all until she became his wife.

He had taken passage in an American vessel bound for New York. He arrived safely, and the next hour saw him on his way to Montreal. He bent his course to the neighborhood where Hortense had proposed going after his departure. He inquired everywhere for Madame Valentin. No one knew her. He himself was not recognized, even when he haunted the old place of business. And there was every comfort to a loving heart could suggest. The heart of Hortense awoke to life, to love, to happiness. Once more the marble yielded to his touch, And as if all were giv'n him from above, With skillful hand he turned that kindly look To one of sweet and smiling tenderness.

From that beaming eye there shone a light So calm, so holy, as if all the splendors Of this starry home were breathed upon the marble.

The wondering boy gazed on in mute surprise Till all was finished; then clasping his hands, As his quick eye beheld the sudden change, Child-like, he said, "Ah! how I know! 'Tis He!"

"It is our blessed Lord, who, His arms, Took children such as I, and blessed them."

GRASPS AGAIN HIS CHISEL.

Once more the marble yielded to his touch, And as if all were giv'n him from above, With skillful hand he turned that kindly look To one of sweet and smiling tenderness.

From that beaming eye there shone a light So calm, so holy, as if all the splendors Of this starry home were breathed upon the marble.

The wondering boy gazed on in mute surprise Till all was finished; then clasping his hands, As his quick eye beheld the sudden change, Child-like, he said, "Ah! how I know! 'Tis He!"

"It is our blessed Lord, who, His arms, Took children such as I, and blessed them."

THE CANADIAN ROMANCE.

Thus, you see, my own Hortense, that I must leave you. I shall provide an income of a hundred lousis for your expenses. Look forward constantly to my return; and when fortune smiles upon me I shall come back, never again to be separated until death."

The weeping wife could not be comforted. It was hard that, so soon after her marriage, when the world seemed so bright and gay, and when wealth and fortune smiled so serenely upon her, all should be swept away, and she left, like a lone widow, to protect herself. The husband was almost distracted with the thought of leaving her. His heart had been bound up in his beautiful Hortense. She had been his idol from boyhood—the bright dream of his existence; and when he had attained the distinction of one of the merchant princes of Montreal, he married her, and placed her in the very heart of luxury.

Misfortune came on swift wings to the happy. One by one his possessions left him, and, worse than that, others were involved in his affairs, who were less able to lose than himself. He could not look upon the ruin of those around him, for he had a kind heart, and would not wrong any one for the world. They that lost by his ill-fortune admitted that M. Valentin was a strictly honest man, and that is great praise from those who are inclined to say man's ill-luck. People are too apt to call it dishonesty.

There was but a single bright spot before M. Valentin. Australia gleamed up, warm and golden, and with a desperation born of love to his wife, and justice to his creditors, he secretly embarked for the land of promise. There was a nine days' wonder as to where he had gone, and to what purpose; and then he died out of the thoughts of the community, as thoroughly as though he had been dead and buried.

The weeping Hortense removed to another locality; the fashionables who had strained every nerve to get invited to the house of the rich merchant, never paused to look after his wife; and lonely and miserable, without friends or relatives, Hortense drooped and pined, until the beauty which her husband so praised, was changed into dimness. She never heard from M. Valentin. No single word had cheered her solitude since he left her. As month after month dragged its slow weight, and no tidings reached her, her heart utterly sank within her, and she believed him dead. What, indeed, could she think? It was better to think so than to believe him

dreams by night were of Hortense. Not a word, however, ever reached him from her; and often he shuddered at the fearful probabilities that rose in his mind. Hortense might be sick—suffering; might deem him dead or unfeeling; no, that could never be: she would have faith in the sun. Come what would she not be shaken in her trust. They rode together, sung together, and often his voice would thrill through the soul of Hortense, like a remembered lay from some far-off land.

Inensibly she was becoming interested in him. He had told her much that was true of his past life, and openly mourned some of being whom she was lost to him—he did not say by death—but Hortense saw it in that light. More and more tenderly grew their intercourse, for the lady seemed utterly to disregard his scars, until she was scarcely surprised, and certainly not offended, at receiving an offer of his hand.

She was alone in the world; she had no one to consult; no one had any right to blame her for trusting to one of whom she knew as little. It was her own risk, and she accepted him; frankly telling him how well she had loved him who had gone from her sight, and promising that she would try to love him with the same constancy.

M. Valentin exulted greatly in this answer, and came near disclosing himself; but he had desired to delay it to a certain time, and checked himself. The wedding day was fixed, and everything was in readiness for the occasion. In exchanging rings, Hortense looked fixedly at the one which the bridegroom gave her. It was the very ring which M. Valentin had given her at their first wedding. She faintly on the spot, and he began to think he had carried the matter too far. He hung over her with an anxiety such as he never knew before. If she did now by his own folly, what would become of him! He excreted his scheme, and repented even with tears that he had been led to pursue it.

But Hortense awoke to life, awoke to the new joy of his presence, to ask his forgiveness for the past and inspire new hopes for the future. There had been an inexplicable attraction toward him on her part, from their first interview; and as she confessed this, her husband was quite inclined to be satisfied, and to forget the apparent disrepect which he fancied she paid to his memory.

As M. Valentin had predicted, the inhabitants of Montreal, as soon as they found out his wealth, were happy to make him a acquaintance, and remember him as an old friend. With the true spirit of an honest man, he is liquidated his debts to the last farthing, and now, with his still beautiful wife, he is travelling through Europe, happy as any couple can possibly be on their bridal tour.

For the Middlesex Journal.

TALKS WITH MY FRIENDS.—NO. II.

BY CHARLES CARROLL.

Did you ever observe the difference which exists between the style of a man's thinking by day and by night? I do not refer to the thinking of dull, cold, methodical men, but rather of those who are endowed with a lively imagination, as well as sound reason.

They will remember me when they find that I am rich again," said Valentin to himself, bitterly.

He turned into a by street, and saw a beggar sitting in the sunshine. It was the most cordial and happy face that had met his gaze since he came back. The man did not ask for anything either or show him the withered arm that hung loosely under his coat; and hopeless as the question seemed, he thought he would ask it. As he dropped money into the ragged hat that lay on the ground beside the beggar, he carelessly asked:

"Can you tell me where Madam Valentin lives now, my friend?"

"I used to know her when she lived in Queen street; was that the one?"

It was the street where M. Valentin's grand house stood.

"She is gone from that house, but she did not forget old Jack, and many is the penny she has given me since. Glad enough was I when I heard she was married again."

"Married!" exclaimed M. Valentin.

"Bless you sir, yes; married to Mr. Stanbury; but, poor man, he died a year ago."

"Do you know where she lives now?"

"Somewhere out of town. I don't go so far now, I am so old. I think it is in Bloomsbury Place, West Terrace."

Paint M. Valentin's feelings would be a hopeless task. Hortense married, but still he was not quite empty, and having his garden adjoining hers. The next day he furnished it richly, brought a number of servants, bought a fine carriage and horses, and under the name of Richelie he settled down to watch at his leisure the movements of his neighbor. He chose all of his private rooms on that side of the house which overlooked hers.

The first time that he saw her was in the garden. She looked still handsome, but very sad and pensive. He wondered if it was for her loss, or for her late husband's. He soon came satisfied that she lived a very retired and quiet life; that she had little company, but kept early hours. It was early spring, but he had plants of flowers and fruit in the green house, and he sent some for her acceptance with Mr. Richelie's compliments. Again and again he repeated the gifts, and each time with a selection that marked a delicate taste. Hortense was delighted with her new neighbor, whom she had not seen.

The flowers had been sent several times when he added to them a request that he might call on the lady. She returned a favorable answer, and under the cover of the twilight hour, he found himself in the room with Hortense. The sound of his voice filled her

unindescribable emotion, because it resembled that of her first husband, but she persuaded herself that it must be fancy. She found her neighbor agreeable and attentive. He did not neglect any opportunity of being with her. They rode together, sung together, and often his voice would thrill through the soul of Hortense, like a remembered lay from some far-off land.

Many great poets have appreciated their obligations to the still midnight. Every one remembers Byron's sublime description of a midnight storm among the Alps:

"And this is the night. Most glorious night, Thou were not made for silence; Let me be A voice to thy grandeur for delight; A portion of the tempest and of me! How the lit lakes, a phosphor sea, And the big rain comes dancing to the earth; And now again 'tis black,—and now the glee Of the loud hills shaks with its mountain mirth, As they did rejoice o'er a young 'carpquake's birth."

Submit this extract to criticism in the light of a calm summer's sunshine, and we ask how glee shaks? what is a young earthquake? and what is meant by an earthquake's birth? but, repeat the lines on Mount Washington, in the midst of a night tempest in autumn, and they seem to speak the language of the storm.

It is because of the general silence of animated nature, that music sounds more musical beneath the stars than in the sunshine? Not altogether; the perception of the beautiful is then more acute; the higher sensibilities are more fully awakened after the eating, and drinking, and trafficking of the day are over. The lover, who touches the heart of his mistress by a midnight serenade beneath her window, would excite her laughter should he strike his guitar to the same tune and in the same place when flooded with the light of a noonday sun.

Would you read the finest lines in the language concerning music? They are these from Comus, describing strains of distant music heard at night:

"How sweetly did they float upon the wings Of Silence, through the empty vaulted night; At every fall, smoothing the raven down Of darkness till it smelt."

Imagination revels in the darkest hours. Ghost stories are told with the best effect in the evening, by the uncertain light of a wood fire, the fitful flashes of which will change familiar objects into weird and fantastic shapes. Is there a man of us all who has not started and felt his heart stop at midnight, simply because it was midnight and noontday, moved, perhaps, by the rustic of clothing, the footfall of a cat, or the whirling of a whirlwind, avalanche followed avalanche in quick succession, that no time was left for the torn spirit to rise above its wounds. The British government, quailing before popular clamor, left the brave old man to bear the brunt alone, because it could not afford to recall him, and yet had not the courage to sustain him. While the tons of official communications deprived him of his sleep, weighed heavily upon him, and broke his gallant spirit, the failure on the Redan closely followed. On reaching head-quarters a letter was in waiting, which announced the death of the last surviving member of a large family of brothers and sisters; the next day, the death of a general, his old companion in arms. Next came the news, that the gallant son of Lord Lyons was sinking under his wounds. These thoughts, coming so rapidly one after another, in the course of a few hours, as it were, caused such a change in his appearance, while his physician had to request him to take to his bed, and within forty-eight hours he died, without supposing himself to be in any danger whatever.

The heretofore to many a worthy lady in Ohio, sickened, in consequence of some wholly groundless rumors affecting her character, in the community into which she had recently moved. She knew

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1859.

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPY, Editor and Proprietor.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except in the opinion of the publisher; and any paper, printing, or paper not paid for, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (fourteen lines,) one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 25 cents. Half a Square, (seven lines,) one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion 20 cents. Six Months, \$2.00; three months, \$1.00; half a square, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$2.50; three months, \$2.00. Less than half a square charged as a half square. Special Notices, 10 cents a line, four lines insertion; 4 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly. Yearly rates, \$10.00, payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

AGENTS.

North Woburn—M. N. WINN & CO.
East Woburn—J. RICHARDSON.
Stoneham—T. RICHARDSON.
South Woburn—J. STANFIELD.
Wellesley—J. HOOTON.
S. M. PETTENGILL, Co., Boston and New
York; S. R. NUGGLES, (successor to V. B. Palmer,
Printing, Cambridge, Boston; and
H. B. HILL, Boston, are duly empowered to take
advertisements and subscriptions for the JOURNAL
at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of the JOURNAL renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and preserved by the best families of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates to an extent enjoyed by no other paper. It is not excelled, if equalled, in typographical appearance, by ANY PAPER published in Middlesex County. By preserving uniformity in arrangement, equal prominence is obtained by ALL ADVERTISERS. Our terms of advertising are moderate.

JOB PRINTING.

We would call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of JOB PRINTING. The variety of NEW and HANDSOME TYPE with which our office is supplied is very extensive; our presses are new and fast; our workmen experienced and skillful. We have, therefore, every facility for doing all kinds of work, QUICK, NEAT and CHEAP. Orders left at our office, or sent through our agents, will be promptly attended to, and the prices will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS will confer a favor by giving notice at the office when they fail to receive their paper regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G's second letter on "Shakespeare and the Home" is received, and is on file for next week's issue.
"D. A. M." on Banks and Banking, is not quite suitable for publication. Though we dare say it contains some truth, that is true, we think it arrives at incorrect conclusions.
"A. B." inquiries after "Observer" will be attended to.
"ONE OF 'EM." Respectfully declined.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1859.

Business.

As usual, at this season, a general calm pervades the business world, yet from day to day the prospect of renewed activity and prosperity increases, and we confidently anticipate a spring business fully up to the average of the last ten years. These considerations are not particularly applicable to Woburn and vicinity; for business here is and has been good for some time past, and, owing either to the superior shrewdness of our business men, to the manner in which their affairs have been conducted for the last ten years, or to the superior solidity of the foundations on which their extensive operations rest, much to their honor, the great wave of financial embarrassment passed them over unharmed.

In order fully to recover from the great shock of 1857, some time will yet be required, and the carefully considered advances thus made by the trading community furnish a good augury for the future. It is only long-continued prosperity which leads to carelessness in the ordinary line of trade, and from thence to ill-considered speculation, to loss and to bankruptcy. A great financial crisis, like that of last year, produces much good, with its almost incalculable amount of evil and of suffering. It obliges the business world generally to balance its accounts, and ascertain where it stands. It forces individuals to show the foundations on which they have relied. Many a great operator on Wall or State streets, whose familiar nod on change would furnish capital for a young speculator in the fancies, was forced by the bank suspension of last fall to show himself as he really was, and always had been, a mere man of straw.

These great seasons of trial, which occur about once in twenty years, serve, in a great measure, to settle up all old accounts, and when they are fairly over, the world starts fresh and fair upon a new career, at first, of careful, legitimate commerce, then of widely extended speculation, founded upon no proper basis, and always followed by a great crash, a general stagnation of business, and an incalculable amount of individual suffering. Such financial commotion as that of last year, is no evidence of a want of real prosperity. Never was our country richer in what constitutes the real wealth of a nation, than in October of 1857. Beef, pork, corn and cotton filled our store-houses to repletion; the fields and the pastures of the greatest West had yielded a harvest of unprecedented abundance. The trouble was altogether financial, and was not in any degree caused by the want of the real necessities of life.

Looking back upon the experiences of the last year and a half, some men have faith to believe that the lesson so severely taught will not be forgotten for a century at least. But the great trouble is, that the nature of things is not changed. Confidence will increase with the continued prosperity of a few years, credits will be extended, and step by step we shall advance toward another financial climax. While this is true in the aggregate, individuals may profit by experience, and by well-considered business plans, strictly adhered to, may succeed in standing firm when the next tempest of bankruptcy breaks upon the commercial world.

The above considerations are not inapplicable to the present time, when the business world, having taken observations and ascertained its present position, is trimming its sails to catch those prospering breezes which have already begun to blow.

Woburn Lyceum.

Rev. A. L. Stone's lecture, the eleventh of the present course, was one of those that leave a train of sparkling light behind it, long after the luminary himself has disappeared. His dazzling is not that of the meteor, which flashes across the night and then leaves us in profounder darkness; but rather like the comet, that sends its radiance to the zenith when its body has descended below the horizon.

Mr. Stone presented as his subject the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the spider, which, with its wingless body, is able to catch and devour the flying insect by the mechanical contrivance of its web. The want of flying apparatus is compensated by another power. The lecturer then said he should apply this law to the "Law of Compensation." He illustrated the meaning he should attach to this term by referring to the

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1859.

their gay forest drapery for an ice-coat of more snow here. Evening partially clear. Thermometer, at 8 a. m., to-day, 31°. The Governor of New Hampshire has appointed Thursday, the 5th day of April next, as a day of public fasting and prayer throughout the State. The London bankers state that there would be paid, in London, during the month of January, thirty millions of dollars, for interest on foreign loans. The Rev. R. B. Thurston was, on Thursday evening, installed as pastor of the Orthodox Congregational Church in Watertown. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Kirk, of Boston. My favorite Journal comes to me this evening, looking, if possible, more inviting than ever. I am glad to see a Winchester a Winchester see that it is maintained from week to week. The thing can and should be done.

Sunday, Jan. 16.—Wind brisk from N. W. & W., and the weather moderately cold and pleasant. Sky mostly overcast in the morning, generally clear after 8 o'clock. Evening moonlit, beautiful and still. I have had the privilege to date of listening to two instructive sermons, preached by an Agent of the American and Foreign Christian Union Society. His texts were from Malachi 1: 7, and Isaiah 1: 13.

Monday, Jan. 17.—Mild and thawy. Sky generally cloudy, with light snow showers at noon, and in the evening. Wind from S. to W., very light. Thermometer, at 8 a. m., 31°. It is said that the cost of each letter sent to San Francisco, by the overland route, is sixty-five dollars. The amount of money paid by the companies for the use of military services in 1858, is \$1,000,000. The Boot and Shoe trade continues gradually to improve.

Tuesday, Jan. 18.—About an inch of snow fell during the past night, followed by a favorable change in the atmosphere. Sky clear through the day, and the weather cool and invigorating. The last of the popular course of Lectures at Winchester, was "produced" at Lyceum Hall last evening, by Wendell Phillips, who regaled our Lyceumgoers with his "Street Life in Europe." During the past year eighteen Revolutionary Soldiers have died, only two of whom—Zachariah Robinson and Abraham Dyer—belonged to Massachusetts. There are yet two hundred of the patriots of the Revolution living and receiving the pensions of the country. The one hundred and fifty-third anniversary of the birth-day of Benjamin Franklin was celebrated in Boston, last evening, by an audience upon Franklin's "Boat Boy," by Hon. Edward Everett.

Wednesday, Jan. 19.—A delightful winter's day. Sky partially clear through the day, evening clear and very fine. Wind from S. W. S. W. Thermometer, at 8 a. m., 28°. The anniversary of the birth-day of Daniel Webster was celebrated by his friends, by a banquet at the Revere House, yesterday afternoon. Hon. Rufus Choate delivered an address. Ex Gov. Slade, of Vermont, died on Sunday. A most melancholy case of murder and suicide occurred at South Franklin on Monday night. Susan Whiting, 16 years of age, was shot by a deeply-loved friend Jonathan Wales, who, after committing the deed, shot himself. His age was 28. Four days ago news from Europe to-day, from which we learn that it will not sell Cuba, and that trouble is anticipated between France and Austria. The Legislature is hard at work, and we expect a short session.

WINCHESTER.

SOUTH READING.

TOWN MEETING.
At the Town Meeting, on Monday, called to take measures to oppose the discontinuance of change of route of the South Reading Branch Railroad, Hon. Lilley Eaton was chosen to preside. The following Preamble and Resolutions, after being discussed by several gentlemen, were unanimously adopted:

PREAMBLE.—Whereas, the Eastern Rail-Road Corporation have given public notice that they propose to discontinue the running of the trains upon the South Reading Branch Railroad, after having received within the last five years distinct and decided expressions, by three different Legislatures, of the utter iniquity and injustice of such withdrawal; and, whereas, the said Branch Railroad was established at great pains and expense on the part of the citizens of South Reading, and is capable of affording to such citizens, as well as to the citizens of other towns on its route, important and indispensable facilities. Therefore,

Resolved. That in this annual attempt to discontinue this valuable thoroughfare gives constant annoyance to the public, incuring great expense and trouble upon those who are immediately interested in its continuance, and rendering the prosperity of the business along its route.

Resolved. That in the opinion of this town, the granting of the petition for discontinuing the trains, as aforesaid, would be manifestly unfair and unjust, and this annual agitation of the subject merits the rebuke of the Legislature.

Resolved. That the Senator for District No. 5, and the Representatives of District No. 20, in the Legislature, be requested to oppose said petition.

Resolved. That a Committee of five persons be chosen by this town, who shall remonstrate before the town against the granting of said petition, and shall oppose it by all proper means.

Resolved. That a copy of these Resolves be forwarded to our Senator, and to each of our Representatives in the General Court.

In compliance with a provision in one of the above resolutions, the following gentlemen were appointed a Committee:—Messrs. E. E. Wiley, E. A. Upton, James Eustis, P. H. Sweetser, and James Oliver. M.

For the Middlesex Journal.

GOLD MINES.

The Maker and Owner of this world has sent us these remarkable words for our consideration and remembrance: "The Silver is mine, and the Gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts." I suppose this special notice is given us that we should be careful how we use what belongs to another, and is only lent to us. That the two great protestant nations should have discovered, in their respective lands, immense gold mines, near the same time, and also at a time when the nations of the earth were in an extraordinary and unprecedented manner opening to receive whatever new and useful information foreigners could impart to them, seems to me evidently providential, and a striking indication of what these two nations ought to endeavor to do for the others, especially the Pagan nations.

As, unquestionably, the Protestant nations have the most general acquaintance with the oracles of divine truth, and to these being chiefly indebted for their superior civil and religious privileges they ought to communicate this great light to those who have so long sat in darkness. The funds to do this are now being deposited in their hands, and unless they now make a special effort to send the "Gospel to every creature," I believe they will prove recreant to their imperious duty, and incur the displeasure of that great Lord, who will assuredly come, though it be "after a long time," and "reckon with his stewards."

The Bible is an unspeakably valuable gift, providentially put into our hands. Readers, have you "done what you could" toward sending this precious gift to your brethren of mankind, who are still destitute of it?

South Reading, Jan. 19, 1859. J. E.

LOCALS.

Margaret, aged ten years, daughter of Mr. Ricker Donevan, in Woodville District, fell while going from the house to the shop, on Saturday last, receiving apparently but little injury, though rendered unable to walk about as usual. From the helpless state of her limbs it is supposed that the fall was caused by paralysis. She died on Sabbath evening.

The loss of property by fire to the citizens of South Reading during the past year, (1858,) as near as we can estimate, was about \$4800. Insurance on the same, about \$3100. In addition to this, 4 ice-houses were burned last summer within our precincts, belonging to parties out of town, of which we have not been able to ascertain the amount of loss or insurance.

The most glorious of all moon-shining evenings have been enjoyed the past week, and our young people have improved them in coasting down the hills. Skaters are enjoying a vacation.

The firm of Mansfield & Dearborn, grocers, has by mutual consent been dissolved. The business in the future will be carried on by Mr. Benjamin Mansfield, who has purchased the interest in it of his former partner.

STONEHAM.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. ECTOR:—There has been an increasing interest for a long time past, among many of our citizens, in relation to the establishment of a Public Library. In almost every community we see, to a greater or less degree, men highly esteemed for their acts of benevolence in public enterprises, ever ready to grasp those things which give character and dignity to the town or place in which they reside. It is a fact requiring no argument, that a town receives its public estimate in proportion to the value of its public institutions, especially those of learning and education. Few towns have cherished their institutions more highly or labored more earnestly to sustain them than Stoneham. The subject of a public library seems now to be the topic of earnest conversation. We are beginning to feel its importance. Parents and all lovers of books, see the necessity of having a library with such resources and vitality as shall furnish them with constant supplies of fresh and interesting reading matter. It is desirable that a public room and library be opened by the town for the use of every citizen, and from the town find its support in the main. There are now several libraries in town owned by societies, that contain many valuable books which do not now meet the demand even of their patrons. We trust ere long they will consolidate into one. Many of these books have been read and re-read by their contributors alone, and now remain locked up to decay, and are remembered only by the librarian whose private enthusiasm removes them occasionally from their beds of dust.

We trust the day is fast passing for storing up a collection of books whose silk linings and guided bands are never to be handled by one so vulgar as the mere reader. Bibliomania like an epidemic pervades almost every community, and many persons weigh their intelligence in a splended library. Of such a collector, Labruge says, "I am ready to faint on the stair case from a strong smell of morocco leather. In vain he shows me fine editions, gold leaves, Etruscan binding, naming them as if he were showing a gallery of pictures. I thank him for his kindness and care not to visit his tan-house which he calls his library."

In our growing age the spirit of Young America must be indulged to a certain extent, and parents especially should feel the responsibility resting upon them, as to the class of literature selected. When Virgil was asked what class he selected, he said "no author escaped his notice: but of very many he read 'like a dog at the Nile, drinking and running.' We understand a caucus will soon be called, for the express purpose of meeting all interested, not only for themselves but the future prosperity of the town, thus taking into consideration the most practical course.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

It is effects magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufacturer should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1859.

The Poet's Corner.

RHYMING.

It's so fashionable to write rhymes about the lovers who dwell in "brown stone," crinoline and French broadcloth, that we don't know that any one will condescend to peruse a few humble verses, in which is related one of those little episodes as apt to occur in the cozy glow of the farm-house kitchen fire as on the sofa, "by the light of the chandelier!" —

A youth and maid, one winter night,
Were sitting in the corner;
His name, we're told, was Joshua White,
And hers was Patience Warner.

Not much the pretty matinéed maid,
Beside the young man sitting;
Her cheeks had flushed a rosy red,
Her eyes bent on her knitting.

Now could he guess what thoughts of him
Were in her bosom flocking;
As her fingers, swift and slim,
Flung round and round the stocking.

White, as for Joshua, bashful youth,
His words grew few and fewer;
Though all the time, to tell the truth,
His heart edged nearer to her.

Meantime her ball of yarn gave out,
She knitted so fast and steady;
And he must give his aid, no doubt,
To get another ready.

He held the skein 'tween course the thread,
Got tangled, snarled and twisted;
"Have Patience!" cried the artless maid;
To him who was assisted.

Good chance was this fortune-told churl
To shorten all palmer;
"Have Patience!" cried the valiant girl;
And may I really have her?

The deed was done; no more, that night,
Clicked needles in the corner; —
And she is Mrs. Joshua White
That once was Patience Warner.

Miscellaneous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men.

SOMNAMBULIC ECCENTRICITY.

A short time since, a wealthy lady, who has an only son, called on Professor Pancoast. The latter, it should be remembered, rarely visits patients, but receives them at his office. On this occasion, however, Professor P. complied with this request, and was ushered into the presence of Mrs. Smith. After the usual compliments, Mrs. S. opened the following conversation:

"I wish to consult you, doctor, concerning my son—George, you know."

"Oh, yes, madam," said the Professor, "but he is surely not sick!"

"Why, sir, there are no acute symptoms, but for about a month past he has been afflicted with somnambulism, and we fear that unless the tendency is corrected the most serious consequences may arise."

"You say he has walked in his sleep, for a month past?"

"Yes, sir."

"And never did previous to that?"

"No, sir."

The doctor mused. "Of what does your family consist, madam?" he inquired.

"Myself and my son, the two kitchen servants, and Celeste, the chambermaid, who only came last month."

Just at this moment, the last-named person entered. She was a plump, rosy-lipped French girl, who waited upon Mrs. Smith.

When she had left the room, Mrs. Smith remarked, "That's my new chambermaid, doctor; interesting girl, is she not?"

"Yes, madam, particularly so. I think you said she had been with you about a month, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, madam," said the doctor, rising and taking his hat, "allow me to say that any apprehension of your son's health would be superfluous. As long as that young woman's room is accessible to George, I fancy his somnambulistic habits will continue. And, madam, under the circumstances, I really don't wonder at it."

We rather imagine that rather took the old lady.

It seems an act of great inhumanity to stick placards at the street corner asking, "Do you want an overcoat?" and then after working the poor shivering and penniless wretch into a most abject admission that he does, to tell him he can buy it at some place a great deal less than cost. It is only equalled by the atrocity of one who when importuned for a penny by a beggar, asked if he could change him a five dollar bill.

Sir Walter Scott observes very feinely that "the wife of one who is to gain his livelihood by poetry, or by any labor (if any there be) equally exhausting, must either have taste enough to relish her husband's performances, or good nature sufficient to pardon his infirmities."

That a man must not laugh at his own jest, Elia pronounces the severest exaction ever invented upon the self-denial of human nature. Suppose a man perpetrates a jest that no one but himself sees the point of, shall he not give the little joker the benefit of the only laugh it is likely to receive?

Alian, in conversation with Samuel Rogers, observed,—

"I never put my razor into hot water, as it injures the temper of the blade."

"No doubt of it," said the wit; "show me the blade that would not be out of temper if plunged into hot water."

Be prudent secret. But don't affect to make a secret of what all the world may know. Nor give yourself air of being as close as a conspirator. You will better disappoint idle curiosity by seeming to have nothing to conceal.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Rebekah, with honest pride, as his friends were weeping around his deathbed. "If I were to die ten times over, I should never make you know half so much as I have made you laugh."

Said Byron, "You never know a man's temper till you have been imprisoned on board a ship with him, or a woman's until you have married her."

Said Southey. "My notions about life are much the same as they are about travelling; there is a good deal of amusement on the road, but after all, one wants to be at rest."

Dr. Cousin having heard Fuller recite verses on a scolding wife, was so delighted with them as to request a copy; but Fuller told him a copy was needless, as he had the original.

Muggins says he don't believe in the appearance of spirits in this world as strongly as he does in the disappearance. He lost a gallon of brandy and two baskets of champagne on the last election.

Dr. Fontenelle, when describing the difference in the mental constitution of the sexes, says, "Woman has a cell less in the brain, and a fibre more in the heart, than man."

Henry Ward Beecher, in one of his lectures, said he had rather be a bad man's dog and follow his heels, than his conscience and follow his train of life.

Tiger hunting is very fine amusement, so long as we hunt the tiger; but it is rather awkward when the tiger takes it into his head to hunt us.

The Ball Room Hand Book, for sale at the Woburn Book Store, would qualify a rustic after one reading to attend Almack's.

Insults are like counterfeit money; we can't help their being offered, but we needn't take them.

Victor Hugo styles the printing press the formidable locomotive of universal thought.

In China, a man can obtain a divorce from his wife if he can prove she is jealous.

A little nonsense now and then, is relished by the best of men.

FASHIONABLE GOODS!

Mrs. M. A. HUTCHINS, has removed to the new and slightly altered store above the Woburn Book Store, which she has had handsomely fitted up expressly for her.

MILLINERY BUSINESS

The store formerly occupied by Mr. Charles C. Smith, Nos. 5 & 6 WADE'S BLOCK, where also may now be found a full assortment of articles necessary in a first class store, fit for the public, and Physicians in particular, than every article used by him. Pharmacy shall be of special personal attention paid to putting up Physician's prescriptions. Compounding and delivery of medicines at most reasonable rates, and afford the best service at all hours.

He has the privilege to refer to

SETH W. PIPPY, Druggist, of Boston.

SAM. & W. A. BREWER, " "

JOHN S. HARRISON, " "

DRUGGISTS, BOSTON.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c.,

DRUGSTORE, BOSTON.

FASHIONABLE & SEASONABLE MILLINERY!

MRS. BEEERS,

Ready to inform her numerous customers, and the public generally, that she has removed to her large store in the Phoenix Building, 15 State St., Boston.

A. CUMMINGS, Jr.,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE BROKER.

Houses bought and sold. Real Estate sold or let, and insurance on houses, barns, &c.,

OFFICE: NO. 3 PHOENIX BUILDING, Rear of 27 State St., Boston.

A. CUMMINGS, Jr.,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE BROKER.

Houses bought and sold. Real Estate sold or let, and insurance on houses, barns, &c.,

OFFICE: NO. 3 PHOENIX BUILDING, Rear of 27 State St., Boston.

A. CUMMINGS, Jr.,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE BROKER.

Houses bought and sold. Real Estate sold or let, and insurance on houses, barns, &c.,

OFFICE: NO. 3 PHOENIX BUILDING, Rear of 27 State St., Boston.

A. CUMMINGS, Jr.,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE BROKER.

Houses bought and sold. Real Estate sold or let, and insurance on houses, barns, &c.,

OFFICE: NO. 3 PHOENIX BUILDING, Rear of 27 State St., Boston.

A. CUMMINGS, Jr.,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE BROKER.

Houses bought and sold. Real Estate sold or let, and insurance on houses, barns, &c.,

OFFICE: NO. 3 PHOENIX BUILDING, Rear of 27 State St., Boston.

A. CUMMINGS, Jr.,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE BROKER.

Houses bought and sold. Real Estate sold or let, and insurance on houses, barns, &c.,

OFFICE: NO. 3 PHOENIX BUILDING, Rear of 27 State St., Boston.

A. CUMMINGS, Jr.,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE BROKER.

Houses bought and sold. Real Estate sold or let, and insurance on houses, barns, &c.,

OFFICE: NO. 3 PHOENIX BUILDING, Rear of 27 State St., Boston.

A. CUMMINGS, Jr.,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE BROKER.

Houses bought and sold. Real Estate sold or let, and insurance on houses, barns, &c.,

OFFICE: NO. 3 PHOENIX BUILDING, Rear of 27 State St., Boston.

A. CUMMINGS, Jr.,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE BROKER.

Houses bought and sold. Real Estate sold or let, and insurance on houses, barns, &c.,

OFFICE: NO. 3 PHOENIX BUILDING, Rear of 27 State St., Boston.

A. CUMMINGS, Jr.,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE BROKER.

Houses bought and sold. Real Estate sold or let, and insurance on houses, barns, &c.,

OFFICE: NO. 3 PHOENIX BUILDING, Rear of 27 State St., Boston.

A. CUMMINGS, Jr.,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE BROKER.

Houses bought and sold. Real Estate sold or let, and insurance on houses, barns, &c.,

OFFICE: NO. 3 PHOENIX BUILDING, Rear of 27 State St., Boston.

A. CUMMINGS, Jr.,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE BROKER.

Houses bought and sold. Real Estate sold or let, and insurance on houses, barns, &c.,

OFFICE: NO. 3 PHOENIX BUILDING, Rear of 27 State St., Boston.

A. CUMMINGS, Jr.,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE BROKER.

Houses bought and sold. Real Estate sold or let, and insurance on houses, barns, &c.,

OFFICE: NO. 3 PHOENIX BUILDING, Rear of 27 State St., Boston.

A. CUMMINGS, Jr.,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE BROKER.

Houses bought and sold. Real Estate sold or let, and insurance on houses, barns, &c.,

OFFICE: NO. 3 PHOENIX BUILDING, Rear of 27 State St., Boston.

A. CUMMINGS, Jr.,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE BROKER.

Houses bought and sold. Real Estate sold or let, and insurance on houses, barns, &c.,

OFFICE: NO. 3 PHOENIX BUILDING, Rear of 27 State St., Boston.

A. CUMMINGS, Jr.,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE BROKER.

Houses bought and sold. Real Estate sold or let, and insurance on houses, barns, &c.,

OFFICE: NO. 3 PHOENIX BUILDING, Rear of 27 State St., Boston.

A. CUMMINGS, Jr.,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE BROKER.

Houses bought and sold. Real Estate sold or let, and insurance on houses, barns, &c.,

OFFICE: NO. 3 PHOENIX BUILDING, Rear of 27 State St., Boston.

A. CUMMINGS, Jr.,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE BROKER.

Houses bought and sold. Real Estate sold or let, and insurance on houses, barns, &c.,

OFFICE: NO. 3 PHOENIX BUILDING, Rear of 27 State St., Boston.

A. CUMMINGS, Jr.,

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE BROKER.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. VIII. :: No. 17.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1859.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SOUVENIR.

BY LUTHER G. RIGGS.

At the clouds that float at even,
Mounts to claim their glory down,
So, the heart with gladness seeming,
Soothes with soft and low tone:
And, as fleeting clouds at night time,
Holds, perchance, the moon's pale gleam,—
So, our souls are oftimes shaded,
By life's dark and fleeting dream.

As the frost seen in the morning,
Meets before the sun's first ray,—
So, the pleasures earth doth render,
Take them wings and fly away:
And, as streams of water,
Help to swell the mighty sea,—
So, each day that passeth o'er us,
Nearer brings eternity.

It is well that we should linger,
'Mong the mem'ries of the past,
Wreathing garlands o'er the green graves
Of the pleasures that are passed;
Though the flowers soon may perish,
And their place to us seem lone,—
Yet their sweet perfume will hover,
Round the scene of pleasures gone.

Far beyond the glowing cloud land,
Far beyond the azure sky,
Are there joys for souls immortal—
Bliss deep, too pure to die:
And when life's dark voyage is over—
Crossed have we the foaming sea—
May our life-bark reach the haven
Of the blessed,—reach our home !

An Exciting Original Story.

Written for the Middlesex Journal.

The Rival Chevaliers.

By the author of "The Siege of Ronda," "The Brothers," &c.

The age of chivalry is gone. We have pined away its helms and its spurs, and its blazonry is invested with a more poetic charm. "Still we love the past."

CHAPTER I.

THE EXPEDITION OF ROLAND DE MARETS.

There was great commotion and many anxious faces in the good old town of Tournay, for the French King, Charles VI., and his uncles, the Dukes of Berry and of Burgundy, at the head of the French chivalry, had met Philip von Artavelde and the men of Ghent, and defeated them, with a terrible slaughter at Rosebeque, and he was now rapidly approaching the walls of the ancient city. "How will the victorious boy king conduct himself toward our peaceful citizens?" was the question asked on all sides, and none were found to answer.

It was early morning when a horseman, armed from head to foot, spurred toward the gate. A vast crowd of anxious faces looked up to him as he entered the city, and a thousand voices asked the questions, "Came you from the army of the king?" "What message from the chiefs?"

"I know nought of the king nor of his army. Make way there. I would speak with the Governor."

"Thou wili find the governor at the palace of the Bishop," said a warden at the gate.

The horseman spurred through the narrow streets, and soon found himself before the gates of the palace. As he dismounted, the doors were opened wide, and the governor, accompanied by a long retinue of knights and esquires, emerged into the open square. His quick eye caught sight of the cavalier we have mentioned, and as news of importance was momentarily expected, he made haste to address him.

"What wouldst thou, sir stranger? Came you from the king?"

"Nay, worshipful sir, I came not from the king, but from the castle of Tournay. Dost thou not know me, Lord of Charny?"

"Aye, if my eyes tell the truth, thou art Sir Roland de Mares. Thou art welcome to Tournay. What wouldst thou with me?"

"The Flemings did, last night, by cunning and force, possess themselves of the good castle of Tournay, and put the garrison to the sword."

"Ha! say you so, and almost in sight of Tournay? By my faith but they shall pay dearly. And what of the Lady Helena and the Chatelein?"

"Prisoners, my Lord of Charny; and some hours since, in the darkness, they were despatched with a guard toward Ghent, there to await ransom. I come to crave a score of lances that I may overtake the party, give the fair lady liberty, and revenge her wrongs."

"Thou shalt have them were I left alone, Sir Roland. What, ho! gallant gentlemen. Who among ye will follow this brave knight to release a fair lady from the hands of her foes?"

"Fifty horsemen answered the summons, from which number the governor selected twenty who were ready for instant departure."

Roland waited only to exchange his tired steed for one better fitted for the expedition, and emerged from the gate at the head of his troupe, crests waving and lances glittering in the morning sun-light.

While the party pursued their way at an easy pace, Roland learned from his companions the event of the great battle of Rosebeque, and the expected arrival of the king's army at Tournay; and, in his turn, recounted, that, travelling near Tournay, on the previous night, he had learned of its capture by the Flemings, and in hope of obtaining important information had laid in hiding until the departure of the party which had in charge the lady Helena and the Chatelein, Sir Robert Vernal, the road to Ghent.

"And who is this knight of Vernal? this Chatelein who slept while the varlets scaled his castle walls?" asked a cavalier.

"He is a follower of the Duke de Berry, who was sent by his lord to govern the castle, while the Lord of Tournay led his followers to the camp of the king," replied Roland.

"And well has he kept his trust. May the holy virgin send the lady Helena a stouter knight than he, and that speedily, or she shall scarce sleep this night in Tournay."

"Amen, with all my heart," said Roland.

"Let us haste, gentlemen, the day is growing."

The party now rode along in silence, and at the end of an hour they entered a forest. The paths became intricate and entangled with underwood, and progress, at every step, became more difficult.

"By my faith, Sir Roland, an' the worshipful governor, Sir Ralph de Charny, if he had not called thee a true man and a valiant knight, I would not follow thee into this wood, better fitted for the chase of wolves than for exercise of arms," said a youthful esquire, who had not before spoken with Roland.

"Fear not, brave Charlemont. I will lead thee where thou shalt find room enough for sword or lance."

"Nay, an' you talk of fear. My only fear is we shall miss the Flemings," replied Charlemont.

The party proceeded slowly until they reached an open space in the midst of the wood, through which wound a broad and well defined path. Here Roland called a halt, and said to his followers :

"This is the Ghent road. The Flemings, to avoid the army of the king, must have made a wide detour, and cannot have reached this spot. Here, gallant knights and gentlemen, will we lay in wait for them. The varlets number three score of pikes and halberds, with but a single lance. 'Tournayforte,' shall be the cry of onset."

The horsemen, remaining within the border of the wood, dismounted, and each stood beside his steed, ready to mount at a moment's warning. Roland alone entered the open space, and took his stand on a spot which commanded a view of the road for a considerable distance. Not a word was spoken, and every eye was bent earnestly upon the leader. Half an hour was passed in silence when Roland suddenly sought the shelter of the wood, saying, "Close visors, gentlemen, and mount. The enemy are close at hand!" He was instantly obeyed. The steeds pawed the ground in their impatience. The knights looked anxiously toward the spot where the open space we have mentioned contracted on their left to the width of the road. Through this narrow pass the Flemings were to appear. They had not long to wait. A lance point glittered in the sun; another, and two horsemen, fully armed, emerged to view.

"Didst thou not say, Sir Roland, there was but a single lance?" whispered Charlemont.

"In truth, I did. The second is the worthy Chatelein, and he seems well at ease."

"In faith, he looks not like a prisoner. We will soon try his metal," returned Charlemont.

The Flemings gradually appeared; a long train of armed men, while in the midst was seen the litter which bore the lady Helena. The time had come!

"Now, knights and squires, charge! for the sake of the fair lady and for renown. Tournayforte! shouted Roland, as he spurred into the path, rapidly followed by every member of his band.

The Flemings had scarce time to level their pikes when the horsemen were upon them. Many were overthrown at the first shock, and before the surprise, caused by the sudden appearance of the knights, had subsided, they had fought their way to the litter. Here their foes rallied, and stood upon their defense. Their superior numbers enabled them to hurl back the horsemen, who furiously spurred against their ranks. Their leader with voice and action urged them to stand fast. At the first charge he had fallen back, and he now stood near the litter at the head of his men.

"What wouldst thou, sir stranger? Came you from the king?"

"Nay, worshipful sir, I came not from the king, but from the castle of Tournay. Dost thou not know me, Lord of Charny?"

"Aye, if my eyes tell the truth, thou art Sir Roland de Mares. Thou art welcome to Tournay. What wouldst thou with me?"

"The Flemings did, last night, by cunning and force, possess themselves of the good castle of Tournay, and put the garrison to the sword."

"Ha! say you so, and almost in sight of Tournay? By my faith but they shall pay dearly. And what of the Lady Helena and the Chatelein?"

"Prisoners, my Lord of Charny; and some hours since, in the darkness, they were despatched with a guard toward Ghent, there to await ransom. I come to crave a score of lances that I may overtake the party, give the fair lady liberty, and revenge her wrongs."

"Fifty horsemen answered the summons, from which number the governor selected twenty who were ready for instant departure."

Roland waited only to exchange his tired steed for one better fitted for the expedition, and emerged from the gate at the head of his troupe, crests waving and lances glittering in the morning sun-light.

While the party pursued their way at an easy pace, Roland learned from his companions the event of the great battle of Rosebeque, and the expected arrival of the king's army at Tournay; and, in his turn, recounted, that, travelling near Tournay, on the previous night, he had learned of its capture by the Flemings, and in hope of obtaining important information had laid in hiding until the departure of the party which had in charge the lady Helena and the Chatelein, Sir Robert Vernal, the road to Ghent.

"And who is this knight of Vernal? this Chatelein who slept while the varlets scaled his castle walls?" asked a cavalier.

"He is a follower of the Duke de Berry, who was sent by his lord to govern the castle, while the Lord of Tournay led his followers to the camp of the king," replied Roland.

"And well has he kept his trust. May the holy virgin send the lady Helena a stouter knight than he, and that speedily, or she shall scarce sleep this night in Tournay."

"Amen, with all my heart," said Roland.

"Let us haste, gentlemen, the day is growing."

The party now rode along in silence, and at the end of an hour they entered a forest. The paths became intricate and entangled with underwood, and progress, at every step, became more difficult.

"By my faith, Sir Roland, an' the worshipful governor, Sir Ralph de Charny, if he had not called thee a true man and a valiant knight, I would not follow thee into this wood, better fitted for the chase of wolves than for exercise of arms," said a youthful esquire, who had not before spoken with Roland.

"Fear not, brave Charlemont. I will lead thee where thou shalt find room enough for sword or lance."

"Nay, an' you talk of fear. My only fear is we shall miss the Flemings," replied Charlemont.

The party proceeded slowly until they reached an open space in the midst of the wood, through which wound a broad and well defined path. Here Roland called a halt, and said to his followers :

"This is the Ghent road. The Flemings, to avoid the army of the king, must have made a wide detour, and cannot have reached this spot. Here, gallant knights and gentlemen, will we lay in wait for them. The varlets number three score of pikes and halberds, with but a single lance. 'Tournayforte,' shall be the cry of onset."

The horsemen, remaining within the border of the wood, dismounted, and each stood beside his steed, ready to mount at a moment's warning. Roland alone entered the open space, and took his stand on a spot which commanded a view of the road for a considerable distance. Not a word was spoken, and every eye was bent earnestly upon the leader. Half an hour was passed in silence when Roland suddenly sought the shelter of the wood, saying, "Close visors, gentlemen, and mount. The enemy are close at hand!" He was instantly obeyed. The steeds pawed the ground in their impatience. The knights looked anxiously toward the spot where the open space we have mentioned contracted on their left to the width of the road. Through this narrow pass the Flemings were to appear. They had not long to wait. A lance point glittered in the sun; another, and two horsemen, fully armed, emerged to view.

"Didst thou not say, Sir Roland, there was but a single lance?" whispered Charlemont.

"In truth, I did. The second is the worthy Chatelein, and he seems well at ease."

"In faith, he looks not like a prisoner. We will soon try his metal," returned Charlemont.

The Flemings gradually appeared; a long train of armed men, while in the midst was seen the litter which bore the lady Helena. The time had come!

"Now, knights and squires, charge! for the sake of the fair lady and for renown. Tournayforte! shouted Roland, as he spurred into the path, rapidly followed by every member of his band.

The Flemings had scarce time to level their pikes when the horsemen were upon them. Many were overthrown at the first shock, and before the surprise, caused by the sudden appearance of the knights, had subsided, they had fought their way to the litter. Here their foes rallied, and stood upon their defense. Their superior numbers enabled them to hurl back the horsemen, who furiously spurred against their ranks. Their leader with voice and action urged them to stand fast. At the first charge he had fallen back, and he now stood near the litter at the head of his men.

"What wouldst thou, sir stranger? Came you from the king?"

"Nay, worshipful sir, I came not from the king, but from the castle of Tournay. Dost thou not know me, Lord of Charny?"

"Aye, if my eyes tell the truth, thou art Sir Roland de Mares. Thou art welcome to Tournay. What wouldst thou with me?"

"The Flemings did, last night, by cunning and force, possess themselves of the good castle of Tournay, and put the garrison to the sword."

"Ha! say you so, and almost in sight of Tournay? By my faith but they shall pay dearly. And what of the Lady Helena and the Chatelein?"

"Prisoners, my Lord of Charny; and some hours since, in the darkness, they were despatched with a guard toward Ghent, there to await ransom. I come to crave a score of lances that I may overtake the party, give the fair lady liberty, and revenge her wrongs."

"Fifty horsemen answered the summons, from which number the governor selected twenty who were ready for instant departure."

Roland waited only to exchange his tired steed for one better fitted for the expedition, and emerged from the gate at the head of his troupe, crests waving and lances glittering in the morning sun-light.

While the party pursued their way at an easy pace, Roland learned from his companions the event of the great battle of Rosebeque, and the expected arrival of the king's army at Tournay; and, in his turn, recounted, that, travelling near Tournay, on the previous night, he had learned of its capture by the Flemings, and in hope of obtaining important information had laid in hiding until the departure of the party which had in charge the lady Helena and the Chatelein, Sir Robert Vernal, the road to Ghent.

"And who is this knight of Vernal? this Chatelein who slept while the varlets scaled his castle walls?" asked a cavalier.

"He is a follower of the Duke de Berry, who was sent by his lord to govern the castle, while the Lord of Tournay led his followers to the camp of the king," replied Roland.

"And well has he kept his trust. May the holy virgin send the lady Helena a stouter knight than he, and that speedily, or she shall scarce sleep this night in Tournay."

"Amen, with all my heart," said Roland.

"Let us haste, gentlemen, the day is growing."

The party now rode along in silence, and at the end of an hour they entered a forest. The paths became intricate and entangled with underwood, and progress, at every step, became more difficult.

"By my faith, Sir Roland, an' the worshipful governor, Sir Ralph de Charny, if he had not called thee a true man and a valiant knight, I would not follow thee into this wood, better fitted for the chase of wolves than for exercise of arms," said a youthful esquire, who had not before spoken with Roland.

"Fear not, brave Charlemont. I will lead thee where thou shalt find room enough for sword or lance."

"Nay, an' you talk of fear. My only fear is we shall miss the Flemings," replied Charlemont.

The party proceeded slowly until they reached an open space in the midst of the wood, through which wound a broad and well defined path. Here Roland called a halt, and said to his followers :

"This is the Ghent road. The Flemings, to avoid the army of the king, must have made a wide detour, and cannot have reached this spot. Here, gallant knights and gentlemen, will we lay in wait for them. The varlets number three score of pikes and halberds, with but a single lance. 'Tournayforte,' shall be the cry of onset."

The horsemen, remaining within the border of the wood, dismounted, and each stood beside his steed, ready to mount at a moment's warning. Roland alone entered the open space, and took his stand on a spot which commanded a view of the road for a considerable distance. Not a word was spoken, and every eye was bent earnestly upon the leader. Half an hour was passed in silence when Roland suddenly sought the shelter of the wood, saying, "Close visors, gentlemen, and mount. The enemy are close at hand!" He was instantly obeyed. The steeds pawed the ground in their impatience. The knights looked anxiously toward the spot where the open space we have mentioned contracted on their left to the width of the road. Through this narrow pass the Flemings were to appear. They had not long to wait. A

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1859.

(which looked like a complicated mosquito-bar,) with something resembling a Chinese fire-cracker; regardless of all my assertions, that I was a firm supporter of the Ching Wang dynasty, and strongly advocated the exclusion of soda from hot biscuits. Not liking my prospects exactly, I woke up, and, taking a fresh start, was soon unconscious of all sublunary cares. Yours truly, X. X.

For the *Middlesex Journal*.

LAST WORDS!

It is a common opinion to regard death as painful—a thing of anguish, suffering and torment. However just that opinion may be, there are other cases where life gently trickles away so calm and serene, that the last action of man's life is that which has concerned him the most. The last words Napoleon uttered were, "Head of the army!" which most clearly evinces what visions were passing through his mind at the moment of dissolution. The last words of a celebrated judge were "Gentlemen of the jury, you are discharged." It is said that Haller, the great physiologist, died feeling his pulse. When he found he was almost gone, he turned to his brother physician and said, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat," and died. Peterbach was found dead in his library, leaning on a book. Read die in the act of dictating Addison's dying address to his dissolute son-in-law, "Behold with what tranquility a Christian can die." HENRY.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From Our Regular Correspondent—

NEW YORK, Jan. 25, 1859.

Trade is starting up briskly with the South and South-west, and our merchants are now jubilant in the anticipation of a very profitable season. Goods are bringing higher prices on labor and materials, both in this and foreign countries, and considerably higher than have been the case for the three business seasons since the panic of 1857. The Southern buyers feel in very good humor, as the planters are rich with an enormous crop of cotton at high prices, and they do not scruple to pay the small advances on goods which keeps the manufacturer and his armies of operatives in existence and motion. Few, probably, are aware how slight an advance in the price of goods is necessary to change a season of loss to owners, and half-employment at low wages to operatives, into one of profit and activity. The manufacturer of cotton print-cloths is abundantly satisfied with a profit of one-eighth of a cent on each yard, while the advance which has been recently established on cotton goods, average from one-eighth to one-half cent per yard. But this is on goods, many of which were "paying a loss," as calculators phrase it.

Thursday was the only perfectly promenade day we have had for three or four months. The sun was shining brightly; the air balmy; the pavements dry, and, as a consequence, the whole town, male and female, but especially the latter, poured itself out on Broadway to indulge in the agreeable recreation of nodding to their acquaintances, staring at strangers, satirizing the badly dressed people, and taking mental notes on the fashions. The oldest inhabitants have rarely seen Broadway in such an oppressed condition. The pavement on the fashionable side of the grand avenue was so flooded with ladies that the least of Yankees could not have cut his way through the current in an opposite direction; the only thing possible was either to go down with the tide unresistingly, or take a back street. The fashionable stores, (and it takes an old resident to know which of the great plate-glass fronts are and are not recognized by the *haute ton* at the *places*), the fashionable stores, I say, were thronged the whole afternoon, and the streets opposite were blocked with carriages, as you always see it in the ideal pictures of dry goods stores and hotels in advertisements.

Good weather truly; but disastrous to the grand amusement of the season, skating on the Lake in the Central Park. Few such romantic scenes are to be discovered about New York city as was visible the other night at the Lake; the full round moon shining brilliantly upon a flashing ice-surface, shadowed with glancing forms of thousands of men, women and children, all flying rapidly in fantastic circles.

There continues to be a great deal of interest in the daily religious meetings, especially in the Dutch church, which is now so extensively known as the "Fulton Street Prayer Meeting." This meeting, however, is filled up to a great extent by strangers, who come in to see and hear what they have heard so much of. In the Brooklyn Navy Yard there have been a large number of conversions among the marines on the Receiving Ship, the North Carolina, and a church has been organized there.

The book trade is looking up a little, along with other business, but is yet far from being satisfactory. The largest profits of publishers have been from volumes of a religious practical tendency, of such class as are especially called forth, by the religious interests of the year. The "Autocrat" has however achieved a very decided and brilliant success.

TO BE LOOKED AFTER.—We intend hereafter to say something about some transactions of the managers of the Salem and Lowell Railroad, who have feathered their own nests at the expense of poorer stockholders and the violation of every honorable obligation. There is a divided history that looks very like a conspiracy to cheat. A dividend of six per cent (six dollars on a share,) was lately declared from money on hand when the road was leased, and carefully kept from the knowledge of the stockholders, (who in nine years had never received a cent on their investments,) till the two or three managers could buy up most of the stock at \$5 and less a share! A nice speculation, buying shares at \$5 and immediately pocketing a \$6 dividend. Another little matter has lately leaked out by accident. A small *interest* dividend on money paid in before the road went into operation, has been lying in possession of the company since 1850, the stockholders being kept in ignorance of the fact. More anon.—*Popul.*

JOLLY FIREMEN.—A few evenings since, a member of one of the engine companies, No. 6 of Fall River, made up his mind to enjoy a little domestic felicity, and accordingly got married. After he had retired to the bridal chamber for the night, a number of the boys dragged the machine to a convenient position, set the brakes going with a will, and directed a stream against the young man's window with such force, that the glass was swept away by the flood, and a magnificent shower bath descended upon his bed! After having given their comrade a pair of wet blankets, the jolly extinguishers decamped. That was rather a cool joke considering the season of the year.

THE TEETH and their Treatment. Who is the fortunate possessor of a set of fine teeth, and would not take pains to preserve them? Who is under the necessity of having a tooth drawn in order that the remainder of the set may be made perfect for use and appearance, and would not employ a skillful operator to remove the offender? Who requires a full set of artificial teeth, and would not prefer that an educated dentist should fit the mouth and teeth to it? Who is gone, with such as may be useful, handsome, and permanent? We are led to ask these questions before furnishing our recommendation of the complete establishment of Drs. Cummings & Flagg, because we have seen the systematic arrangement of the business of these gentlemen, and feel no ordinary surprise that persons who have to call to their aid the art and science of dentistry, should place themselves in the hands of unskillful or amateur operators, when for similar expense they might be treated by accomplished Surgeons.

THE very beautiful rooms (seven in number) of Drs. Cummings & Flagg, No. 25, Tremont street, have recently been re-fitted and refurnished, and at all hours of the day the most experienced and faithful operators are in attendance, to answer the calls of their numerous patients. We believe that no improvement in the dental art is suggested that is not carefully and fully explained by Drs. Cummings & Flagg, and if you are in any wise injured by their treatment, they will be the first to aid in its general introduction. Their own inventions and preparations for the diseases, and the proper preservation of the teeth, are numerous and efficient. The Nerve Anodyne, a most useful and now world-renowned antidote for toothache, is the invention of, and solely used by, Drs. Cummings & Flagg. This fits to the tooth-ache, although it effectually and instantly removes the pain, not in any wise injure the teeth or nerves. Their other preparations, as Dentifrice for cleaning and Wash for hardening the gums, to which these gentlemen claim an exclusive right. On every side we hear great credit given to Drs. Cummings & Flagg, by those who have been their patients, and such testimony coming from the persons most interested in having well performed, must be allowed to supersede all other.

We may add that our best wishes for a continuance of their success will ever attend them.—*Boston Daily Bee.*

LET US BE CAUTIOUS.—Let us be cautious as to lottery transactions. There are thousands of people who will try their luck for a fortune in the lottery, and under these circumstances it is our duty to call their attention to such lotteries as are conducted honestly. There are many lottery concerns in the United States, all of which are duly shown up in the *New York Herald*. Of the Maryland State Lottery, managed by R. Franklin & Co., Boston, we are told:

From the *New York Herald*, December 25.

The Maryland State Lottery, which is considered the most substantial lottery in the country, and which is carried on under a legal charter, conducts the lottery in the city of Baltimore, Maryland, known in almost every city just as soon as the result can be reported over the wires. The drawing of this lottery will come off on the 29th of January. The scheme embraces 20,314,000 tickets, and the grand prize is a large ticket for a chance at which costs \$20, halves and quarters in proportion) is \$62,580. Other numerous prizes go from two of \$12,500, down, by regular gradations, to \$100. Orders are to be addressed to R. Franklin & Co., Baltimore, Md.

THE EAGLE SHOT.—A bald eagle, whose wings, when extended, measured eight feet, was shot on Thursday of last week, at Topsfield, by Eleazer Lake. A regular "spread eagle," that.

SHOE and LEATHER EXCHANGE.—The Boston *Transcript* states, that the shoe and leather dealers of that city will shortly open an Exchange, in some suitable place, which will have a reading-room, books of statistical entry, order boxes, writing materials, &c.

THE Question Settled!—Those eminent men, Dr. James Clark, Physician to Queen Victoria, and Dr. Hughes Bennett, say that consumption can be cured. Dr. Wistar knew this when he discovered his Balsam of Wild Cherry, and experience has proved the correctness of his opinion.

WIGS! WIGS! BATCHELOR'S WIGS & TOPIEES surpass all. They are elegant, light, easy and durable.

Fitting to a charm. No sticking up behind. No shrinking off the head. Made at 233 Broadway New York. Jan. 24.

FIRE INSURANCE.—The Boston *Transcript* states, that the shoe and leather dealers of that city will shortly open an Exchange, in some suitable place, which will have a reading-room, books of statistical entry, order boxes, writing materials, &c.

THE Ladies' Benevolent Society of Stoneham will give an EXHIBITION:

AT THE TOWN HALL, STONEHAM, On Tuesday and Wednesday Evenings, February 1st and 2d, 1859.

TO CONSTITUTE OF THE MUSIC & DRAMATIC Performances!

Doors open at 61 o'clock. Exercises to commence at 7. Admission 20 cents. Tickets to be had at the Post Office, and at the door Jan. 29.

EXHIBITION! The "Ladies' Benevolent Society" of Stoneham

will give an

EXHIBITION! AT THE TOWN HALL, STONEHAM, On Tuesday and Wednesday Evenings, February 1st and 2d, 1859.

TO CONSTITUTE OF THE MUSIC & DRAMATIC Performances!

Doors open at 61 o'clock. Exercises to commence at 7. Admission 20 cents. Tickets to be had at the Post Office, and at the door Jan. 29.

FIRE INSURANCE.

The Subscribers are the SPECIAL AGENT for Woburn, by appointment of the Board of Directors of the *South Reading Mutual Safety Fire Insurance Company*, prepared to take risks for said Company at the usual rates—being as low as those of any other sound dividend paying company.

Woburn, Dec. 1858. JOHN K. PIPPY.

WIGS! WIGS!

BATCHELOR'S WIGS & TOPIEES surpass all.

Fitting to a charm. No sticking up behind.

No shrinking off the head. Made at 233 Broadway New York. Jan. 24.

WIGS! WIGS!

GRIFFING, BROTHERS & CO., Agricultural Warehouses, Jan. 29. 3m. 69 Cornhill Street, New York.

Jan. 24.

UNION FIREMEN'S AND CIVIC BALL!

TO BE GIVEN BY
Niagara Engine Company No. 1,
—AND—
Jacob Webster Engine Company No. 2,
OF WOBURN,
AT LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN,
On Tuesday Evening, February 15, 1859.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS
Capt. J. E. Davis, 1st Asst. R. P. Stanhope, 2d Asst. H. C. Abbott, 3d Asst. T. E. Reed, 4th Asst. Jacob Webster, Chief Engineer, Eng. L. W. P. Converse, John Brown, T. E. Burbank, L. S. Miller, Ex-Capt. A. T. French, G. H. Conn, A. Parker, P. M. Warland.

Music: Hall's Band—Eight Pieces.

TICKETS \$1.50.—Dancing to commence at 7 o'clock. Firemen are requested to appear in uniform.

TOWN NOTICE.

The Selectmen of Woburn will meet at their Boarding House, on the FIRST and THIRD MONDAY EVENINGS OF EACH MONTH, at six o'clock, for the transaction of their business.

For order of Selection, P. L. CONVERSE, Chairman, Woburn, March 27, 1858. t

TO DYSPEPSIA.

And all who suffer the tortures which this disease infests in our form or another of its many phases, cure yourself permanently and speedily by using THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

Weekly *Novelty*, of Sept. 18, says:

Dyspepsia is one of the prevalent diseases of our day, and is the bane of health and happiness. It is a most universal habit of eating, and is the cause of many a painful and vexing disease.

For order of Selection, P. L. CONVERSE, Chairman, Woburn, March 27, 1858. t

WOBURN.

MESSRS. S. W. FOWLER & CO.—I have taken three bottles of the Oxygenated Bitters, and have derived great benefit from their use. I have been much more cheerful and comfortable since their use, and am now in a position to admit of proper digestion. But, in spite of these favorable circumstances, this disease, even when it has been cured, can be easily dispelled by the use of the Oxygenated Bitters, which have been found to prove an infallible remedy.

From the *Advertiser of a widely circulated Magazine*.

WOBURN.

MESSRS. S. W. FOWLER & CO.—I have taken three bottles of the Oxygenated Bitters, and have derived great benefit from their use. I have been much more cheerful and comfortable since their use, and am now in a position to admit of proper digestion. But, in spite of these favorable circumstances, this disease, even when it has been cured, can be easily dispelled by the use of the Oxygenated Bitters, which have been found to prove an infallible remedy.

WOBURN.

MESSRS. S. W. FOWLER & CO.—I have taken three bottles of the Oxygenated Bitters, and have derived great benefit from their use. I have been much more cheerful and comfortable since their use, and am now in a position to admit of proper digestion. But, in spite of these favorable circumstances, this disease, even when it has been cured, can be easily dispelled by the use of the Oxygenated Bitters, which have been found to prove an infallible remedy.

WOBURN.

MESSRS. S. W. FOWLER & CO.—I have taken three bottles of the Oxygenated Bitters, and have derived great benefit from their use. I have been much more cheerful and comfortable since their use, and am now in a position to admit of proper digestion. But, in spite of these favorable circumstances, this disease, even when it has been cured, can be easily dispelled by the use of the Oxygenated Bitters, which have been found to prove an infallible remedy.

WOBURN.

MESSRS. S. W. FOWLER & CO.—I have taken three bottles of the Oxygenated Bitters, and have derived great benefit from their use. I have been much more cheerful and comfortable since their use, and am now in a position to admit of proper digestion. But, in spite of these favorable circumstances, this disease, even when it has been cured, can be easily dispelled by the use of the Oxygenated Bitters, which have been found to prove an infallible remedy.

WOBURN.

MESSRS. S. W. FOWLER & CO.—I have taken three bottles of the Oxygenated Bitters, and have derived great benefit from their use. I have been much more cheerful and comfortable since their use, and am now in a position to admit of proper digestion. But, in spite of these favorable circumstances, this disease, even when it has been cured, can be easily dispelled by the use of the Oxygenated Bitters, which have been found to prove an infallible remedy.

WOBURN.

MESSRS. S. W. FOWLER & CO.—I have taken three bottles of the Oxygenated Bitters, and have derived great benefit from their use. I have been much more cheerful and comfortable since their use, and am now in a position to admit of proper digestion. But, in spite of these favorable circumstances, this disease, even when it has been cured, can be easily dispelled by the use of the Oxygenated Bitters, which have been found to prove an infallible remedy.

WOBURN.

MESSRS. S. W. FOWLER & CO.—I have taken three bottles of the Oxygenated Bitters, and have derived great benefit from their use. I have been much more cheerful and comfortable since their use, and am now in a position to admit of proper digestion. But, in spite of these favorable circumstances, this disease, even when it has been cured, can be easily dispelled by the use of the Oxygenated Bitters, which have been found to prove an infallible remedy.

WOBURN.

MESSRS. S. W. FOWLER & CO.—I have taken three bottles of the Oxygenated Bitters, and have derived great benefit from their use. I have been much more cheerful and comfortable since their use, and am now in a position to admit of proper digestion. But, in spite of these favorable circumstances, this disease, even when it has been cured, can be easily dispelled by the use of the Oxygenated Bitters, which have been found to prove an infallible remedy.

WOBURN.

MESSRS. S. W. FOWLER & CO.—I have taken three bottles of the Oxygenated Bitters, and have derived great benefit from their use. I have been much more cheerful and comfortable since their use, and am now in a position to admit of proper digestion. But, in spite of these favorable circumstances, this disease, even when it has been cured, can be easily dispelled by the use of the Oxygenated Bitters, which have been found to prove an infallible remedy.

WOBURN.

MESSRS. S. W. FOWLER & CO.—I have taken three bottles of the Oxygenated Bitters, and have derived great benefit from their use. I have been much more cheerful and comfortable since their use, and am now in a position to admit of proper digestion. But, in spite of these favorable circumstances, this disease, even when it has been cured, can be easily dispelled by the use of the Oxygenated Bitters, which have been found to prove an infallible remedy.

WOBURN.

MESSRS. S. W. FOWLER & CO.—I have taken three bottles of the Oxygenated Bitters, and have derived great benefit from their use. I have been much more cheerful and comfortable since their use, and am now in a position to admit of proper digestion. But, in spite of these favorable circumstances, this disease, even when it has been cured, can be easily dispelled by the use of the Oxygenated Bitters, which have been found to prove an infallible remedy.

WOBURN.

MESSRS. S. W. FOWLER & CO.—I have taken three bottles of the Oxygenated Bitters, and have derived great benefit from their use. I have been much more cheerful and comfortable since their use, and am now in a position to admit of proper digestion. But, in spite of these favorable circumstances, this disease, even when it has been cured, can be easily dispelled by the use of the Oxygenated Bitters, which have been found to prove an infallible remedy.

WOBURN.

MESSRS. S. W. FOWLER & CO.—

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. VIII. :: No. 18.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1859.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Poetry.

THE WINE OF LIFE.

The poet may sing of the blood-red wine,
But the wine I prize all others above
Is the wine of life, and its name is love.

From a ruby chalice this wine o'erflows,
It quenches the soul, yet never can die;

It is the wine of life, it is full to the brim.

It bubbles and sparkles with inward fire;

Which kindle the flame of noblest desires;

It strengthens the weak, makes the timid bold;

On the darkest lot 'tis a gleam of gold.

Makes sad hearts gay; it is the rainbow of tears,

Giving hues of hope to the evening years;

O rarer and deeper, this wine of mine,

Than any which flows from the purple vine!

Ye who have tasted the juice of the wine,

Whose clusters hang thick by the river Rhine,

Or have sought to quench dead lives again

In draughts of Tokay, Madera, Champagne.

And have found the nectar ye crave and drink,

Like apples which grow on the Caspian's brink;

Could ye taste this wine, 'twould new life impart!

'Tis the Wine of Love—its chalice, the heart!

An Exciting Original Story.

Written for the Middlesex Journal.

The Rival Chevaliers.

By the author of the "Siege of Ronda," "The Brothers," &c.

CHAPTER III.

THE LISTS AT TOURNAI.

The noisy clatter of a hundred artizans continued throughout the night, and the sun-light of the morning discovered the lists enclosed, and all things ready for the exhibition of the many games that mimic war.

The city of Tournay was awake early, and men and women dressed in holiday attire, with smiling faces and rapid steps, passed, a tide of gaudy colors, through the narrow streets.

With the sun Roland sprung from his couch and hastily arrayed himself. There was an anxious expression upon his face. His thoughts were busy, and sometimes he gave them utterance. "I know not what may befall me," he said. "This Vernal has overthrown many in the lists, and I may add to the number. Yet I would not the traitor should escape. I will strive to place proofs of his treason in the hands of my Lord of Burgundy."

When Roland was fully arrayed he did not emerge into the street, but sought the chamber in which the prisoner he had taken at the time of the rescue of the lady Helena was still confined. He found the Flemish Knight already awake.

"Good morrow, Sir Roger de Lille; I came to speak with you," said Roland.

"Good morrow! Speak, and welcome. I will listen, Sir Roland," returned the prisoner.

"You would be ransomed, and return to your own country, Sir Roger?"

"Aye! Should you always speak with so much truth men will learn to trust your word."

"Thou shalt return as free as when you last led your vartlets toward Tournay, without price, on one condition."

"Name it!"

"Relate to me the manner in which the castle was taken, and tell me who made you acquainted with the absence of its lord and its slight means of defense."

"And on this condition I go free?"

"I have said it, and will keep my word."

"Add a thousand crowns to your offer," said Roland.

"Two upon thee to chaffer like a tradesman, I will not say 'tis secret."

"Then thou must not have it. I hold that in my keeping, which, if known, would cause more than one head to fall, and I will not part with it but in my own good time, and at my own price."

"Thou wilt not speak further?"

"I will not."

"Then, hark ye! Sir Roger. I take back my offer. I will yet draw thy secret from thee, and if I find thee a traitor I will deliver thee, bound, to thy lord, the Earl of Flanders." So saying Roland left the room, taking care to bid the men at arms outside guard their prisoner well.

About the same hour that Roland sought his prisoner, Sir Robert Vernal obtained an audience of the Duke de Berry.

"My lord, I know not what may befall this day, and before entering the lists I would give proof of the love I bear you."

"I doubt it not, Sir Robert. Nevertheless say on. What proof hast thou to offer?"

"I have letters, late from Paris, filled with matters of the highest import; and, first, I see the Lord of Vernal, my sire, is dead."

"And thou standing here, without a tear in memory of thy brave father? Thou art a man of a storn soul and a cold heart."

"I have no time to weep; and if I had, tears are fit for women only. I will be bailed Lord of Vernal in Tournay, but wait until the army enters Paris."

"Do as thou wilt, Sir Robert. But is this the proof of love thou wast to render?"

"Nay! I have information of a plot, arranged by many leading citizens of Paris, to cause the king to grant some wild demands. The evidence I hold places the lives and fortunes of many wealthy burghers at my command. Thy power is great, my Lord de Berry. Thou wouldst increase it? Thou shalt purchase many a good lance with which he made the buckles resound."

"Here will be bloody work," said the Duke de Burgundy.

Marets. Should I live, I shall claim much from thy friendship."

"Thou art a cunning man, Sir Robert, and can use thy pen as well as thy lance. I would rather be thy friend than enemy."

"I have gained many a battle with gold and with my pen, that sword or lance would have lost."

"Where is the packet, Sir Robert?"

"Here, my lord, I have it ready. I pray you one other favor. I would that Sir Roland de Marets should be left behind when the army marches toward Paris."

"Nay! an' thy lance serves thee, thou canst leave him in the lists."

"But, should him my lance fail, I pray you he may be detained. The lady Helena has chosen him for her champion. Canst thou not so arrange that he may be sent to re-take the castle of Tournay?"

"Ay, very easily. But, my Lord of Vernal, to retain thine honor thou shouldst undertake this service."

"It were perhaps good for mine honor, but not for mine interest, my lord duke. I will strive for honor this day in the lists. But should I see the sunset in health, my interest will bid me start for Paris on the morrow, as thou thinke mine."

The duke made no reply, and Vernal having placed the package of letters in his hand, took his leave.

The Duke de Berry, in his own time, and by his own retainers, was accused of too great a love for gold, and of two little regard for the means by which it was obtained, and these accusations were just. Among all his followers Sir Robert Vernal was the most useful and the best beloved.

It was high noon when the king, accompanied by the constable of France, the Duke of Bourbon, Berry and Burgundy, entered the lists, greeted by the beating of drums, the blasts of trumpets, the prolonged shouts of the people and of the heralds. He rode throng through the lists before dismounting, and taking his seat upon a throne, covered by a gorgious canopy, which had been prepared by the governor. The king held a baton in his hand in lieu of a sceptre, and the heralds announced that at whatever stage of the combat the King should drop his baton, the fight should cease.

In a pavillion adjoining that of the monarch sat the Lord of Charney and his household, together with the Lord of Tournay and the Lady Helena. Many glances were cast upon her, as well on account of the interest her late adventures had excited, as for the sake of gazing upon her beauty, adorned with all the arts then known to women. Fair was her face, and full of feeling were her large blue eyes. Many might have envied her; none could have disputed her claim to be considered the fairest of the fair assembled that day in the lists of Tournay.

Early in the day a rumor had gone abroad that a deadly quarrel between one of the challengers and a follower of the Duke de Burgundy was to be decided in the lists, and as all the challengers were of the followers of de Berry, before the entrance of the king, the knights of the rival households cast upon each other vindictive glances, and passed with cold, unfriendly salutation.

"This shall be no boy's play," said Burgundy.

"It is a matter of life or death," returned de Berry.

A blow upon his helmet brought Roland to his knee. Another was aimed. A loud cry from all sides "Stop the combat! Stop the combat!" had not ceased when the knight was again upon his feet, and had changed the current of fortune. Roland became the attacking party. He had husbanded his strength, while that of his adversary had become exhausted. Now, fired by love and hate, he pressed upon the knight of Vernal. His blows fell thick as hail. He retarded his backward steps. His sword gleamed with lightning flashes in the air, and to the right and left clattered upon the armor of his foe. The cry was changed: "Marets! Marets! A Burgundy!" sounded from all sides. Vernal backward pressed. There were rents in his shoulder-plates, his cuirass and his helmet. Mingled blood and dust begrimed his shining steel. He reeled and fell upon the ground near the entrance of his own pavillion.

"Now, base knight, as I believe thee, be for woe and thy life," said Roland, as he pointed his sword at his breast. The blade was struck aside by the heralds. The king had dropped his lance.

The three knights made the circuit of the lists, dropping their lance points before the pavillion of the king. Roland alone passed before the canopy under which sat the Lady Helena. He was mounted upon a jet black charger, the gift of Burgundy, and his armor of polished steel, inlaid with gold and silver, glittered gaily in the sun-light. He bowed low before the Lord of Tournay and his daughter, and depressed his lance until it rested upon the cushioned baluster. The Lady Helena took from her neck a strip of blue silk, the color of her father's weapon.

As the exulte of Vernal assisted his master in rising, the murdered man turned, and in a voice all husky with weakness and with passion, said: "Hark ye, Sir Roland. I will yet deal ye a blow which thy buckler cannot ward. This strife shall end with thy death."

"I fear thee not, Sir Robert Vernal. Thou canst not touch mine honor."

"Thine honor! Beware of that."

They conducted the knight of Vernal with in his pavillion.

"They have a quarrel; let it be ended," returned de Berry.

All was now in readiness. Sir Robert Vernal and his companions occupied one end of the lists. At the other extremity the knights of Burgundy held their lances in rest. The signal was given, and the horses parted like the wind. Like opposing turrets the adverse warriors met. Two of the Burgundians rolled in the dust. The horses of Vernal and Roland were thrown upon their haunches, while their lances, broken into fragments, flew into the air. Roland was the first to recover the command of his steed, and he pursued his course amid the loud shouts of the spectators. Charlemont gathered up the fragments, and affixed the lance to the fete; and Roland blessed the noble steed and stout lance that had gained for him the seat of honor, beside the lady Helena, the Queen of that day's tournament. There were many gentle words he wished to utter, he would have referred to that time when they had met before, and told her how her smiles and the glances of her deep blue eyes, had lived in his memory, that he had since striven for fame, and had performed deeds of daring, that he might one day lay his honors at her feet; but many eyes were fixed upon him, and he felt that he was confined within those bonds prescribed by simple gallantry. He could have praised her beauty, and could have sworn that none on earth were fairer, or more worthy of a warrior's worship, but all men could have said as much, and his heart wished to speak of other things.

The feast was feasting that night in Tournay. The Abbey of St. Martin resounded with shouts of merriment, and was made musical with the voices of minstrels. The knights and esquires of lesser note, eat and drank, told tales and sang their songs, in the courtyard and in the lower apartments; while in the great hall, the King royally entertained the chiefs who had followed his banner to the war, and their principal retainers. The presence of many fair ladies gave brilliance to the fete; and Roland blessed the noble steed and stout lance that had gained for him the seat of honor, beside the lady Helena, the Queen of that day's tournament.

As the map descended the stairs, Charlemont said, "Know you that man, Sir Roland?"

"A follower of the Duke de Berry," answered the man.

"What dost thou here, at midnight?"

"I came to make merry with my friends Sir Knight."

"It that is all, pass on, thou shouldst be sleepy."

As the map descended the stairs, Charlemont said, "Know you that man, Sir Roland?"

"No, Charlemont. Why do you ask?"

"He is the esquire of the Knight of Vernal."

"Ha! after him, Charlemont. Nay, let him pass, it is as well. I would not put Sir Robert on his guard."

Charlemont looked at his master with surprise, as he said these words, but his face did not seem to court questioning, and he remained silent.

As the earliest light of morning, Roland was aroused from uneasy slumbers, and received a summons from the Duke of Burgundy to attend upon him personally. He made haste to obey.

"Sir Roland, we have been busy while thou wert sleeping," said the duke. "Here is thy commission from the King. The hundred men-at-arms will muster in the courtyard of the Bishop's palace at noon, I would recommend that you make no delay, but do part speedily, for these are busy times, and I shall look for thee in Paris, as soon as Tournay forte owns its lord."

"I will do my utmost, my lord duke. I too, have much desire to be for thee."

"Is there nothing I can do for thee? Oh!

I had forgot, here are letters from thy sire. A troop arrived last night from Paris, were the bearers. I saw Sir Robert Vernal, but soon he received a packet, that he is whispered to his master's lord."

"My lord Duke, I pray you be the bearer of my news to the King. For the Knight of Vernal, he has done naught for love of me, and I owe him no thanks. What are Sir Robert's motives, I cannot tell, but I know well his hopes to injure me; I shall be proud of the King's commission, and will do my duty; he has sent me on the service I would have chosen. For my gracious Lord of Burgundy, I shall crave permission to take leave of him in person on the morrow."

"My sire sends gold, of which I already have enough, and greeting to your grace."

"My lord, I pray you, when in Paris to care

for mine honor, this new Lord of Vernal made infinite revenge, and though I fear not his sword, I fear his tongue."

"Take no care upon thyself, Roland. I will let him know I am thy friend. There is something more I can do for thee. I can speak with my Lord of Tournay, and bid thy master in your suit for thy sake, for the hand of lady Helena. Let this too, Vernal is thy rival, but Tournay forte loves him not."

"I will not say, I thank thee, my gracious lord, but will show my gratitude by services I will render."

"There, no more, Roland, I must put on mine armor. The march will begin with the hour. With thy hundred lances, and lord Tournay forte's following, I shall expect to hear of good news from thee. Farewell, brave Roland."

"Farewell, my lord, I give thee a joyous journey."

Roland witnessed the departure of the army, and as the last troop passed through the gateway, he turned his horse's head toward the Bishop's palace; on his way he joined Charlemont, who was engaged in a tournament.

"Fair lady, I would keep this blossom in remembrance of this day; have I your permission?" he said.

"Nay, Sir Roland, I have had it long and still preserve it."

"For the happy giver's sake, lady Helena."

The blush deepened upon her cheek, as she said, "It may be for the giver's sake; but is it not in itself beautiful?"

"Yes, truly. Whence came it?"

"From Ypres."

"Ypres?"

"Yes. It is a gift received from a valiant knight, as the fate given a half year since by the Earl of Flanders."

Roland's sadness was changed to joy.—

"My gift, fair lady Helena, and thou hast kept it for the giver's sake? Thou hast made me happier than when Sir Robert Vernal fell this day?"

What more Roland would have said, we can only

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. VIII. :: No. 19.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Poetry.

VALENTINE.

The claim to love is love alone,
No deeper right than this is known ;
Who loves the best hath truest claim,
For love out-weighs both gold and fame
In Heaven's deep courts ; on sea or land
All things must yield to Love's strong hand.
For in the end, as prophets tell,
King Love will rule invincible ;
Then thou wilt learn, beloved mine,
My right to be thy Valentine.

By earliest yearning in thy blood,
My heart is scarcely understood—
By covert smiles and blushing flush,
Of every early virgin blush—
By longings deep for sympathy,
And yearnings for "the other Me"—
By lingers in the forest old,
When evening mists rose sad and cold—
By waking thoughts at morning shine,
I claim thee for my Valentine.

Let others come, I heed them not,
I know they soonest must be forgot,
Let others boast, I care not, boast,
And fashion from a mortal host,
I still can laugh unfeigned on,
And smile, and smile till all be gone ;
I know that Truth will force a way,
I know that Night must yield to Day,
That Love like Truth is all divine—
That thou must be my Valentine.

I charm thee by all hopes and fears,
Which wake thy smiles or dry thy tears :
Unless those tears should chance to be
The excess of loving ecstasy.
I charm thee by the soft smile—
When night's soft thoughts where fountain play'd,
Wore thou didn't linger still for hours
Dreaming that buds might turn to flowers—
By every sweet spell and sign,
I claim thee for my Valentine.

Not in the vigor of his arm
Lies man's best strength—the power to charm
And win a love. Not in a face,
Or form adorned with every grace ;
Not in the mind, although it grew
Over all that mortal ever knew ;
Not in the heart, though through its tide
Swept every virtue far and wide ;
Nor from itself, though polished fine,
Came light to lure a Valentine.

No—in the ever-bounding flood ;
The circling depths of life and blood ;
Or far in Beauty's vital fire
Lurk the wild spirits who wake desire.
In her own soul, all calm and blest,
Lingers the spirit Love loves best.
Wake but that sprite—draw him to thee,
And Love thine own will ever be.
Then, by thyself, for whom I pine,
I claim thee for my Valentine !

An Exciting Original Story.

Written for the Middlesex Journal.

The Biral Chevaliers.

By the author of "The Siege of Ronda." "The Brothers," &c.

CHAPTER V.

THE SECOND EXPEDITION OF ROLAND.

Roland, in the open fields, seated on a good

horse and riding side by side with the lady

Helena, forgot all doubts and fears. Her

paltry amble easily, nothing occurred to in-

terfere with their conversation, and when they

reached St. Martin's, late in the afternoon, the

Knight had made much progress in his suit.

Additional retainers of Tourneforte joined

the troop at St. Martin's, and when they

issued from the gate they numbered, two hun-

dred men at arms. We will not delay to re-

late the particulars of the journey.

It was nearly sunset when, as Roland rode

in advance of his men, he descried a party of

horsemen on the road before him ; he ordered

a halt, and advanced to reconnoitre, together

with Lord Tourneforte. It was Charlemont

and his companions who were approaching,

bringing with them the 'Squire of Vernal.

When Roland came near, the captive begged

leave to speak a word with him in private ;

the request was granted, and the two retired

to a little distance.

At first the 'Squire begged to be released,

but to this Roland would not listen, and he

said, "look you, I believe I hold thy life in

my hands ; on thy conduct this day depends

thy future safety. Attempt to go and I will

slay thee with my sword ; speak freely, en-

gage in my service, and I will strive to pro-

teet thee."

The man's lip was white with fear. Sir

Vernal had been deceived when he

made choice of him for an instrument.

"Shall I order my followers to search thy

person ?"

"Nay, good Sir Roland, I will tell thee all,

on condition thou keepest my secret until

for thine own defense."

"I give thee my knightly word for this.

Now speak, and if thou speakest falsely, be-

rever of my anger. Thou shalt be well guard-

ed for this day."

Sir Roland and the 'Squire now held a long

conference, at the conclusion of which, the

latter was again placed under the charge of

Charlemont, and orders were given to leave

the beaten road and to make a wide circuit.

The troop advanced in the new path about

half a league, when Roland divided his force

into two parties ; the command of one was

given to the lord of Tourneforte, while he re-

served the other for himself. He made known

to the men-at-arms that he had received in-

formation which led him to believe that the

Flemings from the castle, having been informed

of his expedition and of its object, were

lying in wait to surprise him at a strong point

on the main road, a little in advance. The

lord of Tourneforte was to advance upon their

position, while Roland was to make a circuit

and attack them in the rear, thereby turning

the surprise against their adversaries. This

disposition having been made, Ad-

olant led his men at an easy pace toward the

great road, while Roland and his troop having

a greater distance to travel, advanced at a

quick trot.

Charlemont begged permission to share the dangers of his leader, and his request was granted ; the 'Squire of Vernal being placed for safe keeping in other hands.

But a short time elapsed, before Roland ordered a halt at the base of a hillock which concealed his troop from the view of any portion of the great road. Together with his 'Squire he advanced in foot to reconnoitre, and his soul was filled with joy, as he discovered the Flemings, though they were strongly posted and evidently on the watch. He waited until he saw them form hastily under cover of the trees ; and having no doubt this movement was caused by the approach of Tourneforte, he returned to his troop, mounted, and in a few stirring words urged his followers to do their duty that day as brave men ought.

Charlemont, who had lingered behind his master, came up and informed him that the Flemings had issued upon the road, and formed their line facing toward St. Martin's. Roland gave the order to charge, and at the head of his troop swept like an avalanche upon the rear of his astonished foe. The surprise was complete ; the confusion caused by the unexpected onset, utter and irretrievable. Almost at the same instant appeared Tourneforte from the opposite direction. The carnage, for it was no battle, lasted but a few minutes. The Flemings threw down their arms and begged for mercy. The leader, who had escaped unwounded, gave his sword to Roland in token of submission. The prisoners of lesser note were confined and guarded, and the affair was ended.

It was soon after. Tourneforte could be reached within the hour, and the march was resumed in all haste.

Twilight still lingered when the party arrived under the walls of the castle. Tourneforte caused the trumpets to sound, and summoned the garrison to surrender. On being informed by their leader that he was himself a prisoner, and that all his men were either slain or taken, they knew it was impossible to resist and demanded only fair terms. The capitulation was soon complete. The Flemings were to leave the castle unarmed, taking nothing with them, and depart in peace. The night had not far advanced when all was finished. The Flemings issued from the gate, walked between the lines of their enemies and departed. The castle of Tourneforte was rendered into the hands of its lord.

On the following day, without accident, Roland reached the hamlet of St. Martin's at the head of a small party, and formed the escort of the Lady Helena to the stronghold of the father of Vernal.

The Knight, though desirous of rejoining the Duke of Burgundy as soon as possible, could not find it in his heart to refuse the invitation of the lord of Tourneforte to tarry some days in his castle. He despatched Charlemont toward Tournay with the great body of his prisoners, retaining near his own person the commander of the Flemings and the 'Squire of Vernal ; he made him the bearer of a letter to Sir Ralph de Charney, acquainting him with the success of his expedition, and informing him that on the fifth day thereafter he should visit Tournay on his way to Paris.

These days at Tourneforte were full of joy from early morning until dewy night ; and they passed, as such days ever pass, a world too soon. Roland forgot his enemy, or believed that he had no further power to injure him ; he was unconscious that heavy clouds were gathering which might break into a storm to overwhelm him on the morrow. He had told the lord of Tourneforte that Sir Robert Vernal plotted his destruction, but he added, he had been trying his skill, for the first time, at counterplotting, and that he had no doubt he held the proofs of superior skill, and the victory in his hands.

The morning of the fifth day appeared, calm and beautiful, and Roland was about to depart. He stood beside the lord of Tourneforte in the courtyard, he had just taken leave of the Lady Helena within the castle. "My lord," he said, "thou knowest well I love thy daughter, may I hope with your consent to call her mine ?"

"Sir Roland, there's nothing, now that I am growing old, would gratify me more highly ; but Tourneforte is a border fortress and the king has much to say regarding who shall be its lord ; and the king has already wished that thine enemy, Lord Vernal, should receive the hand of thy daughter and the keeping of the castle when my days are ended."

"Then with the King's consent, thou wilt not refuse me ? Thou hast made me happy, my lord, I have no fears, farewell."

"Farewell, Sir Roland, I shall follow thee to Tournay on the morrow, and if the King consents, as you believe he will, thou shalt be my son indeed."

Roland was early on the road, and the night had but fallen, when he reached the quarters of Sir Ralph de Charney, in Tournay. He was ushered into the presence of the Governor.

"Ah ! Sir Roland, I am glad yet grieved to see thee. Thou art charged with treason. I make thee prisoner in the King's name. I cannot speak with thee further ; thou must prepare again to mount and set off instantly for Paris."

"Treason ?" said Roland, as soon as he had recovered self-possession. "Treason ? thou dost not believe me guilty, Sir Ralph ?"

"Nay, by my knighthood I think thee innocent, yet I must obey the King's commands."

"My lord I am guiltless, and will prove my innocence, though I know not of what I am accused. I would beg a favor of thee."

"If it be within my duty thou canst command me, Sir Roland."

"It is this. The lord of Tourneforte will be here on the morrow ; he journeys toward Paris ; place under his charge the two Flemish knights I hold as prisoners, and the

'Squire of Lord Vernal. Bid him haste to Paris. With them I will prove my innocence and the guilt of my accuser."

Sir Ralph promised to comply, and soon afterward Roland departed accompanied by Charlemont, and guarded by a troop of men-at-arms.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RIVALRY BETWEEN ROLAND AND SIR ROLAND. VERNAL IS ENDED.

A few days after the events just recorded, as Roland entered Paris, he noted a vast collection of the people in one of the public squares ; as the cavalcade made its way through the crowd, the horsemen perceived that a scaffold had been erected, and that the punishment of death was to be inflicted. "This is a bad omen," said Charlemont to his master.

"I pray you, Charlemont, learn who suffers," said Roland.

The question was asked of one of the people. "It is John de Maret, the good advocate of Paris ; he is convicted of treason," was the reply.

Roland's eyes were for a moment dimmed, as though he had been struck with blindness ; then he urged his horse toward the scaffold, but his rein was caught by his guards and he was forced to remain.

"Let it be so," said. "I come too late to save his life, but not to revenge his death. Ah ! Sir Robert Vernal thou hast pushed this enemy too far, thou shalt surely bleed for this."

The attendants were surprised with Roland's calmness. They knew not that a new passion, revenge, filled all his soul, excluding even grief. They urged him from the scene and conducted him to prison. Charlemont caused the trumpets to sound, and summoned the lord of Vernal to his cell, feeding upon his sorrow and his hope of vengeance. Charlemont left him and soon returned, bearing a flask of wine : the knight drank eagerly, and shortly afterward lay down and slept peacefully, as if beneath his father's roof, and as if he had no enemy in all the wide world.

Twilight still lingered when the party arrived under the walls of the castle. Tourneforte caused the trumpets to sound, and summoned the garrison to surrender. On being informed by their leader that he was himself a prisoner, and that all his men were either slain or taken, they knew it was impossible to resist and demanded only fair terms. The capitulation was soon complete. The Flemings were to leave the castle unarmed, taking nothing with them, and depart in peace. The night had not far advanced when all was finished. The Flemings issued from the gate, walked between the lines of their enemies and departed. The castle of Tourneforte was rendered into the hands of its lord.

On the following day, without accident, Roland reached the hamlet of St. Martin's at the head of a small party, and formed the escort of the Lady Helena to the stronghold of the father of Vernal.

The Knight, though desirous of rejoining the Duke of Burgundy as soon as possible, could not find it in his heart to refuse the invitation of the lord of Tourneforte to tarry some days in his castle. He despatched Charlemont toward Tournay with the great body of his prisoners, retaining near his own person the commander of the Flemings and the 'Squire of Vernal ; he made him the bearer of a letter to Sir Ralph de Charney, acquainting him with the success of his expedition, and informing him that on the fifth day thereafter he should visit Tournay on his way to Paris.

These days at Tourneforte were full of joy from early morning until dewy night ; and they passed, as such days ever pass, a world too soon. Roland forgot his enemy, or believed that he had no further power to injure him ; he was unconscious that heavy clouds were gathering which might break into a storm to overwhelm him on the morrow. He had told the lord of Tourneforte that Sir Robert Vernal plotted his destruction, but he added, he had been trying his skill, for the first time, at counterplotting, and that he had no doubt he held the proofs of superior skill, and the victory in his hands.

The morning of the fifth day appeared, calm and beautiful, and Roland was about to depart. He stood beside the lord of Tourneforte in the courtyard, he had just taken leave of the Lady Helena within the castle. "My lord," he said, "thou knowest well I love thy daughter, may I hope with your consent to call her mine ?"

"Sir Roland, there's nothing, now that I am growing old, would gratify me more highly ; but Tourneforte is a border fortress and the king has much to say regarding who shall be its lord ; and the king has already wished that thine enemy, Lord Vernal, should receive the hand of thy daughter and the keeping of the castle when my days are ended."

"Then with the King's consent, thou wilt not refuse me ? Thou hast made me happy, my lord, I have no fears, farewell."

"Farewell, Sir Roland,

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

Winchester was well filled, and two excellent sermons were preached by the much loved pastor, from the words recorded in I. Corinths, 1: 18, and in Mark 12: 37, (last clause.)

MONDAY, Feb. 7.—Some four inches of snow fell last night, and the sleighing to-day is good. Sky partially cloudy in the morning, and the weather pleasant and spring-like; clear through the middle of the day, and the weather colder toward night; evening cloudy. Wind from N. W. to N. E. Thermometer at 9 a. m. 30; 5 p. m. 29.... A very destructive fire occurred in Boston yesterday morning, on Commercial street, resulting in the death of one man, and the injury of many other persons, and the destruction of the splendid building just erected for Russia's Mechanical Bakery, and several other buildings, with the total or partial destruction of nearly 20,000 barrels of flour, and much other property. The total loss is estimated at \$300,000.... The National Theatre in Boston was opened last evening for religious worship, when a sermon was preached by Rev. D. C. Eddy, of the Howard street Baptist Church, from the words—"Do thyself no harm." It is estimated that thirty-five hundred people were present, and that as many were unable to gain admission. I doubt not these meetings will result in great good to that class they are intended to benefit.

TUESDAY, Feb. 8.—Sky generally cloudy after 9 o'clock; partially clear early in the morning, and the atmosphere cold and damp; weather milder in the afternoon. Wind from N. to S. E., very light. Thermometer at 9 a. m. 27; 5 p. m. 30.... One week later news from Europe to-day. War-like rumors continued. Confidence in the maintenance of peace was losing ground. War-like preparations continued in France. Rev. Mr. Spurgeon is coming to America.... The only patent issued to a Connecticut man, for the week ending Feb. 1st, was to Reuben Shatto of Madison, for a fly-trap. Rather small game.... The German Astronomers have taken the position that the heat of the earth is gradually diminishing, and its general temperature therefore becoming lower; and our American Astronomers concur in their opinion.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 9.—Wind light from N. and the weather cloudy and mild, with rain, mist and fog. The snow is fast being converted into slush, and travelling is getting bad. Thermometer at 9 a. m. 36; 5 p. m. 32.... Ebenezer Eaton, who established the *North Star* at Danville, Vt., in 1807, and has printed it ever since, died recently, aged 82 years. He worked steadily at the case until very recently.... The Erie Canal contains more water and floats more vessels than any canal in Europe, and has 5500 vessels on its register, and 1449 are larger than the one in which Columbus discovered America.... Among the unmarked graves in the cemetery at Camden, Ark., is that of a brother of Henry Clay. His only monument is an oak tree, with the initials of his name rudely carved in its rough bark. He was a devoted minister of the gospel. WINCHESTER.

STONEHAM.

Ma. Envoy:—News from Stoneham is somewhat scarce this week, the Stonehamites having taken a short respite after the excitement of the dramatic exhibitions by the Ladies Benevolent Society, and the grand Military Ball of the Light Infantry. Both of these being such decided successes they can be considered "glory enough for one week." There was a very pleasant party, however, on Thursday evening, in the Town Hall, being the third of the Old Line Assemblies. Hall's Band was present as usual, and their music appeared to be as varied, fresh and new as if we had never before heard them perform. On this occasion the floor of the entire hall was carpeted, which contributed much to the pleasure of dancing.

REV. MR. BARRETT has been preaching to the Unitarian Society of Stoneham for the last few Sabbaths, we learn, with much acceptance to the Society. His preaching is reformatory and liberal, and he appears to be a gentleman of considerable energy and originality of mind and character. We hear it intimated that he will shortly be settled over the Society as its pastor.

NEW PATENT.—Among the new patents issued by the United States Patent Office for the week ending February 8th, was one to Albon P. Howard and Allen Rowe, Jr., of Stoneham, Mass., for improvement in sole cutting machines.

SAYING AND DOING.

THE ENERGY OF A HUMANITARIAN.

It was remarked of Pope Alexander that he never did what he said, and of his son Boniface that he never said what he did. Professor Holloway, the great physician and philanthropist, reverses both these maxims. He does what he says, and in order that all the sick may know what his remedies will accomplish, he tells them through the press what they have already done. This, it appears to us, is a course that every friend of humanity must approve. The physician who makes a grand discovery in medicine, and fails to fathom the true causes of disease, and draws from the means of its extirpation, is morally bound to extend the blessings of his discovery to the utmost of his ability. So believing, Professor Holloway has availed himself of every channel of information and intercourse that could facilitate the diffusion of his pills and ointment in all quarters of the globe. His energy and enterprise, stimulated by a noble desire to heal and save, and strengthen the martyrs of disease in every land, have carried these heroic preparations over shore and sea to the ends of the earth. There is no more powerful weapon in the hand of a genuine philanthropist, as the wish to ameliorate suffering, and better the condition of mankind. What impediment will it not overcome? It nerves the heart of the patriot to save his country, it lights the lamp of the philosopher to amend man, it invigorates if it does not inspire the Christian physician in his combats with the destroying angel. Success, uniform and universal, has crowned the efforts of this great humanitarian, and all admires his medicines, and the constancy of his efforts.

Professor Holloway, the great physician and philanthropist, reverses both these maxims. He does what he says, and in order that all the sick may know what his remedies will accomplish, he tells them through the press what they have already done. This, it appears to us, is a course that every friend of humanity must approve.

THE PHYSICAL & MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Special Notices.

Y. M. L. A.

THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION

OF THE

Young Men's Literary Association,

WILL BE GIVEN IN—

LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN,

On Thursday Evening, February 17, 1859

MUSIC BY

HALL'S CONCERT BAND OF BOSTON.

Doors open at 6 o'clock. Exercises to commence at 7:30 precisely. Tickets of admission 20 cents, to be had at the usual places and at the door.

Woburn, Feb. 19, 1859.

Grand Vocal and Instrumental CONCERT!

SENR L. G. CASSERES, the Celebrated Pianist, J. M. MOZART, the favorite and popular Sojourner, her first and only appearance since her return from the West, where she has gained a reputation second to none of the American Vocalists,

AND—

MR. CHARLES R. ADAMS, the well-known tenor, from Boston, will give a

Grand Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music, at the

LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN,

On Friday Evening, February 18th, 1859.

THE entertainment will consist of CONCERTOS on the Piano-Forte and SOLOS, DUETS &c., from the most popular Authors.

Tickets 25 cents. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert to commence at a quarter before eight o'clock. Woburn, Feb. 12, 1859.

UNION FIREMEN'S AND CIVIC BALL!

TO BE GIVEN BY

Niagara Engine Company No. 4,

AND—

Jacob Webster Engine Company No. 2,

AT LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN,

On Tuesday Evening, February 15, 1859.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Capt. J. H. Davis, President.

Asst. R. P. Bassett, 1st Asst. T. L. Labady,

2d Asst. H. M. Murdoch, 3d Asst. T. F. Reed,

Eng. Jacob Webster, Chief Engineer.

Asst. Eng. L. W. Cooper, Eng. T. L. Converse,

W. K. King, Brown, W. E. Burbank, W. C. Craig,

John Fletcher, J. S. Allen, Ex-Capt. A. T. French,

G. H. Conn, G. W. Cutler, J. M. Eaton, H. Buckman,

P. M. Warland.

Muske Hall's Band—Eight Pieces.

TICKETS \$1.00.—Dancing to commence at 7:30 o'clock. Firemen are requested to appear in uniform.

FIRE INSURANCE.

The Subcriber is the SPECIAL AGENT for Woburn, by appointment of the Board of Directors of the South Reading Mutual Safety Fire Insurance Company, and is prepared to take risks for said Company at the usual rates—being as low as those of any other sound dividend-paying company.

Woburn, Dec. 1858. JOHN J. PIPPY.

WIGS! WIGS!

BATCHELOR'S WIGS & TOPIES surpass all. They are elegant, light and durable.

Fitting to a charm. No sticking up behind. Main Street, 233 Broadway, New York.

JAN. 21, 1859.

TOWN NOTICE.

The Selectmen of Woburn will meet at their Rooms, Wade's Block, on the FIRST and THIRD MONDAY EVENING OF EACH MONTH, at six o'clock for the transaction of Town business.

For order of Selectmen.

L. CONVERSE, Chairman.

Woburn, March 27, 1858. 18.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor!

In all diseases inflammation more or less predominates, not to say it always strikes at the root of every sound and moderate cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is a true extractor, and nothing else, and the妙 of it is that it will extract all disease out of the body, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is a true extractor, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is a true extractor, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is a true extractor, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is a true extractor, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is a true extractor, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is a true extractor, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is a true extractor, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is a true extractor, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is a true extractor, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is a true extractor, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is a true extractor, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is a true extractor, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is a true extractor, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is a true extractor, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is a true extractor, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is a true extractor, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is a true extractor, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is a true extractor, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is a true extractor, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is a true extractor, and nothing else, will stop inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

in

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

The Poet's Corner.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

Fare-thee-well—we part forever!
All regrets are now in vain!
Fate decrees that we must sever,
Never to meet on earth again.
Other skies will bend above thee,
Other hearts may seek thy shrine,
But no other e'er will love thee
With the constancy of mine.
Yet farewell—till we meet again!
All regrets are now in vain!
Fate decrees that we must sever,
Never to meet on earth again.
Fare-thee-well!

Like the shadow on the dial
Lingers with our parting kiss!
Life has no severer trial,
Death with it is not to be had.
All the world is now before thee,
Every time to come at will,
But within the land that bore thee,
One fond heart will love thee still.
Yet, farewell—we part forever!
All regrets are now in vain!
Fate decrees that we must sever,
Never on earth to meet again.
Fare-thee-well!

THE HIDDEN HAND.

BY EMMA D. E. X. SOUTHWORTH,
Author of "The Bride of an Evening," "The
Secret Wife," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.—THE NOCTURNAL VISIT.
• • • Where is that knocking?
How? • • I hear a knocking
In the south entry! Hark!—murmored knock!
Shakespeare.

Hurricane Hall is a large old family mansion, of dark red sand-stone, in one of the loneliest and wildest of the mountain regions of Virginia.

The estate is surrounded on three sides by a ring of steep, gray rocks, spiky with a mass of dark evergreens, and capped, from its horse-shoe form, the Devil's Hoof.

On the fourth side the ground gradually descends in broken rock and barren soil to the edge of the wild mountain stream known as the Devil's Run.

When storms and floods were high, the loud roaring of the wind through the wild mountain gorges, and the terrific raging of the torrent over its rocky course, gave to this savage locality its ill-omened name of Devil's Hoof, Devil's Run, and Hurricane Hall.

Major Ira Warfield, the lonely proprietor of the Hall, was a veteran officer, who, in disgust at what he supposed to be ill-espoused services, had given up his public life, and the evening of his ignominious fall on this patrimonial estate. Here he lived in seclusion, with his old-fashioned house-keeper, Mrs. Condiment, and his old family servants, and his favorite dogs and horses. Here his mornings were usually spent in the chase, in which he excelled, and his afternoons and evenings were occupied in small convivial suppers among his few chosen companions of the chase of the bottle.

In the mean time, Warfield was tall and strongly built, resembling one of some old iron-limbed Douglass of the olden time. His features were large and harsh; his complexion dark red, as that of one bronzed by long exposure and flushed with strong drink. His fierce, dark gray eyes were surmounted by thick, heavy, black brows, that, when gathered into a frown, reminded one of a thunder-cloud, as the flashing orb beneath the eyes did of lightning. His high, bald face was surrounded by a thick growth of iron-gray hair and beard that met beneath his chin. His usual habit was a black cloth coat, crimson vest, black leather breeches, long, black yarn stockings, fastened at the knees, and morocco slippers with silver buckles.

In character Major Warfield was arrogant, domineering and violent—equally loved and feared by his slaves, and equally despised by his home-dishonored and dreading by his neighbors and acquaintances abroad, who, partly from his house, and partly from his character, fixed upon him the appropriate nickname of OLD HURRICANE.

There was, however, other ground of dislike besides that of his arrogant mind, violent temper and domineering habits. Old Hurricane was said to be an old bachelor, yet, round about his house, he was a scene of some sort of the world, hidden away from human sight, a deserted wife and child, poor, forlorn and heart-broken. It was further whispered that the elder brother of Ira Warfield had mysteriously disappeared, and not without some suspicion of foul play on the part of the only person in the world who had a strong interest in his "taking off." How ever these things might be, it was known for a certainty that Old Hurricane had an only sister, who was a widow, poor, who, with her son, was dragged on a wretched life of ill-requited toil, severe privation and painful infirmity, in a distant city, unaided, unsought, and uncared for by her cruel brother.

It was the night of the last day of October, 1845. The evening had closed in very dark and gloomy. About dusk the wind arose in the north-west, driving up masses of leaden clouds, that suffocated the sun; and the ground was covered deep with snow, and the air was filled with driving sleet.

As this was All Hollow Eve, the dreadful inclemency of the weather did not prevent the negroes of Hurricane Hall from availing themselves of their capricious old master's permission, and going off in a body to a banjo-break-down house in the negro quarters of their next neighbor.

Up to that evening, then, there was left at Hurricane Hall only Major Warfield, Mrs. Condiment, his little old house-keeper, and Wool, his body servant.

Early in the evening the old hall was shut up closely, to keep out as much as possible the sound of the storm that roared through the mountain chasms and cannonaded the walls of the house as if determined to force an entrance. As soon as she had seen that all was safe, Mrs. Condiment went to bed and was soon asleep.

It was about ten o'clock that night that Old Hurricane, well wrapped up in his quilted fannel dressing-gown, sat in his well-padded easy-chair before a warm and bright fire, taking his comfort in his own most comfortable bed-room. This was the hour of the quietest enjoyment to the self-indulgent old Sibarite, who dearly loved his own ease. Very comfortable was Old Hurricane; and as he lay in his feet and slipped his penitent black stockings off, he fairly hugged himself for enjoyment, and declared that nothing under heaven would or could tempt him to leave that room and that house, and go out into that storm on that night. Just as he had come to this emphatic determination, he was startled by a violent ringing of the door-bell. Ordering Wool to go and see what it was, he hastily dressed himself in his sleeping habiliments and jumped into bed, determined not to be intruded upon, or to be called out of his room on any account whatever.

At this moment Wool reappeared.

"Shut the door, you villain! Do you intend to stand there holding it open on me all night? I vociferated the old man.

Wool, who was the only offending portal, and hurried to his master's side.

"Wool, sir, who is it calling the bell?"

"Sir, de Reverend Mr. Parson Goodwin, and he say how he must see you yourself, personally, alone!"

"See me, you villain! Didn't you tell him that I had retired?"

"Yes, Mars, I tell him how you were gone

to bed and asleep mornin' an hour ago, and he ordered me to come and wake you up, and say how it was a matter of life and death!"

"Life and death? What have I to do with life and death? I won't stir! If the person wants to see me he will have to come and see me in bed."

"Mos' I fetch him raverence up, sir?"

"Yes, I wouldn't get up and go down to see Washington—shut the door, you rascal! I'll throw the bootjack at your wooden head!"

"Wool obeyed with alacrity and in time to escape the threatened missile.

After an absence of a few minutes he was heard returning, attending upon the footsteps of another. And the next minute he entered, ushered in the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, the parish minister of Bethlehem, St. Mary's."

"How do you do? How do you do?—Glad to see you again, though obliged to receive you in bed!" Fact is, I caught a cold with this severe change of weather, and took a warm negus and went to bed to sweat it off! You'll excuse me!—Wool, draw that easy chair up to my bedside for worthy Mr. Goodwin, and bring him a glass of warm negus. It will do him good after his cold ride."

"I thank you, Major Warford! I will take a seat, but not the negus, if you please, to-morrow."

"Not the negus! Oh, come now, you are taking it! Why, it will keep you from catching cold, and be a most comfortable nightcap, disposing you to sleep and sweat like a baby! Of course you spend the night with us?"

"I thank you no! I must take the road again in a few minutes."

"Take the road again to-night! Why, man alive, it is so bright, and the snow drives like a blizzard!"

"Sir, I am sorry to refuse your proffered hospitality and leave your comfortable roof to-night, and sooner still have to take you with me," said the pastor, gravely.

"Take ME with you! No, no, my good sir! no, that is too good a joke—ha! ha!"

"Sir, I fear that you will find it a very serious one! Your servant told you that my errand was one of imminent urgency?"

"Yes, something like life and death!"

"Exactly—down in the cabin near the Punch Bowl, there is an old woman dyin'—"

"There, I knew it. I was just sayin' there might be an old woman dyin'! But, my dear sir, what's that to me? What can I do?"

"Humanity, sir, would prompt you."

"But, my dear sir, how can I help her?—I am not a physician to prescribe—"

"She is far past a physician's help."

"Nor am I a priest to hear her confession—"

"Her confession, God has already received."

"Well, and I'm not a lawyer to draw up her will."

"No, sir; but you are recently appointed one of the Justices of the Peace for Allegheny."

"Yes; well, what of that? That does not concern the duty of my getting up out of my warm bed and going through snow storm to see an old woman expire."

"Excuse me for insistin', sir; but this is an official duty, said the parson, mildly but firmly.

"I'll—I'll throw up my commission to-morrow, growled the old man.

"To-morrow you may do that, but meanwhile, still being in the commission of the peace, you are bound to get up and go with me to see this old's bedsin'."

"And what the demon is wanted of me there?"

"To receive her dying deposition."

"To receive a dying deposition? Good Heavens? was she murdered, then?" exclaimed the old man, in alarm, as he started out of bed and began to draw on his nether garments.

"Be composed—she was not murdered," said the parson, with a smile.

"Well, then, what is it? Dying deposition?"

"It must concern a crime," exclaimed the old man, hastily drawing on his coat.

"It does concern a crime."

"What crime, for the love of heaven?"

"I am not at liberty to tell you. She will do that."

"Well, sir, when they'd walk about in this fussy way, leadin' of the while out of the first cry or attempt to sweep this shall be done!"

"I am a gentleman," says I, "if it's a young man's life you mean. I haint it about me!" Died clear to the Lord—a mighty haint! it's wrapped up in an old cotton glove in a hole in the plastering in the chimney-corner at home, and if you'll spare my life, you can go there and get it," says I.

"You old blockhead," says they, we want neither one nor other!" Come along quietly, and you shall receive no harm. But the first cry or attempt to sweep this shall be done!"

"I am a gentleman," said with that the willian held the muzzle of a pistol so nigh to my nose that I smelt brimstone, while the other held a swallows my breath came back and my speech.

"I am a gentleman," says I, "if it's a young man's life you mean. I haint it about me!" Died clear to the Lord—a mighty haint! it's wrapped up in an old cotton glove in a hole in the plastering in the chimney-corner at home, and if you'll spare my life, you can go there and get it," says I.

"Well, sir, when they'd walk about in this fussy way, leadin' of the while out of the first cry or attempt to sweep this shall be done!"

"I am a gentleman," said with that the willian held the muzzle of a pistol so nigh to my nose that I smelt brimstone, while the other held a swallows my breath came back and my speech.

"I am a gentleman," says I, "if it's a young man's life you mean. I haint it about me!" Died clear to the Lord—a mighty haint! it's wrapped up in an old cotton glove in a hole in the plastering in the chimney-corner at home, and if you'll spare my life, you can go there and get it," says I.

"Well, sir, when they'd walk about in this fussy way, leadin' of the while out of the first cry or attempt to sweep this shall be done!"

"I am a gentleman," said with that the willian held the muzzle of a pistol so nigh to my nose that I smelt brimstone, while the other held a swallows my breath came back and my speech.

"I am a gentleman," says I, "if it's a young man's life you mean. I haint it about me!" Died clear to the Lord—a mighty haint! it's wrapped up in an old cotton glove in a hole in the plastering in the chimney-corner at home, and if you'll spare my life, you can go there and get it," says I.

"Well, sir, when they'd walk about in this fussy way, leadin' of the while out of the first cry or attempt to sweep this shall be done!"

"I am a gentleman," said with that the willian held the muzzle of a pistol so nigh to my nose that I smelt brimstone, while the other held a swallows my breath came back and my speech.

"I am a gentleman," says I, "if it's a young man's life you mean. I haint it about me!" Died clear to the Lord—a mighty haint! it's wrapped up in an old cotton glove in a hole in the plastering in the chimney-corner at home, and if you'll spare my life, you can go there and get it," says I.

"Well, sir, when they'd walk about in this fussy way, leadin' of the while out of the first cry or attempt to sweep this shall be done!"

"I am a gentleman," said with that the willian held the muzzle of a pistol so nigh to my nose that I smelt brimstone, while the other held a swallows my breath came back and my speech.

"I am a gentleman," says I, "if it's a young man's life you mean. I haint it about me!" Died clear to the Lord—a mighty haint! it's wrapped up in an old cotton glove in a hole in the plastering in the chimney-corner at home, and if you'll spare my life, you can go there and get it," says I.

"Well, sir, when they'd walk about in this fussy way, leadin' of the while out of the first cry or attempt to sweep this shall be done!"

"I am a gentleman," said with that the willian held the muzzle of a pistol so nigh to my nose that I smelt brimstone, while the other held a swallows my breath came back and my speech.

"I am a gentleman," says I, "if it's a young man's life you mean. I haint it about me!" Died clear to the Lord—a mighty haint! it's wrapped up in an old cotton glove in a hole in the plastering in the chimney-corner at home, and if you'll spare my life, you can go there and get it," says I.

"Well, sir, when they'd walk about in this fussy way, leadin' of the while out of the first cry or attempt to sweep this shall be done!"

"I am a gentleman," said with that the willian held the muzzle of a pistol so nigh to my nose that I smelt brimstone, while the other held a swallows my breath came back and my speech.

"I am a gentleman," says I, "if it's a young man's life you mean. I haint it about me!" Died clear to the Lord—a mighty haint! it's wrapped up in an old cotton glove in a hole in the plastering in the chimney-corner at home, and if you'll spare my life, you can go there and get it," says I.

"Well, sir, when they'd walk about in this fussy way, leadin' of the while out of the first cry or attempt to sweep this shall be done!"

"I am a gentleman," said with that the willian held the muzzle of a pistol so nigh to my nose that I smelt brimstone, while the other held a swallows my breath came back and my speech.

"I am a gentleman," says I, "if it's a young man's life you mean. I haint it about me!" Died clear to the Lord—a mighty haint! it's wrapped up in an old cotton glove in a hole in the plastering in the chimney-corner at home, and if you'll spare my life, you can go there and get it," says I.

"Well, sir, when they'd walk about in this fussy way, leadin' of the while out of the first cry or attempt to sweep this shall be done!"

"I am a gentleman," said with that the willian held the muzzle of a pistol so nigh to my nose that I smelt brimstone, while the other held a swallows my breath came back and my speech.

"I am a gentleman," says I, "if it's a young man's life you mean. I haint it about me!" Died clear to the Lord—a mighty haint! it's wrapped up in an old cotton glove in a hole in the plastering in the chimney-corner at home, and if you'll spare my life, you can go there and get it," says I.

"Well, sir, when they'd walk about in this fussy way, leadin' of the while out of the first cry or attempt to sweep this shall be done!"

"I am a gentleman," said with that the willian held the muzzle of a pistol so nigh to my nose that I smelt brimstone, while the other held a swallows my breath came back and my speech.

"I am a gentleman," says I, "if it's a young man's life you mean. I haint it about me!" Died clear to the Lord—a mighty haint! it's wrapped up in an old cotton glove in a hole in the plastering in the chimney-corner at home, and if you'll spare my life, you can go there and get it," says I.

"Well, sir, when they'd walk about in this fussy way, leadin' of the while out of the first cry or attempt to sweep this shall be done!"

"I am a gentleman," said with that the willian held the muzzle of a pistol so nigh to my nose that I smelt brimstone, while the other held a swallows my breath came back and my speech.

"I am a gentleman," says I, "if it's a young man's life you mean. I haint it about me!" Died clear to the

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. VIII. :: No. 20.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Poetry.

I WANT TO GO HOME.

"I want to go home," saith a weary child,
That hath lost its way in straying,
Ye may try in vain to calm its fears,
Or wipe from its eyes the blinding tears;
It looks in your face still saying:
"I want to go home."

"I want to go home," saith a fair young bride,
In anguish of spirit praying,
Her bosom hath broken the silver-cord,
Hath spoken a harsh and cruel word,
And she now, alas! is saying,
"I want to go home."

"I want to go home," saith the weary soul,
Ever earnest thus it's praying;
It weepeth a tear, heaveath a sigh,
And upward glanceth with streaming eye,
To its promised rest, still saying,
"I want to go home."

BAD COMPANY.

A SKETCH FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURBANK.

It is an old saying that "a man is known by the company he keeps," and a saying more true was never uttered. This means that the person is judged by such company, and such judgment must have powerful weight against the character and interests of any person. A simple life-picture — one drawn from actual observation — will illustrate my meaning.

In a small country village lived a wealthy machinist named Clark. By industry and perseverance he had collected a handsome property, but he still carried on his business, the same as before — that he did not now work at the bench, having as much other business as he could attend to. Among his workmen was a youth named Nathan Wilder. Nathan was now almost twenty-one years of age, and had been in Mr. Clark's employ nearly seven years, having been bound to him as an apprentice. He was a young man of more than ordinary intelligence, and was respected and loved by all who knew him. His direct qualities were all good, and his personal appearance was not only manly, but eminently handsome.

Yet Nathan had one fault. He had contracted a habit of associating with some of the reckless, unprincipled youth of the town. He loved to go away in the evening and meet them at some "hole for name and gain" with them in laugh, story and jest; and his social nature was of that ardent, impulsive kind which leads one to join in just such sport as may chance to be started. Such a youth would never project a bad plan, but should his companions do so, he would be almost sure to join them. Some of these youths were low and degraded in character; but yet managed to hold on to a certain degree of respectability, through the influence of respectable connections. Young Wilder knew that they were "jolly good fellows," because he had heard others say so, and he looked at nothing beyond this. He felt sure that nothing could induce him to do an evil deed, and with this self-assurance he was satisfied.

"Where now?" asked Mr. Clark, as Nathan was preparing to go out one evening. The young man lived with his master, and had been a member of the family during the whole term, thus far, of his apprenticeship.

"O, just going out to spend the evening with a few friends," replied Nathan, with a slight smile.

"Anything particular going on?" pursued Mr. Clark.

"Why, I believe some of the boys think of going over to the village," answered the youth with some hesitation.

"For what?"

"Well — there is a sort of party over there to-night."

"Where?"

"At Billy Mac Wayne's."

"And did you think of going with them?"

"Why?" answered Nathan, looking down upon the floor. "I thought if the rest went I should go. I didn't suppose you would forbid it."

"No, Nathan, I should not forbid it, but I should not give you my consent, for I should hope that you would do it."

"But why? A lot of my friends are going, and they are only going for a little sport."

"But do you know what kind of sport they will have before they get back? Now, mark me, Nathan, I do not wish to deprive you of any real pleasure, but I do wish to keep you from danger. You know the character of those who are going, and you know that they will be very sure to commit some evil deeds before they get back. I heard some of the boys in the blacksmith's department talking about it this afternoon. The Peterkin boys will be there, and so will the Hamptons and Lumbys. You know they will get run at Mac Wayne's, and that they will disturb the peace."

"But I should not engage in any such thing as that," said Nathan, with much earnestness. "I never take a part in their doings."

"You only go to see the sport, eh?" queried Clark, with a significant smile.

"Why — yes! I s'pose so."

"So I thought. And now I want you to understand this thing — A man is known by the company he keeps." There is no mistake about this. Now you know that most of the people over in the back village are poor, though they may be industrious and frugal. And you know, too, that the boys in our village go over there to have their scrapes, because of the poverty and ignorance of the people there. Hence the very starting point is not only wrong, but low and cruel. Only last week, poor Johnnay Eastman's fence was

torn down, and his barn doors carried off, besides several other tricks of the same stamp. Perhaps you know of this."

Nathan Wilder hung down his head and blushed, and a faint "yes, sir," escaped from his lips.

"You were there, weren't you?" pursued Mr. Clark.

"Yes, sir, I was; but I had nothing to do with that — not a thing."

"But you stood by and laughed to see it done?"

"I couldn't help laughing, sir."

"I am sorry, Nathan, that you should have thus helped the evil disposed ones in their work. You needn't look so wonderfully at me, for I mean just what I say — These wicked rakes ask for no other pleasure but to cause poor people pain, and make their companions laugh. Anything at which you would laugh they would do. Now, I cannot conceive of a meaner or more niggardly act than that. Had they come and torn down my fence, it would not have been half so criminal, morally speaking, for Eastman is poor, and must feel such a loss very much."

"I know it was a mean trick, and I would not join them in it," said Nathan.

"But you stood by and saw them do it?"

"Yes, sir; because I did not want to come home alone."

"I understand it, Nathan; and let me assure you that the best way to avoid coming home alone is never to go in the company of any one who may do that of which you may be ashamed. Just as sure as you continue to be seen in that company, just so sure will you be judged with them. Now I am going to give you a bit of information. Only yesterday a gentleman asked me what kind of a young man 'that Nathan Wilder' was. Of course I told him you were a good youth, and asked him what he meant. He then informed me that you were with the party who tore down Eastman's fence, and did other things of equal shame and sin. He did not know that you lived in my family, and he only asked for information, as he had seen you often, and supposed you to be a fine young man. I hope you will not go out this evening."

"Of course I shall not, if you do not wish it."

"But do you wish to go?"

The youth hesitated. The fact was he had been anticipating the sport for two days, and he could not immediately give it up.

"Cooper is going," he said, after some moments of thought.

"Joseph, do you mean?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am sorry for it, then, for Joseph Cooper is a kind, generous, honest youth, and he ought not thus to ruin his reputation."

You look surprised, but I speak the truth.

No man, he ever so pure, can associate long with evil companions without losing his standing among respectable people. Why, you are looked upon by some as having had a hand in the mischief of which I have spoken."

"But people who know me would know better," uttered Nathan, quite confidently.

"How should they know better? You seek those evil companions, and are present at their evil work. You know who pulled down Eastman's fence, of course."

"I don't mean to ask you who did it, but I say you know it."

"Yes, sir, I do."

"And you, were you asked who did it, would not tell."

"Of course not. I would not expose a companion."

"So I supposed. And now look at it: You were in the company — one of the party; the party did certain deeds, and you must bear your share of the blame. But let this pass. You know that those young men with whom you would associate are evil disposed; and you know, too, that if they go over to Mac Wayne's to-night, they will be up to some sort of mischief. I think I have said enough to enable you to understand the rest. Now you may spend the evening with Mabel, or you may go over to the back village, where Cooper was at work."

He spoke with the young man, and the latter turned pale at the news. There was much evident begging and praying, but in vain. The officer had come for Joseph Cooper, and he could not go without him. So Joe washed his hands and put on his coat and hat, and then, with a trembling step, he accompanied the officer from the shop.

"But people who know me would know better," uttered Nathan, quite confidently.

"How should they know better? You seek those evil companions, and are present at their evil work. You know who pulled down Eastman's fence, of course."

"I don't mean to ask you who did it, but I say you know it."

"Yes, sir, I do."

"And you, were you asked who did it, would not tell."

"Of course not. I would not expose a companion."

"So I supposed. And now look at it: You were in the company — one of the party; the party did certain deeds, and you must bear your share of the blame. But let this pass. You know that those young men with whom you would associate are evil disposed; and you know, too, that if they go over to Mac Wayne's to-night, they will be up to some sort of mischief. I think I have said enough to enable you to understand the rest. Now you may spend the evening with Mabel, or you may go over to the back village, where Cooper was at work."

"I am sorry for it, then, for Joseph Cooper is a kind, generous, honest youth, and he ought not thus to ruin his reputation."

You look surprised, but I speak the truth.

No man, he ever so pure, can associate long with evil companions without losing his standing among respectable people. Why, you are looked upon by some as having had a hand in the mischief of which I have spoken."

"But people who know me would know better," uttered Nathan, quite confidently.

"How should they know better? You seek those evil companions, and are present at their evil work. You know who pulled down Eastman's fence, of course."

"I don't mean to ask you who did it, but I say you know it."

"Yes, sir, I do."

"And you, were you asked who did it, would not tell."

"Of course not. I would not expose a companion."

"So I supposed. And now look at it: You were in the company — one of the party; the party did certain deeds, and you must bear your share of the blame. But let this pass. You know that those young men with whom you would associate are evil disposed; and you know, too, that if they go over to Mac Wayne's to-night, they will be up to some sort of mischief. I think I have said enough to enable you to understand the rest. Now you may spend the evening with Mabel, or you may go over to the back village, where Cooper was at work."

"I am sorry for it, then, for Joseph Cooper is a kind, generous, honest youth, and he ought not thus to ruin his reputation."

You look surprised, but I speak the truth.

No man, he ever so pure, can associate long with evil companions without losing his standing among respectable people. Why, you are looked upon by some as having had a hand in the mischief of which I have spoken."

"But people who know me would know better," uttered Nathan, quite confidently.

"How should they know better? You seek those evil companions, and are present at their evil work. You know who pulled down Eastman's fence, of course."

"I don't mean to ask you who did it, but I say you know it."

"Yes, sir, I do."

"And you, were you asked who did it, would not tell."

"Of course not. I would not expose a companion."

"So I supposed. And now look at it: You were in the company — one of the party; the party did certain deeds, and you must bear your share of the blame. But let this pass. You know that those young men with whom you would associate are evil disposed; and you know, too, that if they go over to Mac Wayne's to-night, they will be up to some sort of mischief. I think I have said enough to enable you to understand the rest. Now you may spend the evening with Mabel, or you may go over to the back village, where Cooper was at work."

"I am sorry for it, then, for Joseph Cooper is a kind, generous, honest youth, and he ought not thus to ruin his reputation."

You look surprised, but I speak the truth.

No man, he ever so pure, can associate long with evil companions without losing his standing among respectable people. Why, you are looked upon by some as having had a hand in the mischief of which I have spoken."

"But people who know me would know better," uttered Nathan, quite confidently.

"How should they know better? You seek those evil companions, and are present at their evil work. You know who pulled down Eastman's fence, of course."

"I don't mean to ask you who did it, but I say you know it."

"Yes, sir, I do."

"And you, were you asked who did it, would not tell."

"Of course not. I would not expose a companion."

"So I supposed. And now look at it: You were in the company — one of the party; the party did certain deeds, and you must bear your share of the blame. But let this pass. You know that those young men with whom you would associate are evil disposed; and you know, too, that if they go over to Mac Wayne's to-night, they will be up to some sort of mischief. I think I have said enough to enable you to understand the rest. Now you may spend the evening with Mabel, or you may go over to the back village, where Cooper was at work."

"I am sorry for it, then, for Joseph Cooper is a kind, generous, honest youth, and he ought not thus to ruin his reputation."

You look surprised, but I speak the truth.

No man, he ever so pure, can associate long with evil companions without losing his standing among respectable people. Why, you are looked upon by some as having had a hand in the mischief of which I have spoken."

"But people who know me would know better," uttered Nathan, quite confidently.

"How should they know better? You seek those evil companions, and are present at their evil work. You know who pulled down Eastman's fence, of course."

"I don't mean to ask you who did it, but I say you know it."

"Yes, sir, I do."

"And you, were you asked who did it, would not tell."

"Of course not. I would not expose a companion."

"So I supposed. And now look at it: You were in the company — one of the party; the party did certain deeds, and you must bear your share of the blame. But let this pass. You know that those young men with whom you would associate are evil disposed; and you know, too, that if they go over to Mac Wayne's to-night, they will be up to some sort of mischief. I think I have said enough to enable you to understand the rest. Now you may spend the evening with Mabel, or you may go over to the back village, where Cooper was at work."

"I am sorry for it, then, for Joseph Cooper is a kind, generous, honest youth, and he ought not thus to ruin his reputation."

You look surprised, but I speak the truth.

No man, he ever so pure, can associate long with evil companions without losing his standing among respectable people. Why, you are looked upon by some as having had a hand in the mischief of which I have spoken."

"But people who know me would know better," uttered Nathan, quite confidently.

"How should they know better? You seek those evil companions, and are present at their evil work. You know who pulled down Eastman's fence, of course."

"I don't mean to ask you who did it, but I say you know it."

"Yes, sir, I do."

"And you, were you asked who did it, would not tell."

"Of course not. I would not expose a companion."

"So I supposed. And now look at it: You were in the company — one of the party; the party did certain deeds, and you must bear your share of the blame. But let this pass. You know that those young men with whom you would associate are evil disposed; and you know, too, that if they go over to Mac Wayne's to-night, they will be up to some sort of mischief. I think I have said enough to enable you to understand the rest. Now you may spend the evening with Mabel, or you may go over to the back village, where Cooper was at work."

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPY, Editor and Proprietor

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any paper not paid for within three months, will give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (Garrison Lines,) one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 25 cents. Half a Square, (seven lines,) one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion 25 cents. One Square per year, \$12.00; six months, \$7.00; three months, \$4.00; Half a Square, per year, \$4.00; three half a square charged as half a square; more than half a square charged as a square. Special Notices, *legible*, 12 cents per insertion; 10 cents per insertion, for subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted free of charge, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements, paid quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

North 17th Street—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & CO., East Woburn—ALBERT L. RICHARDSON. Stoneham—E. T. WHITFIELD. Somerville—JOHN RICHARDSON. South Reading—DR. J. D. MANSFIELD. * Winchester—JOSIAH HOVEY.

S. M. PETCHENIK, C. CO., Boston and New York. 100 Cornhill, Court street, Boston; and JOHN BURRILL, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements and make arrangements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of the JOURNAL renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and preserved by the best families of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates to an extent enjoyed by no other paper. It is not exceeded, if equalled, in typographical appearance, by ANY PAPER published in Middlesex County. By preserving uniformity in arrangement, equal prominence is obtained by ALL ADVERTISERS. Our terms of advertising are moderate.

JOB PRINTING.

We call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of JOB PRINTING. The variety of NEW and HANDSOME type with which our office is supplied is very extensive; our processes are rapid and fast; our work performed with a skill. We therefore, offer every facility for doing all kinds of work, QUICK, NEAT and CHEAP. Orders left at our office, or sent through our agents, will be promptly attended to, and the price will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers will confer a favor by giving notice at the office when they fail to receive their paper regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 10, 1859.

Business Relations of Stoneham and Woburn.

We think the important business relations now existing between Stoneham and Woburn are worthy the attention of our readers. For several years those relations have been constantly growing in importance, till they have become far more extensive than those not conversant with the subject have any idea. If we go back some thirty years, what now constitutes the large, growing and prosperous village of Stoneham hardly existed. To be sure there were here and there clumps of houses, making up what was then called the village, but it presented the appearance of a sparsely settled farming town, not likely soon to be awakened into any new life by the ever changing and onward progress of business. Visit the place now and what meets the eye? Why, a large and beautiful town, containing the elements of a still greater growth, with places of business second to none in New England. It seems to be a fortunate circumstance that Woburn is a great center for the manufacture of leather, while Stoneham is no less so for the manufacture of shoes. The extensive application of machinery in Stoneham to the making of shoes, and that, too, devised by her own enterprising capitalists, predicts for our neighboring town a position in the business world, honorable to herself, and honorable to all intimately connected with her.

During our frequent business visits to Stoneham, we have taken pains to collect important facts bearing upon this subject. We learn that very nearly all of the upper leather used in Stoneham, is purchased of the manufacturers in Woburn. A large market, so near home, is certainly no unimportant matter to the leather dealers of this town. The firm of John Hill & Co., purchase not less than \$50,000 worth of leather annually of A. Thompson & Co. J. B. Winn & Co. send their four-horse teams, heavily loaded with leather, weekly to Stoneham. In addition to this, there are from twenty-five to thirty-five men in Stoneham, doing a business of from \$25,000 to over \$100,000 each yearly, who obtain nearly all their upper leather from Woburn. And this mutual business, extensive as it already is, must and will continue to increase with the present flourishing and rapid growth of the two towns.

Again, nearly all of the bank business of Stoneham is done in Woburn. Stoneham paper, to a large amount, is discounted at the Woburn Bank, thus again bringing the business men of the two towns into contact with each other. It certainly becomes the capitalists of both to treat each other with the most honorable liberality in all matters of business, as the interests of both cannot fail to be benefited thereby.

One thing in respect to Stoneham is a matter of regret. In their communication with Boston, the people of Stoneham now go to the Boston and Maine R. R. at Melrose, a distance of two miles, while the distance to the depot on the Lowell Road at East Woburn, is but about one mile. The cause of this is the higher fares charged by the Lowell Road, making it an object to go to Melrose rather than to East Woburn. Could the Lowell Company look at this matter in its true bearings, they would soon ascertain how their own interests would be best promoted. With the shorter distance and a good road, the people of Stoneham would prefer taking the cars at East Woburn, if the fare to Boston was no more than on the Boston and Maine Road.

In their social relations the two towns are closely connected. Intermarriages between the people of both have long rendered the intercourse between them friendly and constant. In times past, when Stoneham was hardly able to incur the expense of lectures, a goodly number joined with our own people in sustaining courses of lectures in Woburn. But now, to her honor and enterprise be it said, Stoneham is able to furnish all her citizens

with food in abundance, not only for the body but also for the mind, and this, unless we are mistaken, she will not be slow to do.

It becomes the people of Stoneham and Woburn to see that, in all their business intercourse, no root of bitterness or jealousy be ever allowed to spring up and mar the present good feeling existing between them. It becomes them, rather, to do all in their power to make stronger and more close the bonds that now unite the citizens of the two places. Each is able to render important service to the other in more respects than one. Would the people of Woburn learn a lesson in social intercourse from their neighbors of Stoneham, they would be all the better for it. With all their love of making money, the citizens of Stoneham have not forgotten or neglected the pleasant and salutary influences of sociability. This cannot be said of our own flourishing town. We wish it were more so, but thus far all efforts to secure a change have proved futile.

It would not be a bad idea for the business men of the two towns to hold a social meeting in each place annually, thus bringing their families into closer contact. A social gathering from both places would present as pleasant and as happy a company as ever filled our Lyceum Hall. Success attend Stoneham and Woburn in all their relations of business and social life.

Exhibition by the Young Men's Literary Association.

The third annual exhibition of the Young Men's Literary Association took place on Thursday evening last, in Lyceum Hall. The Hall was filled to overflowing, and many were obliged to go away for want of room.

The literary exercises of the evening commenced with an Address by the President, Mr. G. H. Conn, who in a brief but very neat speech welcomed the audience, gave a general outline of the workings of the Association, and gracefully extended the hand of friendship to other Associations in this town of similar character. "Greece Defended," a declamation by H. A. Carter, came next on the programme, followed by a humorous production entitled "John Barnard," well spoken by J. E. Bryant.

"The Yankee Pedlar and Law," a comic dialogue, in which Messrs. Sweetser, G. A. Carter, Seely and Ingham took part, was well performed and well received by the audience. The principal character— "Jonathan," the Pedlar—was a capital representation, and fully sustained the reputation of the profession, of getting in and out of trouble by their wits. Mr. J. P. Stevens declaimed "Hannibal at the Altar" with excellent effect. Mr. S. has a fine voice, and his gestures are easy and natural. Mr. C. A. Sweetser's "Yankee Story" was quite a laughable affair. A cruel "parent" obliged his son to "court" a certain "gal," but after several unsuccessful attempts and many mishaps the son concluded to let the "old un" try his luck at that business. A selection from Chatham's celebrated speech on America, was delivered by Mr. O. G. Parker. Mr. P. has a firm, heavy voice, and commanded the attention of the audience.

A selection from "Still Waters Run Deep" was next on the programme, and for an amateur performance it was very creditable. Mr. J. P. Stevens' "Capt. Hawkshaw" created quite a stage effect, while the dry, "hale Lancashire" lad, John Mildmay, was faithfully portrayed by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The off-hand manner and voice of Mr. W. H. Winn, assumed to personate "Dumbkin," made us regret that his part was so short.

By request Mr. S. R. Priest gave the comic song— "Stage struc. Barber," exhibiting a great amount of the imitative faculty, by assuming several difficult characters with apparent ease, and great satisfaction to his hearers. "Lochinvar," recited by C. A. Sweetser, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The force of "The Man with the Carpet Bag," was performed in a manner very creditable to all the performers, and with the exhibition was concluded. The music by Halls' Concert Band was very superior, though very different from his previous performances, was not less acceptable. The next, and most difficult piece on the programme was Poe's "Raven," recited by Mr. J. G. Pollard. The

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—We are a very lively community in the way of home gotten-up amusements. Exhibitions, Levees, Concerts, Lectures, Oyster Suppers, &c., &c. The series, commenced by a course of Lyceum Lectures, under the supervision of the "Winchester Literary Association," which has recently closed, and the other named attractions have followed in successive succession through the season, and more "of the same sort" are promised.

A petition for a horse railroad is being signed by our citizens at the Post Office, which is to connect with the Somerville railway, commencing in the heart of our town. It is a unanimous petition, and will, we trust, be granted. We also understand that our neighboring town, Stoneham, is about to build a branch railroad from the Boston and Lowell R. R., to connect at Winchester, either near the depot or some half mile above. We hope this will succeed.

Preparations are being made for the removal of the "Industrial School" (which has been such an honor to the town) to Dorchester. This, I understand, is on account of the high rent which they are obliged to pay, for the houses which they now occupy. Truly, this is an unlooked for event, and I hope it will be so arranged that they may still be with us.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—Our quiet town was aroused from its slumbers on Thursday evening, Feb. 10th, by a kind invitation from Mr. ALBERT G. LANE, for the Winchester Literary Association, with ladies, to assemble at his father's house. The weather was very unpropitious, but a large number were on hand. After spending some time in social amusements, the company were summoned to a table loaded with all the dainties heart could wish. Having satisfied the inner man, a feast of reason next came in order. Able speeches were made by the President, Vice President, and others. All were then invited to listen to some music, which, by-the-way, was admirably executed by a young lady. As the early hours began to approach the company withdrew, all being much gratified with the evening they spent, and unanimous in wishing such "good times" would come oftener. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Mr. Lane's family for their kind attentions to all. May their pathway through life, like their table, be covered with good things.

Winchester, Feb. 1859. AMICUS.

For the Middlesex Journal.

LOWELL, Maine, Feb. 9, '59.

Mr. Pippy, Dear Sir:—As I am earnestly desirous that my western friends should know something relative to the place where I am stopping, and the inhabitants thereof. The town of Lowell is situated on the Passadacumia river, a branch of the Penobscot, the water of which is clear and placid as the noonday sun. The central part of the place is indeed exquisite to behold. It were better to scan it with a telescope than with the naked eye, for being lost in wonder and admiration. The first object worthy of note is that of Cheote & Cummings' extensive leather manufacture. The building is over one hundred and fifty feet in length, but the width I have never ascertained. As we look again, the telescope magnifies, and building after building, of various color and uses meet the view—blacksmiths', carpenters' and mercantile shops—a saw-mill where such prodigious lots of timber are deposited, dwelling-houses, splendid mansions, from one and a half to two stories in height. There we leave those wonderful textures of human invention, and pursue our course onward to the forests called the "Hurricane," so named from a destructive tornado that swept over it, laying prostrate all directions, more than fifty acres of timber; as we advance still farther into those dense forests what do we witness? bears, wolves, deer, and other wild animals, approaching us? ah, no! They retrace their steps at a rapid pace, even faster than we were wont to travel. To say that Lowell is for the most part covered with forests, is no fiction.

But I must not forget to return to the inhabited part of the town, where buildings are erected called school-houses. But what is the necessity of them? as five and six weeks often constitute a term of school, and not unfrequently one such term suffices for a year. What pupil could learn to spell "Education," a word of four syllables, in six weeks and retain it in memory the remaining forty-six which ends the year? Where are the churches? I have not mentioned a meeting-house, having seen nothing of that description in this town; religious meetings are held occasionally, but many of the inhabitants of the town do not attend them. I appeal to you, who go to the fair "West," can you not come or send these people missionaries who shall instruct them in things which pertain to their spiritual and everlasting welfare?

LILLIAN SPALDING.

THE LOWELL RAILROADS.—The Nashua and Lowell Railroad Company have given notice to the Stony Brook Railroad Company that the present contract between the corporations will be continued till 1864. We understand that this contract was for twelve years certain, and for thirteen additional at the election of the Nashua and Lowell. That election has been made, and thus all the roads connecting at Lowell are now under the one interest.—*Lowell Courier*.

IMPROVED NEWS ARRANGEMENTS AT CAPE RACE.—The general telegraph agent for the Associated Press announces that efficient measures have been adopted to organize a permanent news establishment at Cape Race, Newfoundland, and there is good reason to expect that from and after the first of May a very large majority of all the European steamers will be boarded by the news collectors of the associated press on that point. The owners and officers of the several lines of steamers have given the most gratifying assurance of their valuable assistance and the arrangements of the association will be upon such a liberal scale that we can hardly fail to obtain the news from Europe in from five to seven days, and very regularly after next.

Special Notices.

ANNIVERSARY OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY!

A SOCIAL LEVEE!

The Ladies and Gentlemen connected with the BAPTIST SOCIETY in Winchester, will hold a SOCIAL LEVEE, for the Benefit of the Society, in the LYCEUM HALL, WINCHESTER, On Tuesday Evening, February 22d, 1859.

To which they invite their friends.

The Exercises will consist of Vocal and Instrumental Music, Songs, Duets Quartettes, Declamation, Speeches, &c. Instruments Music by the "Social Orchestra" of Winchester, whose members have in the kindest manner volunteered their services. A good selection of Books, Pictures, &c., and Confectionery will be offered for sale.

TWO DIALOGUES, "The Beauty of Piety," and "The Sister Band," will be given by the Young Ladies of Winchester.

Large delegations are expected from Woburn, Medford, West Cambridge, &c.

Tickets of Admission to the Levee, 25 cents. To be had at the store of Mr. Hovey, and at the door of the Hall. Super Tickets 25 cents. Doors open at 61 o'clock. The regular exercises will commence at 71 o'clock.

For Order of Committee of Arrangements.

Winchester, Feb. 19.

WOBURN PUBLIC LIBRARY.

All Books borrowed from the Woburn Public Library must be returned on or before the 26th inst.

L. L. WHITNEY, Librarian.

Woburn, Feb. 19th, 1859.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 1.

The Examination of the Grammar School in District No. 1, will take place on Friday, Feb. 25th. The friends of education are respectfully invited to be present. Exercises from 9 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 4 p. m.

Woburn, Feb. 19, 1859.

FIRE INSURANCE.

The Subscriber is the SPECIAL AGENT for Woburn, by appointment of the Board of Directors of the South Reading Mutual Safety Fire Insurance Company, and is prepared to take risks for said Company, at the usual rates—being as low as those of any other sound dividing company.

Woburn, Dec. 1858. JOHN J. PIPPY.

WIGS! WIGS!

BATCHELOR'S WIGS & TOPIES surpass all. They are elegant, light, easy and durable.

Fitting to a charm. No sticking up behind. Made at 233 Broadway, New York.

Jan. 2d, 1859.

TOWN NOTICE.

The Selection of Woburn to meet at their Rooms, Woburn, on the FIRST and THIRD MONDAY EVENING OF EACH MONTH, at six o'clock for the transaction of Town business.

For order of Selectionmen.

P. L. CONVERSE, Chairman.

Woburn, March 27, 1858. ff.

Married.

In South Reading, February 12th, 1859. D. W. P. DODGE, of WATKINS, North Branch, No. 11, to Miss HENRIETTA EATON, of South Reading. [We wish the youthful pair the enjoyment of many years of married bliss, the truest source of early happiness.]

W. H. B. HARRIMAN,

In this town, 11th instant, Mrs. MARY ANN BEADLEY, aged 39 years.

On the 12th instant, CARLOS C. PHILBRICK, aged 1 year.

In this town, 15th instant, CATHERINE MCLELLAN, aged 57 years.

In Boston, February 14th, M. TIMOTHY BEAMAN, aged 65 years.

In South Reading, February 12th, of Cancer, Widow BURKE, aged 60 years.

W. H. B. HARRIMAN,

In this town, 11th instant, Mrs. MARY ANN BEADLEY, aged 39 years.

On the 12th instant, CARLOS C. PHILBRICK, aged 1 year.

In this town, 15th instant, CATHERINE MCLELLAN, aged 57 years.

In Boston, February 14th, M. TIMOTHY BEAMAN, aged 65 years.

In South Reading, February 12th, of Cancer, Widow BURKE, aged 60 years.

W. H. B. HARRIMAN,

In this town, 11th instant, Mrs. MARY ANN BEADLEY, aged 39 years.

On the 12th instant, CARLOS C. PHILBRICK, aged 1 year.

In this town, 15th instant, CATHERINE MCLELLAN, aged 57 years.

In Boston, February 14th, M. TIMOTHY BEAMAN, aged 65 years.

In South Reading, February 12th, of Cancer, Widow BURKE, aged 60 years.

W. H. B. HARRIMAN,

In this town, 11th instant, Mrs. MARY ANN BEADLEY, aged 39 years.

On the 12th instant, CARLOS C. PHILBRICK, aged 1 year.

In this town, 15th instant, CATHERINE MCLELLAN, aged 57 years.

In Boston, February 14th, M. TIMOTHY BEAMAN, aged 65 years.

In South Reading, February 12th, of Cancer, Widow BURKE, aged 60 years.

W. H. B. HARRIMAN,

In this town, 11th instant, Mrs. MARY ANN BEADLEY, aged 39 years.

On the 12th instant, CARLOS C. PHILBRICK, aged 1 year.

In this town, 15th instant, CATHERINE MCLELLAN, aged 57 years.

In Boston, February 14th, M. TIMOTHY BEAMAN, aged 65 years.

In South Reading, February 12th, of Cancer, Widow BURKE, aged 60 years.

W. H. B. HARRIMAN,

In this town, 11th instant, Mrs. MARY ANN BEADLEY, aged 39 years.

On the 12th instant, CARLOS C. PHILBRICK, aged 1 year.

In this town, 15th instant, CATHERINE MCLELLAN, aged 57 years.

In Boston, February 14th, M. TIMOTHY BEAMAN, aged 65 years.

In South Reading, February 12th, of Cancer, Widow BURKE, aged 60 years.

W. H. B. HARRIMAN,

In this town, 11th instant, Mrs. MARY ANN BEADLEY, aged 39 years.

On the 12th instant, CARLOS C. PHILBRICK, aged 1 year.

In this town, 15th instant, CATHERINE MCLELLAN, aged 57 years.

In Boston, February 14th, M. TIMOTHY BEAMAN, aged 65 years.

In South Reading, February 12th, of Cancer, Widow BURKE, aged 60 years.

W. H. B. HARRIMAN,

In this town, 11th instant, Mrs. MARY ANN BEADLEY, aged 39 years.

On the 12th instant, CARLOS C. PHILBRICK, aged 1 year.

In this town, 15th instant, CATHERINE MCLELLAN, aged 57 years.

In Boston, February 14th, M. TIMOTHY BEAMAN, aged 65 years.

In South Reading, February 12th, of Cancer, Widow BURKE, aged 60 years.

W. H. B. HARRIMAN,

In this town, 11th instant, Mrs. MARY ANN BEADLEY, aged 39 years.

On the 12th instant, CARLOS C. PHILBRICK, aged 1 year.

In this town, 15th instant, CATHERINE MCLELLAN, aged 57 years.

In Boston, February 14th, M. TIMOTHY BEAMAN, aged 65 years.

In South Reading, February 12th, of Cancer, Widow BURKE, aged 60 years.

W. H. B. HARRIMAN,

In this town, 11th instant, Mrs. MARY ANN BEADLEY, aged 39 years.

On the 12th instant, CARLOS C. PHILBRICK, aged 1 year.

In this town, 15th instant, CATHERINE MCLELLAN, aged 57 years.

In Boston, February 14th, M. TIMOTHY BEAMAN, aged 65 years.

In South Reading, February 12th, of Cancer, Widow BURKE, aged 60 years.

W. H. B. HARRIMAN,

In this town, 11th instant, Mrs. MARY ANN BEADLEY, aged 39 years.

On the 12th instant, CARLOS C. PHILBRICK, aged 1 year.

In this town, 15th instant, CATHERINE MCLELLAN, aged 57 years.

In Boston, February 14th, M. TIMOTHY BEAMAN, aged 65 years.

In South Reading, February 12th, of Cancer, Widow BURKE, aged 60 years.

W. H. B. HARRIMAN,

In this town, 11th instant, Mrs. MARY ANN BEADLEY, aged 39 years.

On the 12th instant, CARLOS C. PHILBRICK, aged 1 year.

In this town, 15th instant, CATHERINE MCLELLAN, aged 57 years.

In Boston, February 14th, M. TIMOTHY BEAMAN, aged 65 years.

In South Reading, February 12th, of Cancer, Widow BURKE, aged 60 years.

W. H. B. HARRIMAN,

In this town, 11th instant, Mrs. MARY ANN BEADLEY, aged 39 years.

On the 12th instant, CARLOS C. PHILBRICK, aged 1 year.

In this town, 15th instant, CATHERINE MCLELLAN, aged 57 years.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

The Poet's Corner.

HYMN TO THE PEOPLE.

BY C. D. STUART.

Not to be blest with warrior strength,
To wield the sword and wear the glair,
Or rise to conqueror's fame at length,
Proclaims the good or makes the brave.

To have the power to bide the scorn,
And rise above the hate and strife
Of those to wealth and title born,
Is the crown'd courage of our life.

What are the swords that prop a king—
The banner's in his army's van—
To strength of soul, that dares to spring
And show the monarch in the sun!

Kings and the mightiest men of arms,
Strong as the heads of realms they bide,
Sport as they may with fortune's charms,
They are like leaves upon the tide.

In due old age, bless them they be,
The least of whom are dear,
While the true world heart beats high
And thunders itself upon to day.

Give me the man whose hands have tossed
The corn-seed to the mellow soil,
Whose feet the forest depths have crossed,
Whose brow is nobly crowned with toil.

THE HIDDEN HAND.

BY EMMA D. E. S. SOUTHWORTH,
Author of "The Hebe of an Evening," "The De-
serted Wife," &c., &c.

[CONTINUED.]

"Have you got through?" asked the man at the door, rapping impatiently.

"No," said I, as directed.

"He seemed to be tramping up and down, and I went back to him, and he beckoned me to come closer, and whispered—

"Save my child! I living one I mean! hide her! hide her from him! When he demands the babe, give him the poor little dead one—he cannot hurt that! and he will know there was another. Oh! hide and save my child!"

"Master, I was used to quer doers, but this was a little the queerest. But if I was to conceal that second child in order to save it, it was necessary to stop its mouth, for it was to be born with it. So—

"Is it asleep?" said the willian asked me.

"Yes, it is," said I, as I put it, well

wrapped in its arms, "such a sound asleep."

"Save such a brother," said the knave, walking away.

"I bolted the door and went back to my patient. With her free hand she seized mine and pressed it to her lips, and then held up her left hand, pointed to the wedding ring upon her third finger.

"Draw it off and keep it," she said; "conceal the child under your shawl, and take her with you when you go; save her and your fortune shall be made."

"I declare, master, I hadn't time to think before I heard one of them wretches rap at the door,"

"Come! get ready to go," he said.

"She also beckoned me. I hastened thither. With eager whispers and imploring gestures she prayed me to take her ring and save her child."

"But you," said I— "who is to attend you?"

"I do not know how care! Save her!"

"The rapping continued. I ran to the corner with my left hand, and, I thought, made a noise of such a shrill, sharp, and sudden that was no carriage road there. The carriage whirled along at such a rate it made me quite dizzy. At last it stopped again.

"Instead of my mule a carriage stood near the horse-block."

"Get in," says he, holding the pistol to my ears by way of an argument.

I got in. I jumped up upon the driver's seat, and we were off. I thought the direction from which we came, in search for what was no carriage road there. The carriage whirled along at such a rate it made me quite dizzy. At last it stopped again.

"Go on, in there," said the willian, putting the pistol to the back of my head. As the door stood ajar I went in to a narrow, dark passage, the man all the while at my back. He opened a door on the left side, and made me go into a dark room. Just then the unfortunate child that had been moving, started to walk to wall! Well it might, poor creature!

"What's that?" says the miscreant, under his breath, and stooping short.

"I don't nothing say," says I, and with that he put the pistol to my cheek, ordered me to get out, take the bandage from my eyes, and walk before him. I did so, and saw dimly what we were in, part of the country that I never saw before. We were in a dark road through a thick forest. The man in the mask got down and opened the door.

"Where are you taking me?" says I.

"Be quiet," says he, "or— and with that he put the pistol to my cheek, ordered me to get out, take the bandage from my eyes, and walk before him. I did so, and saw dimly what we were in, part of the country that I never saw before. We were in a dark road through a thick forest. The man in the mask got down and opened the door.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

"I do not know what the meaning of this?" says he.

<p

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. VIII. :: No. 21.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Original Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.
THE ANGEL BAND.

"And I looked and behold a door was opened in Heaven." Methought I stood within a mansion fair,
Divers from on high on which the mortal eye
Had gazed. Its lofty arches shone
With light of diamond, and of amethyst
Resplendent, as reflected from a thousand suns.
And while I looked, entranced,
To find myself within the portals of
The blest, there came the sound
Of music, soft and low. Anon it swell'd
To strains of richest melody, then died away;
It was the music of the "Angel Band in Heaven."

White robes they walked

The golden streets of the Jerusalem above;
Within this countless throng of loved ones,
Lost on earth, and early ransomed from
A world of sin, the child had loved
Met my enraptured gaze; and there was one
Round whom the host of the redeemed
Had gathered, as the "just admitted to
Their ranks." I looked, and WILLIAM'S
Noble form, all radiant with the love
He bore the precious Saviour while on earth,
Came forth to greet me. On his brow
A diadem; within his hand a harp,
From which the song that's ever new
Came forth; for he had entered on
The best employ of praise in Heaven.

Cambridge, Mass., 1859.

I. S. B.

TEN DEGREES BELOW ZERO IN THE METROPOLIS.

CHAPTER I. SHADOWS.

"What a horrible night," remarked one gentleman to another, as they stood shivering with cold, on the corner of Broadway and Houston street, on the evening of January 10, 1859.

"Dreadful," replied the other, through his chattering teeth; "dreadful! Curse that driver; why don't he whip up his horses when he sees us standing here. By heavens, if I had my way, I'd hang the whole blessed tribe of them, without benefit!"

"Ho, driver! hold up!" shouted the two together, as they sprang forward toward the passing stage. But the driver appeared not to heed them, for the omnibus kept steadily on its way, leaving the disappointed men standing in the middle of the street, swearing and cursing all stage drivers in general, and this one in particular.

"Never mind; I have the rascal's number, and shall teach him a lesson to-morrow. I'll show him whether he can pass a gentleman in this way with impunity. Come along, Fred; there's a saloon open, and well just take a 'nip' to keep us warm. I hope that rascal will freeze to-night: 'twould serve him right!" and so the two passed into the saloon, glad to seek shelter from the biting cold of the night air.

Still the stage kept on its way, nor did the driver heed the occasional signals to stop. A lady, the only passenger, pulled the strap, but as the stage did not pause, visions of cases of abduction rose in her mind, and she shrieked "murder!" at the top of her voice. A well might she have thought to arouse the long slumbering lead, as to expect assistance on such a night. Every one, policemen and all, were either a-bed or huddled around some warm stove or blazing fire. Finding her shrieks of no avail, the woman tugged frantically at the strap, which, giving way, enabled her to spring from the stage to the icy pavement. Her foot slipped, and she fell heavily to the ground, stunned.

The driver did not stop to assist her, but sat, immovable and cold, on his lofty box. Although he held the reins firmly in his hands, it was evident that the horses guided their own steps, and kept on the beaten track of their line, gradually nearing the stables—their destination. Their pace slackened to a walk, and thus slowly they dragged the heavy omnibus, the wheels of which creaked and rang again on the crispy snow.

As the stage passed through one of our most fashionable streets, the creaking of its wheels attracted the attention of a wealthy merchant, as he sat with his family before a warm, comfortable fire. Going to the window, he scraped away the frost on the pane so that he could see out into the street.

"Poor fellow, I pity him," said the rich man, addressing his wife and children, who now gathered around the window to peep through and satisfy their curiosity. "Poor fellow, how cold he must feel. Really, it is enough to melt one to tears, when we think that the poor must suffer, these cold days and nights."

In the midst of this humane remark the front door bell rang, and a beggar, closely muffled in a ragged shawl, asked, "in the name of God," for a few cents to buy food and fuel.

"Tell her," said the merchant, addressing his servant, "that we don't give to beggars; our contributions are made to that noble institution, 'The well-paid Guardians' Society, for the Relief of the Poor and Hungry.'—And, tell her James, that, if she files an affidavit, to-night of her perfect respectability, and godly abhorrence of all spirituous liquors, she will bear an equal chance with others to be taken in, and clothed, and fed."

James did as he was ordered, and the beggar left the door, hungry and cold. She had knocked, and it was opened to her, but likewise was it again closed, and the door of the rich man was closed to keep out the cold which chilled her to the bone. As she descended the steps, the servant's heart was touched, for he heard a smothered sob—a sob which seemed wrung from the gloomiest depths of a broke heart. Flinging open the door, he sprang after her, and slipped into her hand—her cold, benumbed hand—a two shilling piece. It was all he had, for his wages barely supported himself and his aged parent. He gave his mite, and, like the poor widow, will surely receive his reward. It is

true that he knew by the woman's breath that she lacked that "godly abhorrence" spoken of by his rich master, but he also knew that the pangs of hunger, a desolate home, and a heartless world, were soonest forgotten in the wine cup. Had he been a scholar, he would have found philosophy lurking beneath the altars of Bacchus; but he was neither learned nor a philosopher, and, therefore, only answered the dictates of a warm and upright heart, when he gave to the poor suffering beggar. The servant gave in secret; his master, before all men. One gave his money to the needy; the other, to the "Well-paid Guardians," etc. Both will have their reward, but we judge not.

When the servant had left the parlor, to give his master's answer to the beggar, the merchant prince turned complacently toward his admiring wife, and held forth as follows:—

"How thankful we should be, my dear, that an All-wise Providence has given us bountifully of the goods of this world, to the end that we give to the poor. And how very thankful should the poor be that we, out of the kindness of our hearts, have established so excellent institution as the 'Well-paid Guardians' Society, for the Relief of the Poor and Hungry."

James, as he passed through the parlor, uncharitable and ignorant fellow, remembered, and repeated between his teeth, that text, so unsavory to *princes* which says something about camels, needles' eyes, rich men and heaven.

"I say, old stick-in-the-mud, why don't you apply to that noble institution, the 'Well-paid Guardians' Society, for the Relief of the P-o-o-r and H-u-n-g-r-y, eh? All you've got to do—I'm secretary, so I know—is to file an affidavit of your godly abhorrence of liquors. No, you don't! I don't give to beggars; I only direct 'em where to go. Have a drink, old stick-in-the-mud! Ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed heartily, for the *spirits* had turned his head.

The whole crowd now rushed into the street, but Fred, ere he passed from the saloon, tossed a half dollar into the hand of the poor wretch, and ordered the landlord to give him a hot glass of whiskey, to keep him warm.

At one thing we were surprised: Fred gave the beggar no directions about calling at the rooms of the society of which he had spoken. We were the more surprised, because we never knew a needy person's finding their way to the door's of the philanthropic institution.

The crowd was not long in finding a hacket, for, like birds of prey, they always collect where God-like man is likely to be dead-drunk. Crowding in, they were soon rattling up Fifth Avenue; and as they passed the house of our former acquaintance, the rich merchant, Fred, with some difficulty, and he descended to the lower regions.

CHAPTER II. THE FLICKERING LIGHT.

"Why don't father come? I'm so hungry?" said a ragged boy, of perhaps, twelve years of age, to his mother.

The woman thus addressed, handed a crust of bread to her child, but spoke not. She drew nearer to the flickering embers of a nearly spent fire, and as the glare fell upon her face, it lit up an expression of sorrow, the furrows of suffering, and two or three large round tears, which took their mournful way across her cheeks.

The boy munched his crust in silence, and in silence an hour passed—a long, weary hour. Each moment the fire grew less and less, the cold more intense. If the opulent shivered in their sumptuous rooms, how much greater was the suffering in the cheerless garrets of the poor. It was the coldest, bitterest night in seventy years. The tall candle burned dim and the frosty night air penetrated through the broken panes of the window.

The woman at last rose from her seat, and approached a miserable heap of rags in the corner, which served as a bed; a faint groan was the cause of her movement. A thin, sickly child was sleeping there, the same one that was run over in Fifth Avenue the day before, as it trudged along beneath the load of fuel—if out-burnt cinders can be called by so dignified a name. The child moved, as if suffering from the chill air, and the mother threw the shawl, the same beneath which she shivered as she crept under the fire, over the sleeping child. Mothers are so alike, live they in gilded palaces or tottering hovels. After performing this act of maternal care and love, she turned to the boy, who was dozing with his head on the broken table 'fore which he sat, and said,

"I'd like to catch him."

"Ho, ho, ho! he's no fool, I can tell you." The conversation was interrupted by the noise of a carriage driving furiously up to the door, and Fred and his belligerent companions springing out with deafening and hideous yells.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the clerks.

"Matter enough, you pumpkin eyed!"

Here the speaker was interrupted by the entrance of Jenny, followed by her mother, both inquiring anxiously why William was so late.

"I donno," replied the boy, "I dreamed it, I suppose."

"Dreamed what?"

"Can't think—it's gone now;" and he pulled an old cap over his ears and started for the stables, to find out why his father, the stage driver, was delayed so much longer than usual. He had not been gone many minutes, when the anxious wife, unable to wait patiently his coming, put on her bonnet and followed quickly his footstep.

CHAPTER III. THE WINE KING IN HIS SALOON.

"By George, old top! your wine's good enough for—"

"That's it, pitch in!" interrupted the gentleman before known to us as Fred; pitch in, old boy!"

(Sings.) "For wine's a king,
A jolly king,
A king of untold wealth;
And we shall sing,
His praises sing,
As we quaff our landlord's health.

Chorus.—So fill up the glasses,
And drink to the lasses;
Drink to the girls you love,
And vow, by your glass,
Your love to some lass,
And record the vow above."

The chorus was shouted by some fifteen or

twenty voices, the other guests of the bar-room joined in. As the last word was finished, Fred sprang up with great enthusiasm, and shook hands with everybody. When he had made the rounds, he commenced again, and would have accomplished the feat over again, had not his companion caught him by the arm, and led him up to the bar, around which he had already collected the majority of the guests. A general treat now followed, in which all hands drank the health of our fast acquaintances, at the latter's expense, of course.

His rigid foot, would never be loosened by him again to admit the entrance or exit of accustomed passengers; his frozen lips would never more utter the cheery "Broadway—right up!" and his skillful hand would never again draw rein over horses who had grown to love his kindly guidance and friendly call.

Poor Bill was dead—frozen to death at his post of duty—and his faithful team had borne him safely to his journey's end. The "starter" would never more call him to account, and the reckoning of his trips hereafter must be made to a higher tribunal than which had ever called him up before.

Poor Bill was dead, and the shivory of his doom fell heavily upon the hearts of those present, some of whom reflected, for the first time, that Death was continually driving his chariot through the heart of the metropolis, and that they might be the next to fall beneath his cold, unfeling glance.

How the Bible was made.

No one can study the geography of Palestine without perceiving that this narrow strip of territory was designed by Providence for some important purpose in the history of man. At the head of the Mediterranean, the gateway of Asia for the nations of the west, and the natural outlet of the great caravan commerce of Western Asia with the sea, lying in the highway of all ancient trade and conquest, the very pivot about which the intercourse of nations and of continents revolves, it is yet isolated by natural causes from all adjacent countries which might swallow up its individuality. The great mountain barrier on the north, the sea upon the west, the deep cleft of the Ghor and the Dead Sea upon the east, and the desert also to the east and on the south, these physical characteristics of the country stamp it in perpetuity as a land apart from all lands—fitted at once to be the theater of great events, and to keep their unchanging record upon its unchanging features. Those features are photographed upon every page of the Bible, and the original remains to certify the fidelity of the copy.

Indeed, there seems even to be the same relation of the Land to the Book which exists between the two revealed economies.

In order to the complete revelation of God in the incarnation and the atonement of Christ, it was necessary that a particular people, separated for this end—since the whole effect would have been lost in the attempt to reveal these inconceivable truths immediately to nations whose religious ideas, crude or debased, should be made familiar with theophanies, with prophetic inspiration, with miraculous endowments, with sacrificial offerings and a representative priestly intercession, and should thus form a sacred language as the ground-work of the perfect revelation of God in Christ. The comparative isolation of the Jews in that territory, and their complete isolation by that economy and polity which were given to them by Jehovah before their entrance into the promised land, prepared the typical mold in which the great thoughts of divine love and mercy should be fitly conveyed to an unfeeling world.

And since, as compared with the book of the "Domesday Book" of the Israelites, the land so completely tallies with "the book," that this *must* have been written by men to whom every mountain, and valley, and fountain, and stream were familiar.

The "guv'nor" lives there, boys; he's president of paid well abhorrence liquor society."

"Sir?"

"Probably she was drunk, James."

"Yes, sir," replied the servant, as he descended to the lower regions.

CHAPTER II. THE FLICKERING LIGHT.

"Why don't father come? I'm so hungry?" said a ragged boy, of perhaps, twelve years of age, to his mother.

The woman thus addressed, handed a crust of bread to her child, but spoke not. She drew nearer to the flickering embers of a nearly spent fire, and as the glare fell upon her face, it lit up an expression of sorrow, the furrows of suffering, and two or three large round tears, which took their mournful way across her cheeks.

The boy munched his crust in silence, and in silence an hour passed—a long, weary hour. Each moment the fire grew less and less, the cold more intense. If the opulent shivered in their sumptuous rooms, how much greater was the suffering in the cheerless garrets of the poor. It was the coldest, bitterest night in seventy years. The tall candle burned dim and the frosty night air penetrated through the broken panes of the window.

The woman at last rose from her seat, and approached a miserable heap of rags in the corner, which served as a bed; a faint groan was the cause of her movement. A thin, sickly child was sleeping there, the same one that was run over in Fifth Avenue the day before, as it trudged along beneath the load of fuel—if out-burnt cinders can be called by so dignified a name. The child moved, as if suffering from the chill air, and the mother threw the shawl, the same beneath which she shivered as she crept under the fire, over the sleeping child. Mothers are so alike, live they in gilded palaces or tottering hovels. After performing this act of maternal care and love, she turned to the boy, who was dozing with his head on the broken table 'fore which he sat, and said,

"I'd like to catch him."

"Ho, ho, ho! he's no fool, I can tell you."

The conversation was interrupted by the noise of a carriage driving furiously up to the door, and Fred and his belligerent companions springing out with deafening and hideous yells.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the clerks.

"Matter enough, you pumpkin eyed!"

Here the speaker was interrupted by the entrance of Jenny, followed by her mother, both inquiring anxiously why William was so late.

"I donno," replied the boy, "I dreamed it, I suppose."

"Dreamed what?"

"Can't think—it's gone now;" and he pulled an old cap over his ears and started for the stables, to find out why his father, the stage driver, was delayed so much longer than usual. He had not been gone many minutes, when the anxious wife, unable to wait patiently his coming, put on her bonnet and followed quickly his footstep.

CHAPTER III. THE WINE KING IN HIS SALOON.

"By George, old top! your wine's good enough for—"

"That's it, pitch in!" interrupted the gentleman before known to us as Fred; pitch in, old boy!"

(Sings.) "For wine's a king,
A jolly king,
A king of untold wealth;
And we shall sing,
His praises sing,
As we quaff our landlord's health.

Chorus.—So fill up the glasses,
And drink to the lasses;
Drink to the girls you love,
And vow, by your glass,
Your love to some lass,
And record the vow above."

The chorus was shouted by some fifteen or

vocate like Volney, on one side, or Keith, on the other, has extorted from them a reluctant or partial testimony, they still remain to be examined again and again by each succeeding traveler; correcting, elucidating, developing the successive depositions which they made from age to age. . . . To

some the amount of testimony thus rendered will appear either superfluous or trivial; to others, the mere attempt to define sacred history by natural localities and phenomena, will seem derogatory to their ideal of divine character. But it will, at least, be granted that this evidence is, so far as it goes, incontestable. Wherever a story, a character, an event, a book, is involved in the condition of a sport or scene still in existence, there is an element of fact which no theory or interpretation can dissolve. If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."

GOING HOME WITH THE GIRLS.

The entrance into society may be said to take place after boyhood has passed away, yet a multitude take the initiative, before their beards are presentable. It is a great trial, either to a tender or tough age. For an overgrown boy to go to a door, knowing that there are a dozen girls inside, and to knock or ring with absolute certainty, is an achievement which few boys can boast. If a boy can go so far as to measure off ten yards of tape with one of these girls, and cut it short at each end, he may stand a chance to pass a pleasant evening, but let him not flatter himself that all the trials of the evening are over. There comes at last the breaking up. The dear girls don their hoods, and put on their shawls, and look as saucy and mischievous and unimpassable, as if they did not wish any one to go home with them. Then

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPY, Editor and Proprietor

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be received or paid until all arrearages are paid, except the payment of the first year. Any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

The Squares (fourteen lines) one insertion, \$1.00; two sub-squares, \$1.25; a Half Square, seven lines, one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion 25 cents. One Square, per year, \$12.00; six months, \$7.00; three months, \$4.00; half a square, per year, six months, \$2.50; three months, \$1.50. Less than half a square charged as a half square; more than half a square charged as a square. Special Notices, 50 cents each insertion; one insertion, 40 cents; line for subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted gratis, except extra, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

AGENTS.

North Woburn—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & CO., East Woburn—ALBERT L. RICHARDSON, Stowman—E. T. WHITFIELD, Concord—J. D. MANSFIELD, South Reading—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD, Winchester—JOSHUA HOYCE, S. M. PETERSON & CO., Boston and New York—J. N. LILLEY, Worcester—V. R. Palmer, Scollay's Building, Court Street, and JOHN BURRILL, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions for the JOURNAL at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of the JOURNAL renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and preserved by the best families in the country, and by those to whom it circulates to an extent equalled by no other paper. It is not excelled, if equalled, in typographical appearance, by ANY PAPER published in Middlesex County. By preserving uniformity in arrangement, equal prominence is obtained by ALL ADVERTISERS. Our terms of advertising are moderate.

JOB PRINTING.

We would call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of JOB PRINTING. The variety of new and dangerous type with which our office is supplied is very extensive; our presses are now and fast at work, experienced and skilful. We have, therefore, every facility for doing all kinds of work QUICK, NEAT and CHEAP. Orders left at our office, or sent through our agents, will be promptly attended to, and the prices will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers will confer a favor by giving notice at the office when they fail to receive their paper, regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 23, 1859.

TOWN AFFAIRS.

The municipal year is about to close, and we congratulate our fellow citizens upon the prosperity and marked harmony that has characterized the administration of public affairs. This is true not only in Woburn, but also in some of the neighboring towns, particularly in Stowman, and speaks well for the intelligence and good common sense of the people. A disposition to carp and find fault with the doings of every town officer who may chance to hold a place another desires to occupy, shows a narrow mind and a total want of true nobleness of spirit. Particular and local feeling seem to have been much less rife than the usual past year, while the men in office have been able to discharge the duties of their stations with more pleasure and satisfaction to themselves, being encouraged and sustained by the approving voice of the public. This is just as it should be, and we hope it will be in years to come.

The day is already near at hand when the various town officers are to be chosen for another year. To some it is an all-important day—alike to those who fear that they shall be obliged to lay aside the robes of office, and to those who earnestly hope that they shall be called to put them on. We pity from our very heart the men who so anxiously desire office, while their prospects for preferment are anything but flattering. And yet, inasmuch as there are more aspirants for public stations, than there are offices to be filled, it follows as a matter of necessity that some who are now passing anxious days and sleepless nights are sure to fail of election to office. That man is really to be envied, if any one, who with sincerity can say that he neither desires nor will accept any public station at the hands of his fellow citizens. Such a man can be independent, can think honestly, and speak and act fearlessly, without being afraid of offending or losing the votes of those with whom he may come in contact. Still the attractions of office are so bright, the taste of honor so sweet, that comparatively few are able to withstand them.

The various boards of officers have discharged their duties the past year, we think, with fidelity and an earnest desire to secure the highest public good. It does not follow that everybody must approve of all their doings, or that they themselves would do everything in the same manner, were they to go over the same ground again. That course must ever be adopted which, at the time when action is necessary, seems best. The officers who have no hobbies to ride, but make the public business their own for the time being, and act as they would for themselves, will be pretty sure to do well. Such has been the fact, we believe, in respect to some at least of our boards of officers.

Public improvements have been remembered the past year, and our Selectmen deserve the thanks of the town for their efficient action in respect to sidewalks. We certainly need good sidewalks quite as much as we need good roads. We hope that those who are to exercise a paternal care over the town the ensuing year, will continue the good work so efficiently begun. There is a matter pertaining to a particular road that will come before the town at its annual meeting. The citizens of Burlington have subscribed two hundred dollars toward cutting down the hill on Winn street near Bedford street, and ask the town of Woburn to appropriate three hundred dollars for the same purpose. We hope they will do it without hesitation, as the conduct of the men of Burlington is very honorable. The hill needs cutting down not less for the convenience of Woburn than for Burlington.

Our schools have prospered much as usual the past year. As in the case of law-making, we think too much tampering and changing is not always wise. Change and alter as we may, education—mental development and discipline—can be attained only in one way,

and that is by study. We can no more pour intellectual discipline into the heads of children with a big spoon than we can take them to knowledge by rail-road. Discipline—the unfolding of the mind—must come first, and then the filling up with practical knowledge will be easy and a pleasure. If mature judgment and sound common sense is necessary anywhere it is eminently so in all matters pertaining to the management of our public schools. This is a broad, an all-important subject, demanding the most careful consideration on the part of every citizen of the town.

In the selection of officers for the ensuing year, it becomes the people of any town to select those who will do the town business well, rather than to confer offices upon anxious aspirants, who are really fit for nothing. The best business talent should always be sought. Men who know how to manage their own affairs well, will be the most likely to do the public business well. Such men generally have enough to do in managing their own affairs, but they should possess public spirit enough, to aid in promoting the highest interests of the town in which they live. The man who has nothing to do, is usually, not the person most suitable to fill stations of public trust.

A careful economy should be exercised in the appropriation of money for public purposes, while everything like niggardliness should be avoided. There has been almost a mania for voting very large sums of money for school purposes throughout the Commonwealth. We believe too much schooling is quite as bad if not worse than too little.

We hope the meetings of the first Monday in March will be characterized by a manly, honorable course of conduct on the part of every one. There has been too much stooping to meanness, to dishonorable acts, to low personal attacks in times past. An end thus gained is but half gained, and an influence thus exerted will sooner or later react upon its author with a force he cannot withstand. The fellow citizens of any town should meet for the choice of officers and the transaction of any town business like high-minded, honorable men. The man who will falsely assail neighbor's reputation or conduct for the purpose of defeating his election, is unworthy of public confidence in all the affairs of life. Men, too, who assume the office of critic, and sit in judgment upon the acts of everybody else, would be much better employed in seeking for and correcting the faults that often too thickly cover themselves.

It becomes the citizens of every town to cast their eyes about them and ascertain who have been faithful public servants. Whoever has proved himself such, should be retained in office, while the incompetent man, be he who he may, should be silently set aside, and his place filled with some one better qualified for the duties of that position. In this way the public interests will be well cared for, and every town so acting will hardly fail of prosperity and harmony in the administration of its municipal affairs.

SENIOR CASSERES.—The concert given in Lyceum Hall, last Friday evening, by Senior Casseres, Mrs. Mozart, and Mr. C. R. Adams, afforded a rich entertainment to the lovers of really excellent music. We think that among all the distinguished performers upon the piano-Forte we have had the good fortune to hear, none equal Senior Casseres in clear, distinct, rapid, expressive execution. He is placed by critics almost on an equality with Thalberg, usually regarded as the greatest Pianist in the world. Mrs. Mozart is most certainly a very fine vocalist. Her execution is excellent, and the compass and power of her voice good. It was the worth of a ticket to hear her render "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Her other pieces were received with the highest satisfaction. Mr. Adams is a singer who takes hold of the feelings of his listeners at once. He has a fine, clear, musical voice, and his renderings are easily and expressively given.

The organization of the meeting was completed by the choice of the following officers: Vice Presidents—Hon. John B. Alley, Hon. A. C. Mayhew, Hon. George B. Upton, Lee Clalin, Esq., and John Field, Esq.; Secretary—E. P. Belden, Esq.

His Excellency Governor Banks, who was now introduced, was received with applause. He was pleased to be present with them on the occasion, as this branch of business was one in which he in common with every citizen of the Commonwealth, felt an interest. One of the elements of the power and fame of the State was the system of trade which it had originated. Massachusetts had always been foremost in devising new ideas of business, and she had now taken another important step. The business of boot and shoe manufacturing was one in which the small beginner could easily embark, no large accumulation of capital being necessary. The young man who had a small credit, perhaps no money, and who was industrious, could establish himself in business, and thereby not only contribute to his welfare, but increase the wealth, honor, peace, and prosperity of the whole country. They had met on this occasion to establish a new mart of trade, and the movement was one which would contribute largely toward the prosperity of the Commonwealth. He was rejoiced at this movement, for nothing was more needed than the social elements of trade. It was powerful alike in business and government, and yet there was an absence of it in both, which was to be regretted.

The other speakers were Charles H. Carroll of Boston, Hon. John B. Alley of Lynn, B. D. Godfrey of Milford, Isaac H. Bailey of New York, James W. Tucker of Paris, France, Henry Clay Smith of Baltimore, Warren Ordway of Haverhill, and Curtis Guild of the Commercial Bulletin.

A letter was read from Francis H. Grady, Esq., of Baltimore, in reply to an invitation to be present, closing with the following sentiment:—

"Bradish, English and Wilson, who broke into the store of Franklin Fletcher, in Reading, last November, have been tried at Cambridge, convicted and sentenced each to ten years hard labor in the State Prison.

PRESENTATION TO MR. JOHN J. IADD.—The account of the interesting presentation exercises at Warren Academy, yesterday, came too late for this week's issue, but will appear next week.

J. B. Winn & Co., are about commencing the enlargement of their Leather Factory, on Salem street.

Opening of the Boston Shoe and Leather Exchange.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Letter from Father Kemp's Old Folks.

BRIGGS HOUSE, CHICAGO, Feb. 18.

MR. EDITOR:—Before dilating upon matters in this city I wish to say a few words about the State of Indiana. We were in Lafayette last Saturday and Sunday, and this little city of twelve thousand souls is really a smart looking place—that is to say, this State, much wholesale business is carried on, and it may be said to be the grain emporium of Indiana. Several four hour mills are doing a large business. Ice companies are also busily engaged in storing a crop for the wants of the trade, and at the present time the ice is about ten inches in thickness. The Sabbath seems to be well observed, and remarkable quietness is apparent. There seems to be a gradual ascent from the Wabash River, which passes by, and on ascending the highest point a good view of the surrounding country can be had. I saw nothing in Indiana that I admire, except her noble lands, though not now "in verdure clad." She has many laws that are more than annoying—they are decidedly a nuisance. No exhibition, concert, or public performance of any kind can take place without some petty official stepping up and demanding five dollars as a license fee, and in some instances after one has been paid, as a city license, up steps another dignity and demands a like sum as a County license; but the latter functionary did not have his wallet replenished by making such application to us. Our experience shows that if you have any dealing with them you must expect to be gouged and annoyed until the remainder of one's patience is hardly worth preserving. The matter was taken in hand by the publishers of the Shoe and Leather Reporter, Messrs. Dexter & Co., who obtained the lease of Codman's Building, and thus the institution has sprung into existence.

The building numbers from 30 to 48 and has been fitted up expressly for an Exchange. The Exchange Room, an apartment about eighty feet square, well lighted in both front and rear, is located in the second story, and the office of the Shoe and Leather Reporter and a telegraph office will be in the same room. This room will be supplied with files of American and European commercial papers, circulars, a register of the arrivals at hotels and the Exchange, &c. On the same floor are two apartments, one thirty and the other forty-five feet wide, occupying the remaining portion of the second story, which are to be devoted to desk conveniences, to the exhibition of samples, shoe machinery, or to some other object connected with the trade. The third and fourth stories are divided into offices for out of town manufacturers who will keep samples of their goods on exhibition. These rooms are already occupied by thirty-nine firms. The stores on the first floor are now or will be occupied by wholesale and retail dealers, and it will thus be seen that the whole building—150 feet front and 30 feet deep—is to be devoted to the shoe and leather interests.

The distance from Lafayette to Chicago is one hundred and twenty-two miles, and when nearing this city a fine view is had of Lake Michigan. Chicago is a great city, and though yet in its infancy is making rapid strides to compete with eastern cities, and ere long will get ahead of them. The present population is estimated at one hundred thousand. The city is well laid out, the streets running at right angles, but I do not admire their side-walks, as there is too much "up stairs, down stairs" to them, and as many of the streets had to be raised in order to secure drainage, the side-walks appear, in many instances, to be down cellar; however, buildings are being raised every day, so as to be level with the street, and soon this objectionable feature will be remedied. Ascending to the top of the Court House, recently built—it is better than the one at Vincennes—a fine view can be had of the entire city, and the distant prairie may be seen also. The school system comprises twelve districts, and the salaries of teachers are much higher than in eastern cities. The Principal of the High School gets \$2000 salary, and the Principals of the other Schools range from \$1000 to \$1500, while their Assistants receive from \$250 to \$300. There are about seventy places of worship here, but I am free to express the opinion that in many of them, judging from their name and title, they worship themselves much more than they do their Creator. Aristocracy strikes out here like a thorn bush, and the farther West I go, the more I see of this ingredient in human nature. Some of the streets are terribly muddy at the present time. As I was crossing one of them the other day, I halted, when I found a moisture at the top of my boots, and inquired if I was on the right road to China? Yes! was the reply, stand where you are a few minutes, and you will see the gate open to the celestial empire. I clapped my wings and imitated, as well as I could, Cochin-China, and then made a desperate struggle to save myself from being suffocated in mud. After taking a bath I am able to recognize myself again; so much for the streets of Chicago at the present time. There is no copper coin here. Everything of the nature of wearing apparel commands an exorbitant price, and unless a man can secure more money for his labor than in the eastern part of our country, he had better not be in too much haste to make his nest in Chicago.

The Briggs House is a capital good hotel, and all the comforts of a New England hotel is offered to its guests. The landlord is every inch a gentleman, and I most cheerfully recommend the traveller to give him a call. We propose to be in St. Louis on the second day of March.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Letter from New Hampshire.

NORTH BRANCH, Feb. 21, 1859.

MR. EDITOR:—Agreeably to promise I write you from this place. I left the Old Bay State on Thursday morning, at half-past seven o'clock, and reached this place—a distance of some eighty miles—about six o'clock that night. Fast travelling that! This place is situated about thirty miles South-west of Concord; five miles from the terminus of the Contoocook Railroad. We found about two and a half feet of snow on a level, and sleighing, of course, "good." The town is hilly, through the soil is productive. There are three churches here—Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian. Lying near this place is the thriving town of Peterboro, which is, for New Hampshire, quite a manufacturing town. Five factories are in successful operation, giving employment to about five hundred operatives. There are also one foundry, thirty-one stores, five churches, two hotels, one bank, and a small local paper, entitled *The Transcript*, is published in this town, which has a large circulation. The surface of this place is beautifully diversified with hills, vales, meadows, brooks, and rapidly flowing rivers. The air and water are pure, and, as an inevitable result, the people are healthy.

PRESENTATION TO MR. JOHN J. IADD.—The account of the interesting presentation exercises at Warren Academy, yesterday, came too late for this week's issue, but will appear next week.

THE fourth of the Old Line Assemblies took place in Stowman, last evening, and was attended by a brilliant and happy company.

HENRY.

MR. A. P. Pollard had his right hand severely injured on Thursday while at work on a splitting machine.

WINCHESTER.

Festival of the Baptist Society.

For the Middlesex Journal.

WILMINGTON.

Bond's Cracker Bakery.

For the Middlesex Journal.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21, 1859.

MR. EDITOR:—Godoy's steamer brought

exciting news, which is starting the gossips

and speculators on "change out of all pros-

perity." If the news really promises war,

there will of course be an immediate change

in all our markets, making some fortunes and

spoiling others. Cotton will go down, for its

being sustained in price depends upon having

an active demand for fabrics from the continental

trade, which will not of course be the case if war should ensue.

On the other hand, breadstuffs of all kinds will rise, as every

body sufficiently understands; so that the

tendency will be to change the present relative

position of the South and West to our

trade. At present the South is the buyer,

whom everybody wishes to conciliate; she

comes to town with a "pocket full of rocks,"

and is sought for almost servilely by the

drummers who bring trade to our merchants.

The far West, on the other hand, is in poor

credit, and dealers are not over-anxious to

part with their goods for its "promise to

pay," not doubting their willingness to pay,

but their ability, as everybody knows

that the North-west has almost forgotten what

gold and silver looks like. It

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

TO DYSPEPSIA.

And all who suffer from this disease infest in one form or another of its many phases, cure yourself permanently and speedily by using

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

The Weekly Newsletter, of Sept. 18, says:

Dyspepsia is one of the prevailing diseases of our country. That is owing both to climate and the almost universal habit of eating our meals too rapidly and with a want of relish. But in spite of these adverse circumstances, this disease is even when it becomes chronic, disappears rapidly by the use of our Oxygenated Bitters, which have been found to prove an infallible remedy.

From the Publisher of a widely circulated Magazine.

Boston, Oct. 1, 1858.—I have taken a bottle of the Oxygenated Bitters, and found great benefit from their use. I have been much troubled with Dyspepsia for several years, and found it difficult to get rid of it, and had until I used the Bitters. I most cheerfully recommend them to all who are afflicted with this troublesome and stubborn complaint.

JAMES HINSON, of the

Student and Schoolmate,

From Gen. A. C. Dodge, *My Minister to Spain*.

W. A. COOPER, Boston, Mass.—I have taken a bottle of the Oxygenated Bitters, and found great benefit from their use. I have been much troubled with Dyspepsia for several years, and found it difficult to get rid of it, and had until I used the Bitters. I most cheerfully recommend them to all who are afflicted with this troublesome and stubborn complaint.

ARTHUR H. STODDARD, of the

Advertiser.

ART. 2d.—To choose all necessary officers to serve the town for the year ensuing.

ART. 3d.—To hear and act on the Reports of the following officers, viz.:—Auditor, Overseer of the Poor, Surveyors of Highways, and Selectmen.

ART. 4th.—To hear and act on the Report of the Library Committee, and to transact any other business in relation to Town Library that may be deemed expedient. Also, to see if the town will raise any money, and if so, how much, for the purchase of books for said Library.

ART. 5th.—To determine what amount of money the town will raise for the support of Schools the ensuing year, and how the same shall be appropriated.

ART. 6th.—To determine what amount of money the town will raise for the support of Highways and Bridges the ensuing year, and how the same shall be appropriated.

ART. 7th.—To determine what amount of money the town will raise for the support of the Poor; for the Fire Department; paying Town Debts; making New Roads, and for Incidental Expenses the ensuing year.

ART. 8th.—To determine whether the town will raise any money, and if so, how much, to be expended in grading the hills on Winn street, in said town, or do anything in relation to the same.

ART. 9th.—To determine whether the town will pass an order prohibiting the Selectmen from over drawing the appropriations the ensuing year, or do anything in relation to the same.

ART. 10th.—To determine whether the town will abolish the present School District System, or do anything in relation thereto.

ART. 11th.—To determine whether the town will make any by-laws or regulations to prevent the pasturing of cattle or other animals upon the streets or ways of the town, or what they will do in relation to horses and neat cattle going at large the ensuing year.

ART. 12th.—To determine whether the town will choose a Committee to re-organize the Fire Department, or do anything in relation to the same.

ART. 13th.—To determine whether the town will authorize the Board of Engineers to organize a Company for the Hook and Ladder Carriage, and appropriate a sum of money for the pay of the members thereof, or do anything in relation to the same.

ART. 14th.—To determine whether the town will build a Reservoir at or near the junction of Main and Salem streets, or do anything in relation to the same.

ART. 15th.—To determine whether the town will build a New Engine House for Engine No. 3, and if so, where the same shall be located, or do anything in relation thereto.

ART. 16th.—To determine whether the town will build a new Engine House for Engine No. 3, and if so, where the same shall be located, or do anything in relation thereto.

ART. 17th.—To hear and act on the Report of the Selectmen in the laying out of Utica, Albany, Thorn, Orange, Grape and Mill streets, and the continuation of Central street.

ART. 18th.—To determine whether the town will do in relation to killing birds and taking pickerel the ensuing year.

And you are directed to serve this warrant by posting up attested copies thereof at each of the public meeting-houses in said town, seven days before the time of holding said sale, and causing the same to be published in the *Middlesex Journal*.

Hereof fail not, and make due return of this warrant with your doings thereon, to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding said meeting.

Given under our hands at Woburn, this twenty-fourth day of February, A. D. 1859.

P. L. CONVERSE, Selectmen, *Woburn*, *Mass.*

E. K. CRAGIN, *Woburn*.

A true copy, attested,

EDWARD SIMONIS, Constable of Woburn.

NOTICE

IS hereby given that the subscribers have been appointed by the County of Middlesex, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors to the estate of JAMES A. MASH, Pump-Maker, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testator, and to receive and examine the same from the 1st day of February, A. D. 1859, are allowed by said Judge to the creditors to bring in and prove their debts to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding the first meeting to be held on Thursday, the 31st day of March next, the second meeting on the 1st day of April next, and the third meeting on the 1st day of May next, at 3 o'clock, p. m., on each day.

The subscribers will make due return of this warrant with your doings thereon, to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding said meeting.

Given under our hands at Woburn, this twenty-fourth day of February, A. D. 1859.

P. L. CONVERSE, Selectmen, *Woburn*, *Mass.*

E. K. CRAGIN, *Woburn*.

A true copy, attested,

EDWARD SIMONIS, Constable of Woburn.

NOTICE

IS hereby given that the subscribers have been appointed by the County of Middlesex, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors to the estate of JAMES A. MASH, Pump-Maker, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testator, and to receive and examine the same from the 1st day of February, A. D. 1859, are allowed by said Judge to the creditors to bring in and prove their debts to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding the first meeting to be held on Thursday, the 31st day of March next, the second meeting on the 1st day of April next, and the third meeting on the 1st day of May next, at 3 o'clock, p. m., on each day.

The subscribers will make due return of this warrant with your doings thereon, to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding said meeting.

Given under our hands at Woburn, this twenty-fourth day of February, A. D. 1859.

P. L. CONVERSE, Selectmen, *Woburn*, *Mass.*

E. K. CRAGIN, *Woburn*.

A true copy, attested,

EDWARD SIMONIS, Constable of Woburn.

NOTICE

IS hereby given that the subscribers have been appointed by the County of Middlesex, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors to the estate of JAMES A. MASH, Pump-Maker, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testator, and to receive and examine the same from the 1st day of February, A. D. 1859, are allowed by said Judge to the creditors to bring in and prove their debts to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding the first meeting to be held on Thursday, the 31st day of March next, the second meeting on the 1st day of April next, and the third meeting on the 1st day of May next, at 3 o'clock, p. m., on each day.

The subscribers will make due return of this warrant with your doings thereon, to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding said meeting.

Given under our hands at Woburn, this twenty-fourth day of February, A. D. 1859.

P. L. CONVERSE, Selectmen, *Woburn*, *Mass.*

E. K. CRAGIN, *Woburn*.

A true copy, attested,

EDWARD SIMONIS, Constable of Woburn.

NOTICE

IS hereby given that the subscribers have been appointed by the County of Middlesex, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors to the estate of JAMES A. MASH, Pump-Maker, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testator, and to receive and examine the same from the 1st day of February, A. D. 1859, are allowed by said Judge to the creditors to bring in and prove their debts to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding the first meeting to be held on Thursday, the 31st day of March next, the second meeting on the 1st day of April next, and the third meeting on the 1st day of May next, at 3 o'clock, p. m., on each day.

The subscribers will make due return of this warrant with your doings thereon, to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding said meeting.

Given under our hands at Woburn, this twenty-fourth day of February, A. D. 1859.

P. L. CONVERSE, Selectmen, *Woburn*, *Mass.*

E. K. CRAGIN, *Woburn*.

A true copy, attested,

EDWARD SIMONIS, Constable of Woburn.

NOTICE

IS hereby given that the subscribers have been appointed by the County of Middlesex, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors to the estate of JAMES A. MASH, Pump-Maker, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testator, and to receive and examine the same from the 1st day of February, A. D. 1859, are allowed by said Judge to the creditors to bring in and prove their debts to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding the first meeting to be held on Thursday, the 31st day of March next, the second meeting on the 1st day of April next, and the third meeting on the 1st day of May next, at 3 o'clock, p. m., on each day.

The subscribers will make due return of this warrant with your doings thereon, to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding said meeting.

Given under our hands at Woburn, this twenty-fourth day of February, A. D. 1859.

P. L. CONVERSE, Selectmen, *Woburn*, *Mass.*

E. K. CRAGIN, *Woburn*.

A true copy, attested,

EDWARD SIMONIS, Constable of Woburn.

NOTICE

IS hereby given that the subscribers have been appointed by the County of Middlesex, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors to the estate of JAMES A. MASH, Pump-Maker, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testator, and to receive and examine the same from the 1st day of February, A. D. 1859, are allowed by said Judge to the creditors to bring in and prove their debts to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding the first meeting to be held on Thursday, the 31st day of March next, the second meeting on the 1st day of April next, and the third meeting on the 1st day of May next, at 3 o'clock, p. m., on each day.

The subscribers will make due return of this warrant with your doings thereon, to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding said meeting.

Given under our hands at Woburn, this twenty-fourth day of February, A. D. 1859.

P. L. CONVERSE, Selectmen, *Woburn*, *Mass.*

E. K. CRAGIN, *Woburn*.

A true copy, attested,

EDWARD SIMONIS, Constable of Woburn.

NOTICE

IS hereby given that the subscribers have been appointed by the County of Middlesex, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors to the estate of JAMES A. MASH, Pump-Maker, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testator, and to receive and examine the same from the 1st day of February, A. D. 1859, are allowed by said Judge to the creditors to bring in and prove their debts to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding the first meeting to be held on Thursday, the 31st day of March next, the second meeting on the 1st day of April next, and the third meeting on the 1st day of May next, at 3 o'clock, p. m., on each day.

The subscribers will make due return of this warrant with your doings thereon, to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding said meeting.

Given under our hands at Woburn, this twenty-fourth day of February, A. D. 1859.

P. L. CONVERSE, Selectmen, *Woburn*, *Mass.*

E. K. CRAGIN, *Woburn*.

A true copy, attested,

EDWARD SIMONIS, Constable of Woburn.

NOTICE

IS hereby given that the subscribers have been appointed by the County of Middlesex, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors to the estate of JAMES A. MASH, Pump-Maker, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testator, and to receive and examine the same from the 1st day of February, A. D. 1859, are allowed by said Judge to the creditors to bring in and prove their debts to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding the first meeting to be held on Thursday, the 31st day of March next, the second meeting on the 1st day of April next, and the third meeting on the 1st day of May next, at 3 o'clock, p. m., on each day.

The subscribers will make due return of this warrant with your doings thereon, to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding said meeting.

Given under our hands at Woburn, this twenty-fourth day of February, A. D. 1859.

P. L. CONVERSE, Selectmen, *Woburn*, *Mass.*

E. K. CRAGIN, *Woburn*.

A true copy, attested,

EDWARD SIMONIS, Constable of Woburn.

NOTICE

IS hereby given that the subscribers have been appointed by the County of Middlesex, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors to the estate of JAMES A. MASH, Pump-Maker, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testator, and to receive and examine the same from the 1st day of February, A. D. 1859, are allowed by said Judge to the creditors to bring in and prove their debts to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding the first meeting to be held on Thursday, the 31st day of March next, the second meeting on the 1st day of April next, and the third meeting on the 1st day of May next, at 3 o'clock, p. m., on each day.

The subscribers will make due return of this warrant with your doings thereon, to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding said meeting.

Given under our hands at Woburn, this twenty-fourth day of February, A. D. 1859.

P. L. CONVERSE, Selectmen, *Woburn*, *Mass.*

E. K. CRAGIN, *Woburn*.

A true copy, attested,

EDWARD SIMONIS, Constable of Woburn.

NOTICE

IS hereby given that the subscribers have been appointed by the County of Middlesex, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors to the estate of JAMES A. MASH, Pump-Maker, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testator, and to receive and examine the same from the 1st day of February, A. D. 1859, are allowed by said Judge to the creditors to bring in and prove their debts to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding the first meeting to be held on Thursday, the 31st day of March next, the second meeting on the 1st day of April next, and the third meeting on the 1st day of May next, at 3 o'clock, p. m., on each day.

The subscribers will make due return of this warrant with your doings thereon, to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding said meeting.

Given under our hands at Woburn, this twenty-fourth day of February, A. D. 1859.

The Poet's Corner.

WINTER.

BY BELLE.

Winter's reign will soon be over—
Soon the Spring will come;
Then the green grass will be springing,
And the Robin red-breast singing,
Round my dear old home.

Long old Winter now hath bound us
With his icy hand;
Now no more the streams are flowing,
Or the fragrant flowers growing,
Over our fair land.

Of old Winter's many pleasures

We would ever sing;
Yet, oh, Spring! we long to meet thee,
And with smiling faces greet thee—
Hasten! hasten! Spring.

Then, Old Winter, we will bid thee,
For a time, farewell!

Knowing that when Summer closes,
And we bid good-bye to roses,
Again thou'lt us with us—Fox Popul.

Miscellaneous.

"What part ob de ceremony do ladies most admire when they go to church?"

"Well, Pompey, I can't tell dat. What am it?"

"Why, Julius, it's looking at de hins."

"A lady who began to be weary of the criticisms of a party of gentlemen on crinoline, exclaimed, 'So long as hooded-skirts keep foolish people at a convenient distance, just so long will they be tolerated.'

"Passing along, a youth tore his coat on a nail in a barrel—seeing which, he struck an attitude, and exclaimed—'See what a rent the envious cask has made!'

"Diplomacy is the art of saying something when you have got nothing to say—as much as it is the art of saying nothing when you really have got something to say."

"The young lady who was 'lost in thought,' has been found. She was 'hugging an idea,' looking very much like a man."

"Love without money has been compared to a pair of shiny-leather boots without soles."

"Mrs. Partington has bought a horse so spirited that he always goes off in a de-canter."

"A man can get along without advertising, and so can a wagon without greasing, but it goes hard."

"The Shylock who with honest people mingles, should cease to shave his fellow-men, and go to shoving shingles."

"Saith Solomon the wise, 'A good wife's a good prize.'

"In girls we love what they are; in young men what they promise to be."

"'Good-by' is a contraction of the words 'God be with you.'

"Do nothing by the halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if wrong, leave it undone."

"Marriage improves a man vastly."

COUGHS & COLD'S!

Now is the time for COLD'S! and no public are more in need of a remedy than those so often in requiring all kinds of Coughs and Colds as SWEETSER'S COMPOUND ICE-LAND MOST CANDY. To this there is nothing equal in its properties, and all affections of the Asthma, Ticklings in the Throat, and all affections of the Pulmonary Organs are cured or relieved by it. It is a true Remedy for the CONGHI in the throat, fresh of the ICELAND MOST CANDY, and it will afford great relief, rendering the attack less severe, and tend to a speedy cure. For sale at the WOBURN BOOK STORE.

JOHN J. PIPPY.

JOHN J. PIPPY,
Publisher of the "Middlesex Journal,"
BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Account Books, Stationery, Paper Hangings, Artistic, Fancy Goods, Books Manufactured, and Books of all kinds bound to order.

Agent for First Class Stock and Mutual Fire Insurance Companies.

First Four Right and Left.

HONES' BALL ROOM HAND-BOOK, in blue and gold and paper covers, for sale at the WOBURN BOOK STORE.

Jan. 25.—1859.

Painted Rugs!

WHAT every housekeeper wants, at this time, to put under their stoves. For sale by W. WOODBERRY.

Woburn, October 9th, 1858.

Hair Dye—Hair Dye—Hair Dye!

W. A. BACHELOR'S HAIR DYE!

Great Hair Dye, dried instantly, to a beautiful and natural brown, or black, without the least injury to Hair or Skin.

FIFTEEN MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS have been awarded to Wm. A. Bachelor since 1859, and over 85,000 applications have been made to the HAIR of his patrons of his famous DYE. Prejudice against Dyeing the Hair and Whiskers is unjust, as it would be against covering a head with a wig.

W. A. BACHELOR'S HAIR DYE produces a color not to be distinguished from nature, and is warranted not to injure in the least, however long it may be continued.

Made, sold or applied (in private rooms) at the Wig Factory, 233 Broadway, N. Y. Sold in all cities and towns in the United States, by Druggists and Fancy Goods Houses.

* * * The genuine has the name and address upon a steel plate engraved on four sides of each bottle.

WILLIAM A. BACHELOR,

Jan. 2.—233 Broadway, New York.

J. K. PORTER & CO.,

No. 20 Congress Street, and 1 Post Office Avenue, BOSTON;

AUCTIONEERS

FOR THE SALE OF
REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY
of every description, (houses, barns, lands, &c.)
TENDERS, their services to owners of Real
Estate, Executors, Administrators, Guardians,
Assessors, and all others having houses and
lands or personal effects to dispose of by auction.

J. K. PORTER has the experience in the business,
and is personally to be had.

We refer, by permission, to Hon. John H. Wilkins, Hon. John P. Bigelow, Samuel Bradlee, Esq., Daniel Davis, Esq., and Francis O. Watts, Esq., Boston, Jan. 25, 1859.

THOMAS' OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC
for 1859, is for sale, wholesale and retail, at the
WOBURN BOOK STORE.

WHITE STONE CHINA! Before you
purchase elsewhere, just look at the new
patterns at W. WOODBERRY'S.

JUST PUBLISHED!

THE Religion for the Heart & Home,

Two Sermons preached in the First Congregational Church in Woburn, by

REV. DANIEL MARCH.

THESE EXCELLENT SERMONS—The one entitled "THE BEST RELIGION," and the other "HOME PIETY," should be in the hands of every family.

They were published, by a Committee of the First Congregational Society of Woburn, with the view of giving a wide circulation to the great truths contained in them, and of spreading the knowledge of what RELIGION IS THE BEST, and the happiness which PIETY BRINGS TO THE HOME, will not fail to procure and attractively present.

For sale by HENRY HOYT, Cornhill; J. M. WHITMORE & Co., 144 Tremont Street, Boston; and at the WOBURN BOOK STORE.

Long old Winter now hath bound us

With his icy hand;

Now no more the streams are flowing,

Or the fragrant flowers growing,

Over our fair land.

Of old Winter's many pleasures

We would ever sing;

Yet, oh, Spring! we long to meet thee,

And with smiling faces greet thee—

Hasten! hasten! Spring.

Then, Old Winter, we will bid thee,

For a time, farewell!

Knowing that when Summer closes,

And we bid good-bye to roses,

Again thou'lt us with us—Fox Popul.

Miscellaneous.

"What part ob de ceremony do ladies most admire when they go to church?"

"Well, Pompey, I can't tell dat. What am it?"

"Why, Julius, it's looking at de hins."

"A lady who began to be weary of the criticisms of a party of gentlemen on crinoline, exclaimed, 'So long as hooded-skirts keep foolish people at a convenient distance, just so long will they be tolerated.'

"Passing along, a youth tore his coat on a nail in a barrel—seeing which, he struck an attitude, and exclaimed—'See what a rent the envious cask has made!'

"Diplomacy is the art of saying something when you have got nothing to say—as much as it is the art of saying nothing when you really have got something to say."

"The young lady who was 'lost in thought,' has been found. She was 'hugging an idea,' looking very much like a man."

"Love without money has been compared to a pair of shiny-leather boots without soles."

"Mrs. Partington has bought a horse so spirited that he always goes off in a de-canter."

"A man can get along without advertising, and so can a wagon without greasing, but it goes hard."

"The Shylock who with honest people mingles, should cease to shave his fellow-men, and go to shoving shingles."

"Saith Solomon the wise, 'A good wife's a good prize.'

"In girls we love what they are; in young men what they promise to be."

"'Good-by' is a contraction of the words 'God be with you.'

"Do nothing by the halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if wrong, leave it undone."

"Marriage improves a man vastly."

COUGHS & COLD'S!

The Subscribers offer for Sale 60,000 barrels of their New and Improved

POUDRETTTE,

OF THE

Lodi Manufacturing Company,

MANUFACTURED from the night-soil

of New York city, in lots to suit purchasers.

This Article is greatly improved in the last three

and still more in the market for eighteen years,

and still more competitive.

It is a safe and reliable article.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. VIII. :: No. 22.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1859.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Poetry.

BLUE EYES.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY REV. C. T. BROOKS.

Blue eyes are full of danger—
Beware their tender glow!—
They'll leave thy heart a stranger
To peaceful hours below!
I warn you men, give earnest heed!
Let not bright eyes your sight mislead;
And when blue eyes your glances win,
Look not too deep—too deep therein!

Blue eyes with soul are beaming;
They'll look thee through and through;
With light of love they're streaming,
So mild, and warm and true.
And when my heart is sore distressed,
And sorrow fills my fondly breast,
Let then, blue eyes my sorrow win;
I find my sky—my day therein!

Blue eyes from heaven are lighted
With holy, soul-born glow,
To cheer poor man benighted,
And charm him out of woe.
And when cold wintry clouds arise,
And shroud in grey the sunny skies,
Then let blue eyes my glances win;
I find my sky—my day therein!

An Interesting Original Story.

Written for the Middlesex Journal.

THE SIGNAL: Or, POLLY'S TRUE.

BY MARY WARD WELLMAN.

In the most retired part of the city of London, there lived an old sea captain whose name was Lucas. This aged man had but one son, who, when the father retired from struggling with the boisterous deep, tempted his frail bark upon the mighty waters.—Horace Lucas was a strong hardy son of the ocean, who would never shrink from duty, though danger stared him in the face, nor would he swerve from the right, nor deviate from the truth, though the torments of the rack or the consuming fire were to be his portion.

Near the residence of the old sea captain there lived an aged widow with an only daughter, whose name was Mary Maret.—Her father had been dead many long years, and Mary supported her mother by keeping school. Mrs. Maret was the widow of Capt. Maret an old English Sailor, and though he left his wife and daughter but little of this world's goods, he left behind him a name more to be desired than gold, that of a christians—a high minded honest hearted christian, and a man whose religion lay in the heart, and whose works, among his fellow men could be seen by a consistent practical life. Years passed away, the old sea captain Lucas and the aged widow Maret, were quietly sleeping in the churchyard, and the lashes of the green willow drooped over their grassy beds.

Time sped on, and the amiable Mary Maret became the wife of Horace Lucas.—Horace at this time had been three years before the mast, and was now raised to third officer of the ship. Could Mary have had her choice she would have had Horace pursue some business on shore, but she never interfered, as she knew that it was Horace Lucas' delight to plough the briny deep.

Two years had passed since Mary Maret and Horace Lucas had exchanged vows; two years, and we find a little plant, a lovely flower opening its sweet petals in Mary's arms, and unfolding its infantile beauty and loveliness to all around. Little Mary Matilde, for such was the baby's name, was very precious in the eyes of its doting mother, who, attending to its little wants passed in happiness many hours which would have otherwise been spent in sad conjectures, and it may have been, uncalculated for forebodings.

But time in its flight brought Horace to the arms of his companion once more, and baby "Tilly," as she was always called, frolicked about papa's knee to get the proffered kiss.—"Changin', changin'" must be the motto of him who rides upon the waves of the mighty deep. And so Horace Lucas must again leave those he loved, but not without dropping the parting tear for Mary and her babe.

A young man of much promise was Horace, and now stood upon the deck of the fine ship "Lion," with but one superior officer, he being shipped as first mate. This young man returned in about two years to London, having prospered in all the affairs that pertained to his official calling.

Five years more had passed away, and each passing year had brought increased joys, and added little by little to their worldly store.—Horace and Mary had at this time two children, the oldest a girl of four years, the youngest, a little boy of eight months. Happiness with prosperity, is much desired, but prosperity with selfishness and unreturned affection is much to be dreaded. Horace had always been prosperous, therefore he was always happy; and a being of such a temperament as was his, could not be happy without having one friend to share his joys. Mary Maret was surely the woman to make glad the heart of such a man. Mary was loving in heart, as her mild blue eyes would, in spite of her, reveal the fact. Gentle in disposition, fervent in duty, both towards her fellow creatures and towards her God. With such a wife, Horace could not but be happy, and with such a husband, Mary could not fail to live out her true character—loving and giving.

"Twas on the morning of the twentieth of June 18—, that Horace parted with Mary to spend three long years among strangers.—Never had Mary found it so trying to her loving heart as was this separation; it may have been that Mary's little family had increased and papa's little and papa's kind words were too dear to be withheld around the family hearthstone.

Horace Lucas was a strong minded man—ye he could not stand unmoved when he carried his little ones and his Mary on the morning above mentioned. The strong man became weak, and the bright animated eye grew dim with tears. The hour of departure whs over, and Horace stood upon the deck of the "Lion," no longer an inferior, but as CAPTAIN LUCAS. The crew were men of his own selecting, men who had known and loved him when he shipped a timid (but determined) lad, before the mast.

Years passed, and Mary counted the days and weeks with a restless and troubled mind; and though she often received letters from Horace, still her womanly soul was very saddened by the absence of one who had made her life so desirable, and who seemed to be living only for her and her little ones.—Months and years had passed down the stream of time. Soon the familiar scenes of youth were to gladden the eyes of many a home bound sailor—and many a loving wife,—mother and sister, were waiting, anxiously waiting to grasp the hands they loved, and kiss the lips that never uttered aught save words of love to them. But joy was soon turned to mourning; happy smiles were exchanged for sad countenances, when tidings came that the Lion and her noble crew were down amid the rocks of the mighty ocean.—Over the sweet face of Mary was spread a mantle of sorrow, and over her light, happy spirit came a veil of gloom.

It was reported that the "Lion" and her noble crew were lost on the passage from the west coast of Africa to their native port.

There was a rumor afloat that two or three of the sailors were picked up by a ship bound for Canton in China; but this was a mere flying report and few paid any attention to it.

Mary was now suddenly hurled from the height of happiness to the depths of despair,—where was she to go, or to whom was she to apply for disinterested kindness? True her husband's employers gave her a small sum of money, for Horace had done well for them; but the house in which Mary lived, must now go into other hands, though Horace had thought to spend the remainder of his life in the house in which he first saw the light, and had thought his children's children would frown under the same old trees that adorned the home of his boyhood days.

After the lapse of a few months, Mary took her departure from London with a lady and husband, whose she had known in better days. The family left Europe for America, having Mary and her two little ones a charge, and offering them all the consolation they could, assuring her they would not leave her come-forth in a land of strangers.

In due time they arrived at New York, where the gentleman was to remain on business for one year. Mary was provided with suitable rooms for herself and babes and in a few weeks found employment.

The year passed away; Mary's friends returned to England while Mary remained in New York, striving to support her helpless little ones. For a while Mary Lucas lived in apparently comfortable circumstances. But as the times grew hard, high rents and high prices for provisions and fuel increased, and Mary found she had but a few dollars to depend on, and her employers were now paying very low prices for the work she did. Mary had some good and warm hearted friends in New York, and as they began to see Mary's condition, they advised her to go to Boston, where her rent would be cheaper, and her business, comparatively speaking, much better.

Mary took her little children, together with the few articles she had always kept sacred, having brought them from her home over the ocean—a few things which her dear Horace had bought her, and arrived at Boston, where none but strange faces met her gaze.

Mary had a deep, sorrowful look, but still one acquainted with human nature could see a heart of love, a soul of truth beaming up under the veil of gloom that mounted her sweet thoughtful face. She was not long in finding a home at Boston; almost the first woman she met, or conversed with, gave her two small rooms at a low rate, but in a respectable street, where the strange lady, and her maiden sister lived, in an antiquated, though comfortable house.

Through the influence of the woman with whom Mary now lived, she procured an amount of sewing, and for a time she maintained her little ones and paid her rent with but little difficulty. But as the winter of fifty-five was a hard winter for poor people everywhere, Mary could scarcely maintain herself and little ones, and was often found wanting the necessities of life.

There was one lady whom Mary had found in Boston, one in which she found not merely a source of pecuniary benefit, but one to whom she could go in her distress and find a balm for her wounded heart. This lady had always loaned Mary little sums of money whenever she had asked the favor, and for security Mary had mortgaged articles of furniture, one after another, until little was left that she could call her own. Mary Lucas was now in a critical condition, her health had failed her, her little ones were taken from school as she could not clothe them as she wished; and though she still retained her little choice articles, brought from London, yet they really belonged to her good friend Mrs. Goodwill. This excellent lady had on hearing Mary say she could never live to see another take things Horace had bought her, away, proposed the above method in which she could keep her things and also have the benefit of the money she so much needed.

Mrs. G— would often tell her that when she got well, and the times were easier she could pay back the money in small sums, thus retaining her articles which seemed so precious in her eyes.

But instead of better times, the year fifty-six brought heavier burdens for the poor and unprotected widow and her innocent babes.

"List the winds of winter—telling, telling of the suffering poor,
On what hardships they endure!"

"Twas a cold night when the searching March wind stole in through every little crevice in the widow's room. The little girl, now a sweet child of nine years, had just entered with a little pair of cold feet filled with bread and meat from the good Mrs. Goodwill's. The widow and the children drew up around the little table and with grateful hearts ate their evening meal. Supper being over the two little children took their seats and sat up near the fire as they could, for the widow had no stove, and her wood was nearly consumed.

Though poverty had stared Mary in the face, though she had sacrificed almost all she had to keep her little ones from starving; still, there was one thing that she had always said she could never give up while she could get one mouthful of food. This was a favorite Parrot, a beautiful bird, far superior to anything of its kind in Boston, and attracted great admiration from the passers by, when Polly in summer sat in the open window or out in the yard, and began her chatter, Horace had given this bird to Mary when they were first married. It was a bird quite different from the common Parrot, and its fine plumage made it a most beautiful creature. The bird had many words and sentences that Horace had learned it, and it seemed more like a child to Mary as it talked, and seemed to partake of her grief, and share the scanty crumbs with little Tilly and Tom.

As Tilly and Tommy entered the store their eyes rested upon three men who stood looking at some caps, and talking with the Milliner's husband. Tommy and Tilly sat the cage down upon the settee, and began to cry. This attracted the customers' attention, and being sailors, they were ready to listen to the tale of sorrow, as they watched the tears that dimmed the eyes of the little ones.

"Well, what are you crying for, hey?" said the Milliner as she leaned her old warped form over the counter, and began to play with Polly. The Parrot would only ruffle its feathers, as if she felt indignant at the touch of the cold hearted woman.

"Oh, dear, I don't want mamma to sell Polly," sobbed Tommy, "but we aint got any wood," (the sailors ears were open,) "Will you please let us have Polly back, when mother gets well and carries money?"

"No," said the woman, "if I buy Polly, I buy her, and you can't have her again." Then turning to the little girl she said harshly, "Why didn't your mother make up her mind before you came in? you need not stand crying, you can't have Polly, after I once take her away for her."

The sailors began to wipe their eyes.

"Come boys," said the largest and best dressed man, who looked like a sea captain, "come, now, here's a job for us." and they advanced toward the children. As they did so, the large man we just described sank down upon the settee and burst out in a flood of tears.

"La ma," said the old Milliner, "I didn't you ever see any poor children afore? why, you look if you had been in a great many cities, I should think you might have seen beggar children in heaps."

These words brought the man to his feet, and walking up to the children he said, "My little ones, where do you live?" Tommy ran to the door and pointed his little cold finger to the house. The man put his hand in Polly's cage to stroke her feathers, and Polly rubbed her head against his hand, as if she recognized a friend.

"Now," said the man kissing Tilly and Tommy, "Now, Madam, I must interfere with this trade. I shall give a signal to this Parrot, and if the bird answers it, money cannot purchase it." The man then gave a loud tap upon the counter, and a shrill whistle, when Polly sprang up from her swing and cried out, "Oh! oh! oh! Polly's True, Polly's True."

This was enough to bring the man to his senses, he then told the children to stand still, and the man pulled a purse (containing about fifty dollars gold) from his pocket and placing it in Polly's beak, told the bird to give it to the master.

"Now," said the man kissing Tilly and Tommy, "Now, Madam, I must interfere with this trade. I shall give a signal to this Parrot, and if the bird answers it, money cannot purchase it."

"Come boys," said the largest and best dressed man, who looked like a sea captain, "come, now, here's a job for us." and they advanced toward the children. As they did so, the large man we just described sank down upon the settee and burst out in a flood of tears.

"Well, now sir, I am sure, I took you for an American. I don't know anything about the woman opposite; should think she would give him a gentle hint of who the strangers were whom he seemed to take so much interest in. So she broke forth—

"You seem uncommonly affected by the tears of those children; they are foreigners, and I should think they had better sell their bird than beg bread."

The word beg seemed to move upon the strong man, as steam moves the massive engine; turning to the woman he said—

"I, too, am a foreigner—a stranger in a strange land."

"Well, now sir, I am sure, I took you for an American. I don't know anything about the woman opposite; should think she would give him a gentle hint of who the strangers were whom he seemed to take so much interest in."

"I know her well enough to know she's a woman; a kind loving, affectionate woman, the staff of man; and when that staff is broken, man has but little to lean upon, save the arm of his God." The man bowed respectfully and left the old crusty Milliner standing as if paralyzed.

Let us cross the street. Tommy and Polly are having a rough and tumble on the floor, while mamma is reading them, and Tilly is looking at the shining gold. The note tells the mother to purchase all that will make her comfortable, and the donor will call upon her the next evening. Mrs. Lucas engaged a man to bring her some wood; she went with Tilly to the market, and grocers, and procured a nice little store of eatables, and had money left.

"Polly's true, Polly's true," the bird kept saying, and Tommy's face was lit up with smiles. Mrs. Lucas almost forgot her grief, seeing the children and Polly so earnest in their childish sports. Little Tommy would look sad no longer—but assured his mother that he should get his wish, and if he did Polly would have as many crackers and apples as he wanted.

It was now Tommy's bedtime, and Mrs. Lucas could not smile to see Tommy in his bed, and in his Polly's predictions of good luck the next day.

Tommy went to sleep, but would occasionally laugh out during the night as if he had pleasant dreams, and all trouble seemed buried. The morning came, the widow could devise no way to procure wood. Polly must be sold, thought she, or we shall freeze.

Tilly and Tommy began to cry. The mother asked Tommy to take Polly to the Milliner,

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. VIII. :: No. 22.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1859.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

A MOST EXCELLENT THING IN WOMAN.—There is one part of a woman's education often forgotten or neglected—the culture and formation of a gentle voice. It is a great gift of nature, to be aided by culture—an instrument of powerful influence for good. I speak not of singing hymns, now, and the culture of harmony for musical purposes—though these tend to God's praise, or to give innocent amusement—but this gentle voice will be able to guide and persuade to the good, the many heart of a faithful husband—will mitigate sorrow, lessen trial, and speak of hope and joy to her dear friends and connections, in a seat at once powerful and pleasing. Let us then be careful in our schools to cultivate this valuable requirement. How different in all respects, to a family, for friends and neighbors, are the kind, gentle, persuasive accents I might have described, from the sounds we sometimes (also! too often!) hear in the close abodes of poverty and trial—high, harsh, female trill tones of bitter import—scolding and reproaching, and driving away from the heart and home (perhaps to sorrow and to sin) the husband and children.—R. M. Slaney, M. P.

E. R.

The New State—Oregon.

Another has been added to our republican constellation. Oregon has arisen from the pupillage of a Territory into the maturity of a State, by a vote on Saturday in the House of Representatives, 114 yeas to 103 nays; and although it is to be regretted that some of the clauses in her constitution are not such, as will generally be allowed to the North, yet we must be allowed to express our gratification at the admission of Oregon into the Federal family. We have now thirty-three States, being an addition of twenty to the old revolutionary number. Where else in the world can so rapid a national growth be shown? Soon will a new port and many towns arise on the banks of the noble and fertilizing Columbia river, while on the shores of the more southern "Snake" and other tributary streams, will smile with plantations, farms, gardens, and villages. Indeed, much of Oregon, and especially the more cultivable regions, are alluvial, and capable of being rendered as agriculturally productive as any land on the continent, while the climate is mild and salubrious in the winter—the latitude extending from 42° to 49°, and longitude from 125° to 109°.

The inhabitants even now number nearly 100,000, besides Indians, who are decreasing annually, and (alas! for the red man) their savage existence seems to perish naturally before the civilizing influences of the "pacific," even when quarrels are not provoked!

And the fatal fire-water is not introduced.

The fisheries of the new State are, perhaps,

not surpassed by any known to mankind—

particularly in salmon. The lumber is inexhaustible, and for generations yet to come, the furs of Oregon will prove a great source of wealth and commerce. And why not her mines also—though yet almost unexplored?

Her savage existence seems to perish naturally before the civilizing influences of the "pacific," even when quarrels are not provoked!

And the fatal fire-water is not introduced.

The fisheries of the new State are, perhaps,

not surpassed by any known to mankind—

particularly in salmon. The lumber is inexhaustible, and for generations yet to come,

the furs of Oregon will prove a great source of wealth and commerce. And why not her mines also—though yet almost unexplored?

Her savage existence seems to perish naturally before the civilizing influences of the "pacific," even when quarrels are not provoked!

And the fatal fire-water is not introduced.

The fisheries of the new State are, perhaps,</p

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1859.

Saturday a. m., Centre Senior, at 9 o'clock; Monday, p. m., March 14th, Grammar School, at 12 o'clock; Tuesday, p. m., March 15th, High School, at 12 o'clock. The Woodville School will have no public examination appointed by the Committee, as several of the pupils are about removing from the district, which, with other causes, will much diminish the already small numbers. There will, however, be a private examination, as in all the other schools, besides the teacher will invite the parents and friends to spend some half day in the school and witness the general exercises.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Jones, wife of Henry Jones, Esq., met with a serious accident from the breaking of a fluid lamp. From some cause the lamp was upset upon the marble slab at which she was sitting, and broke, falling into her lap, enveloping her almost instantly in flames. By the great efforts of herself and family, the flames were smothered. The hands and arms of Mrs. Jones were badly burned. Mr. Jones did not wholly escape injury.

Another addition has recently been made to the Town Library, including the four published volumes of Appleton's New American Cyclopedia.

Last week, Mr. Charles E. Locke had the end of two of his fingers cut off while engaged at the shoe manufactory of Thomas Emerson's sons.

The estate of Mr. Enos Wiley was sold at auction on Monday, to Mr. Hewett, city missionary at Boston.

Mr. Benjamin Mansfield has leased a room on the Common, adjoining the Dry Goods store of E. Mansfield, to be occupied for a branch store for the sale of grain from his mill.

We learn from Dr. Mansfield that Mr. Freeman, Mr. Lucy, and Mrs. Jones, who were injured by the burning of fluid, on Monday and Tuesday evenings, are all doing well.—We learn, also, that Mr. Norcross, who is in the family of his brother, Doctor Norcross, is as comfortable as could be expected.

Dr. S. O. Richardson has very generously donated to the Universalist Society a bell to be placed upon their house of worship, having authorized the committee to procure one of their own liking and present the bell to him for payment.

M.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—As the time is nearly at hand for us to close up the municipal affairs of the year, the fathers of the Town of Reading, the School Committee, Treasurer and Collector, and one other class, those that have demands against the town, are all busy, some one way and some another. But why the Selectmen should meet at the Poor-House instead of the rooms hired by the town for the use of themselves, Town Clerk and Treasurer, is a question often asked. Our schools have all closed, and every one is anxious to see the Report of the Committee, and perhaps more particularly the report of the High School, as that has been a source of contention among the inhabitants, so much so, that only three hundred dollars were appropriated to the support of the school for the past year; and the question seems to be, whence did the money come from to pay the balance? but it is said that the School Committee's Report will divulge the secret.

Since writing the above, I have received the school Committee's Report, and also the warrant for town meeting, and by comparing them together, I think the Committee must have appropriated, in addition to the \$300, about \$103.49, the amount received from the Commonwealth; and ask the town to pay the balance, \$235.01. In the town warrant is matter enough to last two days, if there is as much excitement at the meeting as there is in some circles about town, especially in the outside districts.

LIQUOR AGENCY.—There is quite an animated discussion going on as to the Liquor Agency; some decimating that the Agent owes the town \$34.55, others that he owes but 55 cents; and for the sake of showing the fact, I will by the politeness of the Agent, state the facts as understood by the Selectmen and Agent, as follows:—

Amount received from sales, \$324.65
Paid for purchases, 215.11
Salary of Agent, \$19.55
Paid for Agent, 55.00

Leaving balance due the town, 34.55

And that the Agency has made a net profit of 55 cents.

COURT RECORDS.—Mr. Justice Upton held a court at Reading on Tuesday, which excited considerable interest. The case was on a complaint of Franklin Fletcher, Esq., who had procured some evidence against somebody by the name of Richardson, and as there were some circumstances which looked suspicious, Mr. F. thought best to make an arrest, but as there were more Richardson's than one, and all rogues are liable to have more than one name, and as the witnesses could not identify the party, the Justice was obliged to let the party arrested go. This caused quite a division of feelings in the audience, (which must have numbered 400,) some of whom cheered and some looked disappointed, not that the innocent had been set at liberty, but, as the community had suffered so much for the last 6 months by fires and thefts, that they had not been able to get the guilty party.

Last Sabbath afternoon, the Rev. Mr. Wilcox of the Bethesda Society in this place, preached one of his doctrinal sermons, which is said to have called out a very full attendance, and I understand he intends to continue the same subject next Sabbath afternoon.

The Sabbath School connected with the Universalist Society, held their Monthly Concert on the afternoon of Sunday last, which for interest, I think has not been surpassed by any former one that I have attended. The object of these meetings is to simplify the illustrations of the subject matter brought before them, and at the same time make them interesting so that the youthful mind can be brought to understand and appreciate, when a sermon would be dull and beyond the comprehension of a great portion of them.

SURPRISE.—On Wednesday evening the Sewing Circle connected with the Old South Church and Society, having got through with tea,—to which the gentlemen connected with said Society had been specially invited,—Dr.

New Advertisements.

Universalist Meeting-House.

THE choice of seats in the Universalist Meeting House, for the coming year, will be sold at Auction, on Sunday evening, the 7th instant, at 8 o'clock, with the proceeds of the sale, devoted to the support of preaching, therefore, those who have seats or seats are requested to be present at that time.

Per Order of Committee.

Stoneham, Feb. 1, 1859.

Decayed Teeth Preserved!

D. BROWN, by a new article of Gold, will be prepared to restore teeth, however badly decayed or broken, to their original shape and strength, avoiding in most cases the necessity of removal, call and see specimens of this work, and also a model of a tooth, perfectly clean in one entire piece, whereby perfect cleanliness is obtained. Teeth extracted by electricity without extraction.

AMMIE BROWN, Dental Surgeon, 94 Winter St., Boston's Building, Boston, March 5, 1859.—19.

Horse Carts for Sale!

TWO NEW HORSE CARTS FOR SALE by GEORGE ALLEN, Blacksmith, Winchester, Mass.

March 5.—16.

Elegant Carpets at Low Prices!

NOW OPENING FROM AUCTION, 100 pieces of Super Tapestry Brussels, subject to minimum bid, superlative specimens, and of the most recent production—rich and gorgeous colors, and of the finest quality. The imperfections are removed, leaving the appearance of durability of the goods.

NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO.,

No. 75 Hanover St., opposite American House, Mar. 5. 3w.

BOSTON.

Floor Oil Cloths!

OF the most celebrated productions, for sale by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., Mar. 5. 3w.

BOSTON.

Kidderminster Carpets!

NEW PATTERNS—never before exhibited in this market—now opening by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., March 5. 3w.

BOSTON.

Our Musical Friend :

TWELVE PAGES OF POPULAR MUSIC FOR TEN CENTS.

"Our Musical Friend" is filled with the best Piano Solos, Duets, Songs, Operatic Arias, Polkas, Mazurkas, Quadrilles, Walzes, and every other species of music, for the best of Vocal and Pianoforte Performers for Voice and Piano by the best American and European Composers; printed on full sized music paper, adapted to every grade of performer.

The same quantity of music, produced from the original publishers, would cost more than ten times what we charge.

A year's subscription to "Our Musical Friend," will secure new and fashionable music worth at least Two Hundred Dollars, and entirely sufficient for the home circle.

PRICE TEN CENTS, WEEKLY.

"Our Musical Friend" is filled with the best Piano Solos, Duets, Songs, Operatic Arias, Polkas, Mazurkas, Quadrilles, Walzes, and every other species of music, for the best of Vocal and Pianoforte Performers for Voice and Piano by the best American and European Composers; printed on full sized music paper, adapted to every grade of performer.

The same quantity of music, produced from the original publishers, would cost more than ten times what we charge.

A year's subscription to "Our Musical Friend," will secure new and fashionable music worth at least Two Hundred Dollars, and entirely sufficient for the home circle.

PRICE TEN CENTS, WEEKLY.

When will be represented the Drama of the "Idiot Witness," and the Farce of "The Omnibus," Music by the Orchestra under the direction of C. W. Green.

New Scenery by J. W. Barrett, and New Costumes, Stage Decorations, &c.

BY Particulars See Small Bills.

Admission 15 cents. Doors open at 6 o'clock. Performance to commence at 7 o'clock precisely.

Stoneham, March 4, 1859.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE!

THE owners and occupants of the following described parcels of Real Estate, situated in the Town of Winchester, in the County of Middlesex, and Colony of Massachusetts, are hereby notified that the State Tax on the Real Estate therof, several years ago, according to the last computation, did not exceed eight dollars, and that the Assessors of Taxes, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of Real Estate will be offered for sale, at the office of the Collector of Taxes, in the County Building, in said Winchester, on SATURDAY the 14th day of March next, at 3 o'clock, and the same day, the sum of eight dollars, together with all the costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

ROBERT MELLUS.—House and land, of one-half acre, bounded southerly and westerly by other land of said town, northerly and easterly by a private road and Grove Street.

GEORGE W. BISHOP.—House and land, about one-half thousand feet of land, situated on Ls Grange street, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly by land of C. M. Moline, all underly by said street, leading from Charles to LeGrange street, State, County and Town Tax, \$19.72.

LEIBERUS LEACH.—House, barn, shed, and about 33 acres of land, on Main street, at Symmes' corner, bounded westerly by said Main street, northerly by land of Wm. C. Bishop, and southerly by land of Wm. C. Bishop, and easterly by a private street.

BALANCE due on State, County and Town Tax, \$3.04.

MESSES. S. W. FOWLER & CO.—A large number of bottles of the Oxygenated Bitters, and have derived great benefit from their use. I have been much gratified in the use of these for several years, and found nothing like them so well suited to my purpose. I Moline, all underly by said street, leading from Charles to LeGrange street, State, County and Town Tax, \$19.72.

EDWARD BROOKS.—House and half an acre of land on Pond street, known as the Fay Place, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly and westerly by other land of said Parker.

STATE, COUNTY AND TOWN TAX, \$21.30.

EDWARD MELLUS.—House and half an acre of land on Pond street, known as the Fay Place, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly and westerly by other land of said Parker.

STATE, COUNTY AND TOWN TAX, \$21.30.

EDWARD MELLUS.—House and half an acre of land on Pond street, known as the Fay Place, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly and westerly by other land of said Parker.

STATE, COUNTY AND TOWN TAX, \$21.30.

EDWARD MELLUS.—House and half an acre of land on Pond street, known as the Fay Place, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly and westerly by other land of said Parker.

STATE, COUNTY AND TOWN TAX, \$21.30.

EDWARD MELLUS.—House and half an acre of land on Pond street, known as the Fay Place, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly and westerly by other land of said Parker.

STATE, COUNTY AND TOWN TAX, \$21.30.

EDWARD MELLUS.—House and half an acre of land on Pond street, known as the Fay Place, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly and westerly by other land of said Parker.

STATE, COUNTY AND TOWN TAX, \$21.30.

EDWARD MELLUS.—House and half an acre of land on Pond street, known as the Fay Place, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly and westerly by other land of said Parker.

STATE, COUNTY AND TOWN TAX, \$21.30.

EDWARD MELLUS.—House and half an acre of land on Pond street, known as the Fay Place, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly and westerly by other land of said Parker.

STATE, COUNTY AND TOWN TAX, \$21.30.

EDWARD MELLUS.—House and half an acre of land on Pond street, known as the Fay Place, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly and westerly by other land of said Parker.

STATE, COUNTY AND TOWN TAX, \$21.30.

EDWARD MELLUS.—House and half an acre of land on Pond street, known as the Fay Place, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly and westerly by other land of said Parker.

STATE, COUNTY AND TOWN TAX, \$21.30.

EDWARD MELLUS.—House and half an acre of land on Pond street, known as the Fay Place, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly and westerly by other land of said Parker.

STATE, COUNTY AND TOWN TAX, \$21.30.

EDWARD MELLUS.—House and half an acre of land on Pond street, known as the Fay Place, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly and westerly by other land of said Parker.

STATE, COUNTY AND TOWN TAX, \$21.30.

EDWARD MELLUS.—House and half an acre of land on Pond street, known as the Fay Place, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly and westerly by other land of said Parker.

STATE, COUNTY AND TOWN TAX, \$21.30.

EDWARD MELLUS.—House and half an acre of land on Pond street, known as the Fay Place, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly and westerly by other land of said Parker.

STATE, COUNTY AND TOWN TAX, \$21.30.

EDWARD MELLUS.—House and half an acre of land on Pond street, known as the Fay Place, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly and westerly by other land of said Parker.

STATE, COUNTY AND TOWN TAX, \$21.30.

EDWARD MELLUS.—House and half an acre of land on Pond street, known as the Fay Place, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly and westerly by other land of said Parker.

STATE, COUNTY AND TOWN TAX, \$21.30.

EDWARD MELLUS.—House and half an acre of land on Pond street, known as the Fay Place, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly and westerly by other land of said Parker.

STATE, COUNTY AND TOWN TAX, \$21.30.

EDWARD MELLUS.—House and half an acre of land on Pond street, known as the Fay Place, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly and westerly by other land of said Parker.

STATE, COUNTY AND TOWN TAX, \$21.30.

EDWARD MELLUS.—House and half an acre of land on Pond street, known as the Fay Place, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly and westerly by other land of said Parker.

STATE, COUNTY AND TOWN TAX, \$21.30.

EDWARD MELLUS.—House and half an acre of land on Pond street, known as the Fay Place, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly and westerly by other land of said Parker.

STATE, COUNTY AND TOWN TAX, \$21.30.

EDWARD MELLUS.—House and half an acre of land on Pond street, known as the Fay Place, bounded southerly by said street, easterly by land of Joseph B. Bishop, and northerly and westerly by other land of said Parker.

STATE, COUNTY AND TOWN TAX, \$21.30.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1859.

The Poet's Corner.

PASSING THY DOOR.

Oh ! 'twas the world to me,
Life too, and more ;—
Catching a glance of thee
Passing thy door.

Faint as an autumn leaf
Trembling to part ;
So, in that moment brief,
Trembled my heart !

Nothing I saw but thee,
Nothing could find ;—
Vision had fled from me,
Lingered behind !

How I had passed along,
How found my way,
Sightless amidst the throng—
Love could but say !

How I had moved my feet
I never knew ;

I had seen nothing, sweet,
Since I'd seen you !

Oh ! 'twas the world to me,
Life too—and more—
Catching a glance of thee,
Passing thy door.

Miscellaneous.

COLD WATER TO CURE SCALDS.—I placed a large tub full of cold water, with plenty of ice in it, by the side of a large kettle full of water, which was boiling very fast. I then rolled up my sleeve above the elbow, and thrust it into the kettle of boiling water up to the elbow, then immediately back into the tub of ice water, letting it remain a few seconds, then into boiling water again, repeating this process ten times a minute, without injury or inconvenience, not even making my arm look red. From this experiment I suggested the propriety of using cold water baths instantly after being scalded. I have practiced the above remedy with entire success during the last ten years. Cold water is always handy where there is hot water. The sooner cold water is applied after scalding, the surer will be the cure.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

A certain lord wished Garrick to be candidate for representation of a borough in parliament.

"No, my lord," said the actor, "I would rather play the part of a great man on the stage, than the part of a tool in parliament."

An Irish lawyer lately made a political speech, in which he alluded to Irish bravado after the following style :—

"The wicked few when no man pursuant but an Irishman would turn at bay and fight as bold as a lion."

A gentleman recently inquired of Governor Harris, of Tennessee, when he intended to appoint a day of thanksgiving.

"I would like to know what the Democrats have got to thank God for this year !" was the melancholy response.

A gentleman praising the generosity of his friends—observed that "he spent money like water."

"Then of course he liquidated his debts, rejoined a wag."

JOHN J. PIPPY,

Publisher of the "Middlesex Journal,"
MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

Dealers in School and Miscellaneous Books, Account Books, Stationery, Paper Hangings, Periodicals, Fancy Goods, Books Manufactured, and Publishers of all kinds, ready to order.

Agent for First Class Stock and Mutual Fire Insurance Companies.

Hair Dye—Hair Dye—Hair Dye !

W.M. BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE ! Gray, Red, or Rusty Hair dyed instantly, to a beautiful and natural brown or black, without the least injury to Hair or Skin.

FIFTEEN MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS have been awarded to Wm. A. Batchelor since 1850, and over \$5,000 applications have been made to the HAIR of his patrons of his famous DYE. Prejudice against Dyeing the Hair and Whiskers is unjust, as it would be against covering a bald head with a wig.

W.M. A. BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE produces a color not to be distinguished from nature, and is warranted to injure in the least, however long it may be continued.

Male sold or applied (in 9 private rooms) at the Wig Factory, 233 Broadway, N. Y. Sold in all cities and towns of the United States, by Druggists and Fancy Good Dealers.

* The genuine has the name and address upon a steel plate engraving on four sides of each bottle.

WILLIAM A. BATCHELOR,

Jan 2-14, 233 Broadway, New York.

J. K. PORTER & CO.,

No. 29 Congress Street, and 1 Post Office Avenue, BOSTON,

AUCTIONEERS

FOR THE SALE OF

REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY of every description, (having a State license).

TENDER their services to owners of Real Property, Executors, Administrators, Guardians, Assignees, and all others having houses and lands in their offices, to sell.

J. K. P. has had a life experience in the business, and attends personally to all sales.

We refer, by permission, to Mr. John H. Wilkins, Mr. Samuel Bradlee, Mr. Daniel Denby, Esq., and Francis O. Wats, Esq., Boston, Jan. 29, 1859.

WHITE STONE CHINA ! Before you purchase elsewhere, just look at the new pattern at No. 6, W.M. WOODBERRY'S.

COUGHS & COLDS !

NOW IS THE TIME FOR COUGHS !

And the public are reminded that nothing has

proved so effectual in removing all kinds of Coughs and Colds as SWELLER'S COMPOUND ICE-LAND COLD CURE, 125, 135, 145, 155, 165, 175, 185, 195, 205, 215, 225, 235, 245, 255, 265, 275, 285, 295, 305, 315, 325, 335, 345, 355, 365, 375, 385, 395, 405, 415, 425, 435, 445, 455, 465, 475, 485, 495, 505, 515, 525, 535, 545, 555, 565, 575, 585, 595, 605, 615, 625, 635, 645, 655, 665, 675, 685, 695, 705, 715, 725, 735, 745, 755, 765, 775, 785, 795, 805, 815, 825, 835, 845, 855, 865, 875, 885, 895, 905, 915, 925, 935, 945, 955, 965, 975, 985, 995, 1005, 1015, 1025, 1035, 1045, 1055, 1065, 1075, 1085, 1095, 1105, 1115, 1125, 1135, 1145, 1155, 1165, 1175, 1185, 1195, 1205, 1215, 1225, 1235, 1245, 1255, 1265, 1275, 1285, 1295, 1305, 1315, 1325, 1335, 1345, 1355, 1365, 1375, 1385, 1395, 1405, 1415, 1425, 1435, 1445, 1455, 1465, 1475, 1485, 1495, 1505, 1515, 1525, 1535, 1545, 1555, 1565, 1575, 1585, 1595, 1605, 1615, 1625, 1635, 1645, 1655, 1665, 1675, 1685, 1695, 1705, 1715, 1725, 1735, 1745, 1755, 1765, 1775, 1785, 1795, 1805, 1815, 1825, 1835, 1845, 1855, 1865, 1875, 1885, 1895, 1905, 1915, 1925, 1935, 1945, 1955, 1965, 1975, 1985, 1995, 2005, 2015, 2025, 2035, 2045, 2055, 2065, 2075, 2085, 2095, 2105, 2115, 2125, 2135, 2145, 2155, 2165, 2175, 2185, 2195, 2205, 2215, 2225, 2235, 2245, 2255, 2265, 2275, 2285, 2295, 2305, 2315, 2325, 2335, 2345, 2355, 2365, 2375, 2385, 2395, 2405, 2415, 2425, 2435, 2445, 2455, 2465, 2475, 2485, 2495, 2505, 2515, 2525, 2535, 2545, 2555, 2565, 2575, 2585, 2595, 2605, 2615, 2625, 2635, 2645, 2655, 2665, 2675, 2685, 2695, 2705, 2715, 2725, 2735, 2745, 2755, 2765, 2775, 2785, 2795, 2805, 2815, 2825, 2835, 2845, 2855, 2865, 2875, 2885, 2895, 2905, 2915, 2925, 2935, 2945, 2955, 2965, 2975, 2985, 2995, 3005, 3015, 3025, 3035, 3045, 3055, 3065, 3075, 3085, 3095, 3105, 3115, 3125, 3135, 3145, 3155, 3165, 3175, 3185, 3195, 3205, 3215, 3225, 3235, 3245, 3255, 3265, 3275, 3285, 3295, 3305, 3315, 3325, 3335, 3345, 3355, 3365, 3375, 3385, 3395, 3405, 3415, 3425, 3435, 3445, 3455, 3465, 3475, 3485, 3495, 3505, 3515, 3525, 3535, 3545, 3555, 3565, 3575, 3585, 3595, 3605, 3615, 3625, 3635, 3645, 3655, 3665, 3675, 3685, 3695, 3705, 3715, 3725, 3735, 3745, 3755, 3765, 3775, 3785, 3795, 3805, 3815, 3825, 3835, 3845, 3855, 3865, 3875, 3885, 3895, 3905, 3915, 3925, 3935, 3945, 3955, 3965, 3975, 3985, 3995, 4005, 4015, 4025, 4035, 4045, 4055, 4065, 4075, 4085, 4095, 4105, 4115, 4125, 4135, 4145, 4155, 4165, 4175, 4185, 4195, 4205, 4215, 4225, 4235, 4245, 4255, 4265, 4275, 4285, 4295, 4305, 4315, 4325, 4335, 4345, 4355, 4365, 4375, 4385, 4395, 4405, 4415, 4425, 4435, 4445, 4455, 4465, 4475, 4485, 4495, 4505, 4515, 4525, 4535, 4545, 4555, 4565, 4575, 4585, 4595, 4605, 4615, 4625, 4635, 4645, 4655, 4665, 4675, 4685, 4695, 4705, 4715, 4725, 4735, 4745, 4755, 4765, 4775, 4785, 4795, 4805, 4815, 4825, 4835, 4845, 4855, 4865, 4875, 4885, 4895, 4905, 4915, 4925, 4935, 4945, 4955, 4965, 4975, 4985, 4995, 5005, 5015, 5025, 5035, 5045, 5055, 5065, 5075, 5085, 5095, 5105, 5115, 5125, 5135, 5145, 5155, 5165, 5175, 5185, 5195, 5205, 5215, 5225, 5235, 5245, 5255, 5265, 5275, 5285, 5295, 5305, 5315, 5325, 5335, 5345, 5355, 5365, 5375, 5385, 5395, 5405, 5415, 5425, 5435, 5445, 5455, 5465, 5475, 5485, 5495, 5505, 5515, 5525, 5535, 5545, 5555, 5565, 5575, 5585, 5595, 5605, 5615, 5625, 5635, 5645, 5655, 5665, 5675, 5685, 5695, 5705, 5715, 5725, 5735, 5745, 5755, 5765, 5775, 5785, 5795, 5805, 5815, 5825, 5835, 5845, 5855, 5865, 5875, 5885, 5895, 5905, 5915, 5925, 5935, 5945, 5955, 5965, 5975, 5985, 5995, 6005, 6015, 6025, 6035, 6045, 6055, 6065, 6075, 6085, 6095, 6105, 6115, 6125, 6135, 6145, 6155, 6165, 6175, 6185, 6195, 6205, 6215, 6225, 6235, 6245, 6255, 6265, 6275, 6285, 6295, 6305, 6315, 6325, 6335, 6345, 6355, 6365, 6375, 6385, 6395, 6405, 6415, 6425, 6435, 6445, 6455, 6465, 6475, 6485, 6495, 6505, 6515, 6525, 6535, 6545, 6555, 6565, 6575, 6585, 6595, 6605, 6615, 6625, 6635, 6645, 6655, 6665, 6675, 6685, 6695, 6705, 6715, 6725, 6735, 6745, 6755, 6765, 6775, 6785, 6795, 6805, 6815, 6825, 6835, 6845, 6855, 6865, 6875, 6885, 6895, 6905, 6915, 6925, 6935, 6945, 6955, 6965, 6975, 6985, 6995, 7005, 7015, 7025, 7035, 7045, 7055, 7065, 7075, 7085, 7095, 7105, 7115, 7125, 7135, 7145, 7155, 7165, 7175, 7185, 7195, 7205, 7215, 7225, 7235, 7245, 7255, 7265, 7275, 7285, 7295, 7305, 7315, 7325, 7335, 7345, 7355, 7365, 7375, 7385, 7395, 7405, 7415, 7425, 7435, 7445, 7455, 7465, 7475, 7485, 7495, 7505, 7515, 7525, 7535, 7545, 7555, 7565, 7575, 7585, 7595, 7605, 7615, 7625, 7635, 7645, 7655, 7665, 7675, 7685, 7695, 7705, 7715, 7725, 7735, 7745, 7755, 7765, 7775, 7785, 7795, 7805, 7815, 7825, 7835, 7845, 7855, 7865, 7875, 7885, 7895, 7905, 7915, 7925, 7935, 7945, 7955, 7965, 7975, 7985, 7995, 8005, 8015, 8025, 8035, 8045, 8055, 8065, 8075, 8085, 8095, 8105, 8115, 8125, 8135, 8145, 8155, 8165, 8175, 8185, 8195, 8205, 8215, 8225, 8235, 8245, 8255, 8265, 8275, 8285, 8295, 8305, 8315, 8325, 8335, 8345, 8355, 8365, 8375, 8385, 8395, 8405, 8415, 8425, 8435, 8445, 8455, 8465, 8475, 8485, 8495, 8505, 8515, 8525, 8535, 8545, 8555, 8565, 8575, 8585, 8595, 8605, 8615, 8625, 8635, 8645, 8655, 8665, 8675, 8685, 8695, 8705, 8715, 8725, 8735, 8745, 87

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. VIII. :: No. 23.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Original Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

BRITTANICUS.

The frost can hide within the hall,
The white sun passed around,
And everywhere the festive call
A joyous answer found;
And smiles lit up the warrior's face,
Like sun-beams on a cloud,
And forms of sweet unrivaled grace,
Mingled amid the crowd.

The haughty ruler proudly sat
With the seven hosts of Rome;—
He seized the jeweled goblet up;—
So I slipped its sparkling foam;
And gazed, responsive to the light,
In Beatty's earnest eyes,
And heard upon the dreary night
The tones of praise arise.

But there was one with gentler mien,—
A fair and slender boy;—
No smile around his lip was seen;—
Upon his brow no joy;
His eyes were dark as tempest gloom,
And deep with sorrow's spell,
And on a cheek unknown to bloom
His sweeping ringlets fell.

Musit was on the evening breeze,
In the pale moonlight;—
But Beatty's heart was bent to please,
And go unto the child;
He said, "Go from this royal ring,
Where youth and beauty stand,
Into my palace-hall, and sing
A song for Nero's band!"

The boy arose, with peace serene,
Upon a lonely seat,
And walked the parted crowd between,
And calmly took his place;
And every eye was turned to him,
In all that kingly throng,
And heralds hushed the noisy din,
To catch the prince's song!

Softly it rose—a mournful strain—
A wild and wailing song;—
From out his heart and brain
Those touching words were rung;—
And rolling through the listening band,
In silvery measures high,
They thrilled the rulers of the land,—
Moltened the warrior's eye.

His cheek was bright with spirit-fire,
But pale with grief;—
For in the grand halls of the sun,
The child stood all alone;—
A—were plumes and banners stream—
Where comes the Tiber's moan;
Neath sculptured arches haughty gleam,
In high imperial Rome!

For long unto that breathless throng,
Of spirit and of awe;
My told of many a woe and wrong
Still felt by living clay;—
A scourge was on his father's throne,
A despot held his crown,
While sacred rights were left unknown,
And barely trampled down.

He said inglorious fate would come
Unto the tyrant's path,
And vengeance on the blackened storm
A soul like his own wrath.
But pure, and fearless, too, of death,
The prince of Caesar's line,
Would gain a fair celestial wreath,
And pass from life and time!

"Soft 'n souls," he cried, "O! burst your bands;
Hie all men of Italy!
Fly all men from laurelled lands,
Or 't will you will be free!
For as the walking April storm—
Free as the breeze which floats along
Proud Rome's immortal hills!"

On human hearts, why will ye bow?
Why doth your spirits quail?
Why give to grief and cheerless woes
Your starry native vale?
A scold your is neck,
Sighed hands each fortune holds,—
U, then't this base oppression check,
And show that ye have soul!"

J. murmur rose—a gentle sound—
Then cries rang through the air,
And martial chieftains crowded round
That slender figure fair.
It darkly frowned the tyrant's brow,
And vengeance filled his eye,
And in his heart he murmured low—
"Brittanicus shall die!"

Many sums into the west
Rolled their red splendors on,
For innocence had found its rest—
"She weary soul a home!
A boyish form was laid to sleep
In a cold, narrow bed;—
No one to watch—no one to weep—
Brittanicus was dead!

Shaker Glen, March, 1859. ETTA W. F.

HOW WE TOOK A BOARDER.

Our house is quite a large one, and besides those apartments which we occupy ourselves, and those which we dedicate to our guests, there is a very nice little room on the second floor, which we never use and very seldom enter.

One morning, when I happened to feel in a very economical mood, I bethought myself that was this room furnished prettily, we might just as well not take a boarder—there were such numbers of advertisements for just such places. "So many single ladies wished a board in a private family where no other boarders were taken," and so many single gentlemen pined for the "comforts of a home," that I had no doubt we could suit ourselves exactly.

Accordingly, I broached the subject to our boarder, pleading fatigue, retired to his own apartment, and Father John, and myself, a little later, set off for a concert, which we were very desirous of hearing, leaving the children in charge of Biddy, with instructions to put them to bed at nine o'clock precisely. "How do you like Mr. Alberts, my dear?" I said to Psalter, as we walked along.

"Tolerably," replied Psalter; "he seems to be a very excellent young man—not particularly brilliant, but very worthy and well-mannered."

"Well, it is better to be good than to be brilliant, is it not?" I remarked.

"But how do you know that Mr. Alberts is not both?" inquired John. "There is a latent fire in his eye, a suppressed fervor in his voice, that tells me he is truly great. Of such men were martyrs made. Emma, did

you notice how he said grace to-night? It was actually grand."

"That remark of his about the dignity of truth was really very fine," said Psalter, "You may be right after all John."

"And he is so kind to the children, and so very amiable," said I. "I am sure we shall be delighted with him." And we walked on in the most amiable mood.

The concert over, we returned home, when to our great surprise, we found the children still up, and in the parlor.

"It is not my fault, mum," said Biddy, when I spoke to her about it. "The young gentleman got up after you was gone, and has been playin' with 'em all the evenin'; and he sent me out for candy for 'em; and then, when the fun was over, he read 'em a chapter, and bade 'em say their prayers, for all that he was a minister."

"Oh!" said Fanny, "he is so sweet!"

They talked about Mr. Alberts all the time they were undressing, and their admiration confirmed me in my opinion. Children have such penetration.

The next morning we arose as usual, but Mr. Alberts did not make his appearance, and Biddy informed me that he had requested her not to arouse him if he should sleep late, as he never took breakfast, and was very much fatigued by his journey. So I cautioned the children to be quiet, and we sat down to the table without him. After breakfast the gentleman started for their places of business, and everything proceeded as usual till noon; but still Mr. Alberts did not make his appearance, and I began to be rather surprised.

It was about noon, when two men, stout and stalwart, and wrapped in huge great-coats, knocked at the basement door, and before any one had time to open it, stepped into the entry.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am," said the first man—"but is there any gentleman by the name of Scruggin boarding here?"

"No, sir," I replied.

"Nor any one named Phillips?" inquired the man.

"No, sir,"

"Perhaps his name is Alberts," said the other stepping forward.

"There is a gentleman named Alberts at present in the house," I replied.

"Ah! then will you be kind enough to ask him to step down a minute?" said the first speaker.

"Certainly—if you will walk into the parlor I will call him," I said.

Accordingly, the two men proceeded to the door above, while I sent Biddy to summon Mr. Alberts. After a great deal of knocking, she returned with the information that she could not make him hear, "And what is more, mum," she continued, "the window down onto the roof of the shed is open, and the curtain's blowin' out of it, and it seems as though there was no one in it at all."

"Take my word for it that the room is empty—the bird has flown," said the first man.

"We must unlock the door, and make sure, however," said the second.

There was a young gentleman in the parlor—a tall, fair young man, with straight, straw-colored hair, combed back from his forehead with a rush, and a white cravat of ministerial proportions. He had dear little hands encased in the most delicate of gloves, and was so polite and gentlemanly that, really, I thought to myself, I could not possibly find any one who would suit me better for a boarder.

He was on a visit to the city—so he said—and his principal object in the selection of a boarding place was privacy and good society. He was a church member, and kept at the same time, two stars upon the bosoms of their coats. "What could it mean," I thought. "You look surprised, ma'am," said the first policeman. "I suppose this Mr. Alberts came the good, intellectual kind of body over, didn't he?" said his prayers, like a good boy, and all that, eh?"

"He certainly seemed to be a very good person," I replied. "In fact, I see no reason to believe him otherwise."

"No!" replied the man. "Just look round and see if you miss anything. It is curious if you don't."

"Miss anything?"

"Yes, ma'am. Have you counted your silver, or seen your jewelry this morning?"

"I must unlock the door, and make sure, however," said the second.

There was a young gentleman in the parlor—a tall, fair young man, with straight, straw-colored hair, combed back from his forehead with a rush, and a white cravat of ministerial proportions. He had dear little hands encased in the most delicate of gloves, and was so polite and gentlemanly that, really, I thought to myself, I could not possibly find any one who would suit me better for a boarder.

He was on a visit to the city—so he said—and his principal object in the selection of a boarding place was privacy and good society. He was a church member, and kept at the same time, two stars upon the bosoms of their coats. "What could it mean," I thought. "You look surprised, ma'am," said the first policeman. "I suppose this Mr. Alberts came the good, intellectual kind of body over, didn't he?" said his prayers, like a good boy, and all that, eh?"

"He certainly seemed to be a very good person," I replied. "In fact, I see no reason to believe him otherwise."

"No!" replied the man. "Just look round and see if you miss anything. It is curious if you don't."

"Miss anything?"

"Yes, ma'am. Have you counted your silver, or seen your jewelry this morning?"

"I must unlock the door, and make sure, however," said the second.

There was a young gentleman in the parlor—a tall, fair young man, with straight, straw-colored hair, combed back from his forehead with a rush, and a white cravat of ministerial proportions. He had dear little hands encased in the most delicate of gloves, and was so polite and gentlemanly that, really, I thought to myself, I could not possibly find any one who would suit me better for a boarder.

He was on a visit to the city—so he said—and his principal object in the selection of a boarding place was privacy and good society. He was a church member, and kept at the same time, two stars upon the bosoms of their coats. "What could it mean," I thought. "You look surprised, ma'am," said the first policeman. "I suppose this Mr. Alberts came the good, intellectual kind of body over, didn't he?" said his prayers, like a good boy, and all that, eh?"

"He certainly seemed to be a very good person," I replied. "In fact, I see no reason to believe him otherwise."

"No!" replied the man. "Just look round and see if you miss anything. It is curious if you don't."

"Miss anything?"

"Yes, ma'am. Have you counted your silver, or seen your jewelry this morning?"

"I must unlock the door, and make sure, however," said the second.

There was a young gentleman in the parlor—a tall, fair young man, with straight, straw-colored hair, combed back from his forehead with a rush, and a white cravat of ministerial proportions. He had dear little hands encased in the most delicate of gloves, and was so polite and gentlemanly that, really, I thought to myself, I could not possibly find any one who would suit me better for a boarder.

He was on a visit to the city—so he said—and his principal object in the selection of a boarding place was privacy and good society. He was a church member, and kept at the same time, two stars upon the bosoms of their coats. "What could it mean," I thought. "You look surprised, ma'am," said the first policeman. "I suppose this Mr. Alberts came the good, intellectual kind of body over, didn't he?" said his prayers, like a good boy, and all that, eh?"

"He certainly seemed to be a very good person," I replied. "In fact, I see no reason to believe him otherwise."

"No!" replied the man. "Just look round and see if you miss anything. It is curious if you don't."

"Miss anything?"

"Yes, ma'am. Have you counted your silver, or seen your jewelry this morning?"

"I must unlock the door, and make sure, however," said the second.

There was a young gentleman in the parlor—a tall, fair young man, with straight, straw-colored hair, combed back from his forehead with a rush, and a white cravat of ministerial proportions. He had dear little hands encased in the most delicate of gloves, and was so polite and gentlemanly that, really, I thought to myself, I could not possibly find any one who would suit me better for a boarder.

He was on a visit to the city—so he said—and his principal object in the selection of a boarding place was privacy and good society. He was a church member, and kept at the same time, two stars upon the bosoms of their coats. "What could it mean," I thought. "You look surprised, ma'am," said the first policeman. "I suppose this Mr. Alberts came the good, intellectual kind of body over, didn't he?" said his prayers, like a good boy, and all that, eh?"

"He certainly seemed to be a very good person," I replied. "In fact, I see no reason to believe him otherwise."

"No!" replied the man. "Just look round and see if you miss anything. It is curious if you don't."

"Miss anything?"

"Yes, ma'am. Have you counted your silver, or seen your jewelry this morning?"

"I must unlock the door, and make sure, however," said the second.

There was a young gentleman in the parlor—a tall, fair young man, with straight, straw-colored hair, combed back from his forehead with a rush, and a white cravat of ministerial proportions. He had dear little hands encased in the most delicate of gloves, and was so polite and gentlemanly that, really, I thought to myself, I could not possibly find any one who would suit me better for a boarder.

He was on a visit to the city—so he said—and his principal object in the selection of a boarding place was privacy and good society. He was a church member, and kept at the same time, two stars upon the bosoms of their coats. "What could it mean," I thought. "You look surprised, ma'am," said the first policeman. "I suppose this Mr. Alberts came the good, intellectual kind of body over, didn't he?" said his prayers, like a good boy, and all that, eh?"

"He certainly seemed to be a very good person," I replied. "In fact, I see no reason to believe him otherwise."

"No!" replied the man. "Just look round and see if you miss anything. It is curious if you don't."

"Miss anything?"

"Yes, ma'am. Have you counted your silver, or seen your jewelry this morning?"

"I must unlock the door, and make sure, however," said the second.

There was a young gentleman in the parlor—a tall, fair young man, with straight, straw-colored hair, combed back from his forehead with a rush, and a white cravat of ministerial proportions. He had dear little hands encased in the most delicate of gloves, and was so polite and gentlemanly that, really, I thought to myself, I could not possibly find any one who would suit me better for a boarder.

He was on a visit to the city—so he said—and his principal object in the selection of a boarding place was privacy and good society. He was a church member, and kept at the same time, two stars upon the bosoms of their coats. "What could it mean," I thought. "You look surprised, ma'am," said the first policeman. "I suppose this Mr. Alberts came the good, intellectual kind of body over, didn't he?" said his prayers, like a good boy, and all that, eh?"

"He certainly seemed to be a very good person," I replied. "In fact, I see no reason to believe him otherwise."

"No!" replied the man. "Just look round and see if you miss anything. It is curious if you don't."

"Miss anything?"

"Yes, ma'am. Have you counted your silver, or seen your jewelry this morning?"

"I must unlock the door, and make sure, however," said the second.

There was a young gentleman in the parlor—a tall, fair young man, with straight, straw-colored hair, combed back from his forehead with a rush, and a white cravat of ministerial proportions. He had dear little hands encased in the most delicate of gloves, and was so polite and gentlemanly that, really, I thought to myself, I could not possibly find any one who would suit me better for a boarder.

He was on a visit to the city—so he said—and his principal object in the selection of a boarding place was privacy and good society. He was a church member, and kept at the same time, two stars upon the bosoms of their coats. "What could it mean," I thought. "You look surprised, ma'am," said the first policeman. "I suppose this Mr. Alberts came the good, intellectual kind of body over, didn't he?" said his prayers, like a good boy, and all that, eh?"

"He certainly seemed to be a very good person," I replied. "In fact, I see no reason to believe him otherwise."

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859.

players have never had the advantages of a High School, and so could not at first see the need of it. You know High Schools are a modern invention; though one learned man here has written a book to show that the people used to have High Schools in Massachusetts in the times of the Indians, or sometime away back. If we ever had them I guess it was when we were under Napoleon, and nobody knew how things did go. But "particular waiters are no losers." Those who went into this discovery of High Schools first did not know any better than to vote a master \$800 and \$1200. Now, when they see our cheap plan, I think they will feel that they were "sold" by trying a new thing first. With the tremendous start we have taken these two years, we are bound to come out ahead of everybody. Everything went one way in Town Meeting, and it is all toward schooling. We all feel nicely.

Reading, March 12, 1859. Wood End.

For the Middlesex Journal.

While rambling about the depot not long since, I was invited into the Organ Factory, to see what was to be seen, and in going through the several apartments we came to the great room where the organs are set up, where there was an organ, not of spacious dimensions, but large enough for ordinary meeting-houses. This, I was told, could be purchased for six hundred dollars, and on inquiring how an organ of the kind could be afforded for the price, was told that it was the organ taken from the place where they placed the large one. On hearing the rich tones it sent forth from the large pedal pipes down by gradual stop to the smallest pipe in the organ, I said it must be a bargain for some one. The action has been taken out and one of the modern kind placed in its stead. The pedal bass is 14 octave. The Hautboy, the front pipes and the draw stops are all new, the case re-modeled, and looks as good as new. There are 14 stops in the organ, and every thing warranted. But when I commenced I intended to give an account of the manufacture of organs in Reading, and at some future time may continue, commencing with a history of the establishment.

WILMINGTON.

For the Middlesex Journal.

"MARCH MEETING" the day when the people are wont to assemble in their respective town houses for the purpose of choosing town Officers, Committees, &c., and regulating all the affairs of the town, took place in Wilmington Town Hall, on Monday last. Mr. George Gowin was chosen moderator. Mr. Lemuel C. Barnes, was chosen Selectmen in the place of Caleb Barnes, Esq., and Mr. James Gowin and William Beard, Esq., were re-elected. The town could not have made a better selection; we all know what high-minded business men we have now obtained to transact our town business, and we have confidence that they will discharge their respective duties faithfully. J. H. Samsbury, Jr., and Ambrose Upton, were chosen constables. S. B. Nichols, Esq., was chosen Collector and Treasurer, a man suited for that office in every particular. The people then listened to the Report of the School Committee, Rev. S. H. Tolman, chairman. The Report was accepted by all except Mr. Brown, who objected to raising four hundred or even two hundred dollars, or even one cent, for the support of the High School. It may be remembered that the High School has for the past year been carried on by private subscription and every one will acknowledge that it is no way to carry on a public school, this one having been free to all. A. G. Sheldon, Esq., recommended the town to raise two hundred dollars in addition to the sum already raised for the District Schools, and that it should go towards the High School providing that the people could raise two hundred more by subscription within fifteen days. The motion was submitted and lost there being 53 yeas and 72 nays.

ROXBURY.—On the night of the 8th inst., some rogue or rogues being in the want of a vehicle and an animal to draw it, boldly entered the barn of Mr. Rich. Carter in the north-west part of the town and appropriated one horse, wagon and harness, (the best) and left for parts unknown, without leaving their card. In the morning the owner started in pursuit, and tracked the wagon as far as Winter Hill, Somerville, and then coming on to hard ground lost the track. Coming home they found their horse at Mr. Butler's house in the south part of the town, who also had his horse "San Cheval" stolen the same night. Probably the rogues thinking the first could not hold out made an exchange, as the horse belonging to Mr. Carter was seen winding his way at no small pace through Woburn town about five o'clock on the morning of the ninth. H. A. Wilmington, March 9th, 1859.

A house full of children composes as powerful a group of motives, as ever moved a heart or hand; and the secret of many a gallant struggle and triumph in the world's battle may be found enthroned in its mother's lap at home, or done up in a little bundle of flannel. A nation's hope, before now, has been found in a basket of burlap. Get ready to be afraid of the man that children are afraid of, and be sure that he who hates them is not himself worth loving.

ELEGANT CARPETS AT LOW PRICES.—Purchasers should notice the advertisement of the New England Carpet Co., of Boston, in to-day's paper.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.—This medicine is "a combination and a farm indeed," for healing and curing all the ills which afflict us in the shape of coughs, colds, and inflammation of the throat, lungs, and chest.

Warren Academy.—The next term will commence at the usual time March 21, with a new Principal, Mr. E. P. Stone, formerly of Chester and Royalton Academies. V. For the Trustees, C. CUTTER, M. D., Secretary. Woburn, March 6, 1859.

Almanacs & Diaries. A LARGE ASSORTMENT, of all kinds FOR SALE at the WOBURN BOOK STORE

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From Our Regular Correspondent.—

NEW YORK, March 10, 1859.

One of the advantages of controversy and calumny is, that a man never knows how many friends he has until his enemies begin to attack him. It is no doubt the case that the numerous and constant attacks which have been made upon the popular preacher of Brooklyn, have done more to acquaint people in general with his merit than any amount of praise that could have been lavished upon him publicly or privately. A virulent attack invariably causes a reaction of popular feeling in favor of the person assailed, however little merit there may be in the individual. So we have seen that the public sympathy with Swickles has been heightened here, if not generated by the violent onslaught made upon his personal character by one or two leading city newspapers. Swickles is pretty well known in the vicinity of the City Hall and the newspaper offices therabouts, where politicians most do congregate, and whatever has been thought of him otherwise, neither friends nor foes have been disposed to attribute the slightest degree of sanctinity to his character. But men now sympathize with him who never did before. The Post, which is peculiarly the organ of "society," or that portion of society which centres within certain defined limits of up-town, is severe on Swickles for having enjoyed a character which has excluded him from "decent society." His character has not certainly been of the best, but it is notorious that in the circles to which the aristocratic Evening Journal, ladies, familiarity with scenes of debauchery and dissipation, has by no means been considered as a debauch to intercourse with those who peculiarly represent the ton."

The religious world we continue to be favored with controversy and scandal. The Rev. Hitchcock, of the Maine Theological Seminary, and one of the most popular preachers of the day, has been delivering a series of lectures before the young ladies of the Parker Institute in Brooklyn; the same series which is promised before the junior class of the Theological Seminary. A rhetorical statement of the lecture referring to the plan of composition of the first part of the book of Genesis, was reported by one of the pupils to her pastor, an old school Presbyterian minister of average standing, who speedily writes a letter to a Philadelphian religious weekly, impeaching the orthodoxy of the Professor, and affixing to him the dreaded stigma of "German Rationalism!" The Professor justifies himself through the press, and the assailant answers over his own name: both parties have hosts of warm friends in Brooklyn, and the controversy excites much attention and some partisan feeling. The church of the Puritans has just rid itself of a troublesome member who has been hanging on to orthodoxy by a single thread, for a good while—the Rev. J. L. Hatch, who, after failing to create any sensation in the regular way of pulpit services, betook himself to the advocacy of "No Sunday," and "Free Lager Bier." He has succeeded in achieving notoriety—only, and it is difficult to see what further advantage he expects to reap from it.

Business is rather slack this week, as the Southern trade with what is called "first hands" or "package houses" have gone home. The "jobbers" who sell by the piece to retail dealers are still quite busy however. The Eastern manufacturers have very large orders for cotton goods on hand and will have made a better selection; we all know what high-minded business men we have now obtained to transact our town business, and we have confidence that they will discharge their respective duties faithfully. J. H. Samsbury, Jr., and Ambrose Upton, were chosen constables. S. B. Nichols, Esq., was chosen Collector and Treasurer, a man suited for that office in every particular.

The people then listened to the Report of the School Committee, Rev. S. H. Tolman, chairman. The Report was accepted by all except Mr. Brown, who objected to raising four hundred or even two hundred dollars, or even one cent, for the support of the High School. It may be remembered that the High School has for the past year been carried on by private subscription and every one will acknowledge that it is no way to carry on a public school, this one having been free to all. A. G. Sheldon, Esq., recommended the town to raise two hundred dollars in addition to the sum already raised for the District Schools, and that it should go towards the High School providing that the people could raise two hundred more by subscription within fifteen days. The motion was submitted and lost there being 53 yeas and 72 nays.

Castille, Ga., February 26, 1858.

Meares, SETH W. FOWLEY & CO., Boston, Mass., GENEVA.—At the request of your Traveling Agent, I have the pleasure to inform you that we have in stock a quantity of Woburn's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and have received a quantity of the same in the use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

John H. Barnes, Dr. Richardson, Reading; Charles A. Locke, So. Reading; H. Goodrich, Stow; Josiah T. Elmer, Woburn; S. B. Nichols, Lexington; A. T. Perkins, Lexington, and by all dealers in chinc.

Mar. 19, 4w.

NON-RESIDENTS.

D. F. MCGILVERAY & CO., Boston, Mass., GENEVA.—I have the pleasure to inform you that we have in stock a quantity of Woburn's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and have received a quantity of the same in the use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

John H. Barnes, Dr. Richardson, Reading; Charles A. Locke, So. Reading; H. Goodrich, Stow; Josiah T. Elmer, Woburn; S. B. Nichols, Lexington; A. T. Perkins, Lexington, and by all dealers in chinc.

Mar. 19, 4w.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs and Pulmonary Affections of the severest type, are quickly cured by long tried and faithful remedy, Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

Says a well known Editor:—"This is truly a Balsam, a balsam to the blood; to invalids, it contains the true balsamic properties of Wild Cherry, and the properties of tar and resin, and is a balsam to which are mingled after the true principles of chemistry, are all balsamic, and therefore, it is safe and sure in effect. Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and Bronchitis disappear under its balsamic influence as though charmed away. Probably no medicine has ever attained so extended a scope or accomplished so much as this renowned Balsam."

Cassville, Ga., February 26, 1858.

Meares, SETH W. FOWLEY & CO., Boston, Mass., GENEVA.—At the request of your Traveling Agent, I have the pleasure to inform you that we have in stock a quantity of Woburn's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and have received a quantity of the same in the use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

John H. Barnes, Dr. Richardson, Reading; Charles A. Locke, So. Reading; H. Goodrich, Stow; Josiah T. Elmer, Woburn; S. B. Nichols, Lexington; A. T. Perkins, Lexington, and by all dealers in chinc.

Mar. 19, 4w.

NON-RESIDENTS.

D. F. MCGILVERAY & CO., Boston, Mass., GENEVA.—I have the pleasure to inform you that we have in stock a quantity of Woburn's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and have received a quantity of the same in the use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

John H. Barnes, Dr. Richardson, Reading; Charles A. Locke, So. Reading; H. Goodrich, Stow; Josiah T. Elmer, Woburn; S. B. Nichols, Lexington; A. T. Perkins, Lexington, and by all dealers in chinc.

Mar. 19, 4w.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs and Pulmonary Affections of the severest type, are quickly cured by long tried and faithful remedy, Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

Says a well known Editor:—"This is truly a Balsam, a balsam to the blood; to invalids, it contains the true balsamic properties of Wild Cherry, and the properties of tar and resin, and is a balsam to which are mingled after the true principles of chemistry, are all balsamic, and therefore, it is safe and sure in effect. Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and Bronchitis disappear under its balsamic influence as though charmed away. Probably no medicine has ever attained so extended a scope or accomplished so much as this renowned Balsam."

Cassville, Ga., February 26, 1858.

Meares, SETH W. FOWLEY & CO., Boston, Mass., GENEVA.—At the request of your Traveling Agent, I have the pleasure to inform you that we have in stock a quantity of Woburn's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and have received a quantity of the same in the use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

John H. Barnes, Dr. Richardson, Reading; Charles A. Locke, So. Reading; H. Goodrich, Stow; Josiah T. Elmer, Woburn; S. B. Nichols, Lexington; A. T. Perkins, Lexington, and by all dealers in chinc.

Mar. 19, 4w.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs and Pulmonary Affections of the severest type, are quickly cured by long tried and faithful remedy, Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

Says a well known Editor:—"This is truly a Balsam, a balsam to the blood; to invalids, it contains the true balsamic properties of Wild Cherry, and the properties of tar and resin, and is a balsam to which are mingled after the true principles of chemistry, are all balsamic, and therefore, it is safe and sure in effect. Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and Bronchitis disappear under its balsamic influence as though charmed away. Probably no medicine has ever attained so extended a scope or accomplished so much as this renowned Balsam."

Cassville, Ga., February 26, 1858.

Meares, SETH W. FOWLEY & CO., Boston, Mass., GENEVA.—At the request of your Traveling Agent, I have the pleasure to inform you that we have in stock a quantity of Woburn's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and have received a quantity of the same in the use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

John H. Barnes, Dr. Richardson, Reading; Charles A. Locke, So. Reading; H. Goodrich, Stow; Josiah T. Elmer, Woburn; S. B. Nichols, Lexington; A. T. Perkins, Lexington, and by all dealers in chinc.

Mar. 19, 4w.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs and Pulmonary Affections of the severest type, are quickly cured by long tried and faithful remedy, Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

Says a well known Editor:—"This is truly a Balsam, a balsam to the blood; to invalids, it contains the true balsamic properties of Wild Cherry, and the properties of tar and resin, and is a balsam to which are mingled after the true principles of chemistry, are all balsamic, and therefore, it is safe and sure in effect. Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and Bronchitis disappear under its balsamic influence as though charmed away. Probably no medicine has ever attained so extended a scope or accomplished so much as this renowned Balsam."

Cassville, Ga., February 26, 1858.

Meares, SETH W. FOWLEY & CO., Boston, Mass., GENEVA.—At the request of your Traveling Agent, I have the pleasure to inform you that we have in stock a quantity of Woburn's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and have received a quantity of the same in the use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

John H. Barnes, Dr. Richardson, Reading; Charles A. Locke, So. Reading; H. Goodrich, Stow; Josiah T. Elmer, Woburn; S. B. Nichols, Lexington; A. T. Perkins, Lexington, and by all dealers in chinc.

Mar. 19, 4w.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs and Pulmonary Affections of the severest type, are quickly cured by long tried and faithful remedy, Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

Says a well known Editor:—"This is truly a Balsam, a balsam to the blood; to invalids, it contains the true balsamic properties of Wild Cherry, and the properties of tar and resin, and is a balsam to which are mingled after the true principles of chemistry, are all balsamic, and therefore, it is safe and sure in effect. Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and Bronchitis disappear under its balsamic influence as though charmed away. Probably no medicine has ever attained so extended a scope or accomplished so much as this renowned Balsam."

Cassville, Ga., February 26, 1858.

Meares, SETH W. FOWLEY & CO., Boston, Mass., GENEVA.—At the request of your Traveling Agent, I have the pleasure to inform you that we have in stock a quantity of Woburn's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and have received a quantity of the same in the use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

John H. Barnes, Dr. Richardson, Reading; Charles A. Locke, So. Reading; H. Goodrich, Stow; Josiah T. Elmer, Woburn; S. B. Nichols, Lexington; A. T. Perkins, Lexington, and by all dealers in chinc.

Mar. 19, 4w.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs and Pulmonary Affections of the severest type, are quickly cured by long tried and faithful remedy, Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

Says a well known Editor:—"This is truly a Balsam, a balsam to the blood; to invalids, it contains the true balsamic properties of Wild Cherry, and the properties of tar and resin, and is a balsam to which are mingled after the true principles of chemistry, are all balsamic, and therefore, it is safe and sure in effect. Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and Bronchitis disappear under its balsamic influence as though charmed away. Probably no medicine has ever attained so extended a scope or accomplished so much as this renowned Balsam."

Cassville, Ga., February 26, 1858.

Meares, SETH W. FOWLEY & CO., Boston, Mass., GENEVA.—At the request of your Traveling Agent, I have the pleasure to inform you that we have in stock a quantity of Woburn's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and have received a quantity of the same in the use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

John H. Barnes, Dr. Richardson, Reading; Charles A. Locke, So. Reading; H. Goodrich, Stow; Josiah T. Elmer, Woburn; S. B. Nichols, Lexington; A. T. Perkins, Lexington, and by all dealers in chinc.

Mar. 19, 4w.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs and Pulmonary Affections of the severest type, are quickly cured by long tried and faithful remedy, Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

Says a well known Editor:—"This is truly a Balsam, a balsam to the blood; to invalids, it contains the true balsamic properties of Wild Cherry, and the properties of tar and resin, and is a balsam to which are mingled after the true principles of chemistry, are all balsamic

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859.

The Poet's Corner.

A Bachelor's Opinion of Modern Girls.

In a remote corner of a Scotch paper was hidden the annexed listless and atrocious lines:

Ever ranging, ever changing,
ever losing, sometimes pleasing,
Sometimes haying, sometimes coaxing,
No expressing how much dressing;
Little knowing, little seeing,
Little walking, constant talking,
Mischief making, promise breaking,
Novel reading, dandy feeding,
Idle dreaming, sudden screaming,
Lap dog doating, Byron quoting,
Piano playing, game displaying,
Body bracing, tightly lacing,
Over sleeping, often weeping,
Dandy loving, white kid gloving,
Thin shoe wearing, health despairing,
Daily fretting, sickness getting,
Ever sighing, almost dying,
What bless'd wives to cheer men's lives!"

Miscellaneous.

Mr. Botts, in his speech the other day before the Virginia Whig State Convention, said, in substance, that if the Republicans should nominate "Crittenden, or Bell, or Bates, of 'Missouri,'" for President, in 1860, the Southern Whigs and Americans would support the candidate. The sentiments of Mr. Crittenden, and of Mr. Bell, on the great questions of the day, are well known to the public, but, Judge Bates, having been less prominent in political life, from having devoted himself for years to his judicial duties, it is proper to state was formerly a Henry Clay Whig, and like Henry Clay an Emancipationist.

Were each day a month long, bound, as now, by a narrow black ribbon of night, and heralded with the sound of a trumpet, we should tremble at the break of each new day. Our frequent inventories would disclose losses, for which we could find no corresponding gains; even the sorrows we have suffered would seem pleasant, now they have passed, and sweeter than ever the fragrance in the empty cup of joy.

Truth lies within the holies in the temple of knowledge, but doubt is the vestibule that leads to it. Copernicus doubted the truth of the false system of others before he established a true one of his own. Columbus differed in opinion with all the world before he discovered a new one. Galileo's terrestrial body was confined in a dungeon for his having asserted the motion of those bodies that are celestial.

"I didn't at all expect company today," said a lady to her visitors, with a not very pleasant look, "but I hope you will make yourselves at home." "Yes, indeed," replied one of them, starting off, "I will make myself at home as quick as possible."

"Is it possible, Miss, that you do not know the names of some of your best friends?" "Certainly—I don't even know what my own may be a year from now!"

A good clergyman prayed fervently for those of his congregation who were too proud to kneel and too lazy to stand."

There is as much difference between a statesman and a politician as between a pillar and a post.

It is a beautiful remark of Bacon that he who robes in darkness breaks God's lock.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1859.

THE NEW Volume of the NEW YORK WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED GOLDEN PEGUE will be published on March 15. The following are the names of the *Literati* whose productions will grace the columns of this elegant journal during the year:

W. G. H. SPURGEON, of London.

G. P. R. JAMEL, novelist.

SIR EDWARD BURKE, of London.

GEORGE HENNINGSEN, late of Nicaragua.

COL. G. W. CROCKETT.

A. D. MANNING.

COL. J. M. ALEXANDER, U. S. A.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M. D.

HENRY CLAFLIN, Jr.

DR. J. M. DODGE.

LIEUT. J. M. PLATT, U. S. N.

CLINTON BARTINGTON.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

MRS. ANNA WHEELER.

MRS. HETTY HEARTLY.

—VIRGINIA VRUGHAN.

DR. J. M. DODGE.

MINNIE MANTURN.

HATTIE CLARE.

MRS. E. S. SINGLAFF.

TERMS.

Terms of Subscriptions, \$20 a year; and each Subscriber is entitled to one of the articles named in the following List, and is requested to mention what article he desires when he sends his subscription. Gold Pen, with Silver Case, worth, at retail, \$2 00 Ladies' Gold Pen.....\$2 00 Gold Tooth Pick.....\$2 00 Ladies' Gold Pen with Extension Case.....\$2 00 Gold Ring, plain and chased.....\$2 00 Ear Drops.....\$2 00 Metal Flower-Bunches.....\$2 00 Gold Lockets.....\$2 00 Table Charms.....\$2 00 Gentlemen's Pins.....\$2 00 Gentlemen's Bow Studs.....\$2 00 Gentlemen's Stock Pin.....\$2 00 Watch Keys.....\$2 00 Ladies' Cuff Pins.....\$2 00 Gold Cribbage Plates.....\$2 00

Premiums to Agents getting Subscribers.

Those getting \$20 in 10 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold pen, worth \$2.

Those getting \$10 in 10 subscribers, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

Those remitting \$40 for 20 subscribers, will be entitled to a silver hunting case watch, or a gold chain, worth \$15.

Those remitting \$80 for 30 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold chain, or a gold hunting case watch, worth \$22.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold pen, worth \$2.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

Those remitting \$40 for 20 subscribers, will be entitled to a silver hunting case watch, or a gold chain, worth \$15.

Those remitting \$80 for 30 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold chain, or a gold hunting case watch, worth \$22.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold pen, worth \$2.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

Those remitting \$40 for 20 subscribers, will be entitled to a silver hunting case watch, or a gold chain, worth \$15.

Those remitting \$80 for 30 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold chain, or a gold hunting case watch, worth \$22.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold pen, worth \$2.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

Those remitting \$40 for 20 subscribers, will be entitled to a silver hunting case watch, or a gold chain, worth \$15.

Those remitting \$80 for 30 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold chain, or a gold hunting case watch, worth \$22.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold pen, worth \$2.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

Those remitting \$40 for 20 subscribers, will be entitled to a silver hunting case watch, or a gold chain, worth \$15.

Those remitting \$80 for 30 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold chain, or a gold hunting case watch, worth \$22.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold pen, worth \$2.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

Those remitting \$40 for 20 subscribers, will be entitled to a silver hunting case watch, or a gold chain, worth \$15.

Those remitting \$80 for 30 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold chain, or a gold hunting case watch, worth \$22.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold pen, worth \$2.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

Those remitting \$40 for 20 subscribers, will be entitled to a silver hunting case watch, or a gold chain, worth \$15.

Those remitting \$80 for 30 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold chain, or a gold hunting case watch, worth \$22.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold pen, worth \$2.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

Those remitting \$40 for 20 subscribers, will be entitled to a silver hunting case watch, or a gold chain, worth \$15.

Those remitting \$80 for 30 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold chain, or a gold hunting case watch, worth \$22.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold pen, worth \$2.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

Those remitting \$40 for 20 subscribers, will be entitled to a silver hunting case watch, or a gold chain, worth \$15.

Those remitting \$80 for 30 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold chain, or a gold hunting case watch, worth \$22.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold pen, worth \$2.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

Those remitting \$40 for 20 subscribers, will be entitled to a silver hunting case watch, or a gold chain, worth \$15.

Those remitting \$80 for 30 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold chain, or a gold hunting case watch, worth \$22.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold pen, worth \$2.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

Those remitting \$40 for 20 subscribers, will be entitled to a silver hunting case watch, or a gold chain, worth \$15.

Those remitting \$80 for 30 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold chain, or a gold hunting case watch, worth \$22.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold pen, worth \$2.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

Those remitting \$40 for 20 subscribers, will be entitled to a silver hunting case watch, or a gold chain, worth \$15.

Those remitting \$80 for 30 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold chain, or a gold hunting case watch, worth \$22.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold pen, worth \$2.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

Those remitting \$40 for 20 subscribers, will be entitled to a silver hunting case watch, or a gold chain, worth \$15.

Those remitting \$80 for 30 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold chain, or a gold hunting case watch, worth \$22.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold pen, worth \$2.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

Those remitting \$40 for 20 subscribers, will be entitled to a silver hunting case watch, or a gold chain, worth \$15.

Those remitting \$80 for 30 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold chain, or a gold hunting case watch, worth \$22.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold pen, worth \$2.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

Those remitting \$40 for 20 subscribers, will be entitled to a silver hunting case watch, or a gold chain, worth \$15.

Those remitting \$80 for 30 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold chain, or a gold hunting case watch, worth \$22.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold pen, worth \$2.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

Those remitting \$40 for 20 subscribers, will be entitled to a silver hunting case watch, or a gold chain, worth \$15.

Those remitting \$80 for 30 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold chain, or a gold hunting case watch, worth \$22.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold pen, worth \$2.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

Those remitting \$40 for 20 subscribers, will be entitled to a silver hunting case watch, or a gold chain, worth \$15.

Those remitting \$80 for 30 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold chain, or a gold hunting case watch, worth \$22.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold pen, worth \$2.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

Those remitting \$40 for 20 subscribers, will be entitled to a silver hunting case watch, or a gold chain, worth \$15.

Those remitting \$80 for 30 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold chain, or a gold hunting case watch, worth \$22.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold pen, worth \$2.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

Those remitting \$40 for 20 subscribers, will be entitled to a silver hunting case watch, or a gold chain, worth \$15.

Those remitting \$80 for 30 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold chain, or a gold hunting case watch, worth \$22.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold pen, worth \$2.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

Those remitting \$40 for 20 subscribers, will be entitled to a silver hunting case watch, or a gold chain, worth \$15.

Those remitting \$80 for 30 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold chain, or a gold hunting case watch, worth \$22.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, will be entitled to a gold pen, worth \$2.

Those remitting \$10 for 10 subscribers, and remitting \$10, will be entitled to a silver watch, or a gold vest chain, worth \$10.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1859.

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPY, Editor and Proprietor

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TELEGRAMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher and any person holding a copy of the paper, who may notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (fourteen lines,) one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 25 cents. Half a Square, (seven lines,) one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion 25 cents. One Column, \$4.00; each subsequent insertion \$1.00. One Column, \$4.00; each subsequent insertion \$1.00. Less than half a square, half a square, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.00; three months, \$2.00. Less than half a square, per year, \$3.00; six months, \$1.50; three months, \$1.00. Less than half a square, per month, \$1.00. Less than half a square, per week, 50 cents. Special Notices, *leaded*, 12 cents a line, for each insertion; 4 cents a line for each *unled*. Insertions in *bold* type, and otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted **ENTITLED OUT**, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

AGENTS.

North Woburn—Messrs. NICHOLS, WISE & CO. East Woburn—Alfred C. RICHARDSON. Newell—E. T. WHITFIELD. Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON. South Reading—J. D. MANSFIELD. Woburn—Josiah H. COOPER. S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., Boston and New York; S. H. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer, Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; and JOHN D. BROWN, Boston, are the agents empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions for the JOURNAL at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of the JOURNAL renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and preserved by the best families of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates to an extent enjoyed by no other paper. It is not excelled, if equalled, in typographical appearance, by ANY PAPER published in Middlesex County. By preserving uniformity in arrangement, equal prominence is obtained by ALL ADVERTISERS. Our terms of advertising are moderate.

JOB PRINTING.

We would call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of JOB PRINTING. The variety of NEW and HANDSOME TYPE with which our office is supplied is very extensive; our presses are new and fast; our workmen experienced and skillful. We have, therefore, every facility for doing all kinds of work, QUICK, NEAT AND CHEAP. Orders left at our office, or sent through our agents, will be promptly attended to, and the prices will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS will confer a favor by giving notice at the office when they fail to receive their paper regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAR. 19, 1859.

The State of Europe.

The legitimate effects of the prevalence of despotic principles are now being felt in the politics of Europe.

It is the boast of Frenchmen that the standing army of France now numbers 672,000 men, armed and equipped for service. While Austria claims a well organized force of 686,000 under her command, and the alliance of German States which have 1,500,000 men and 2500 cannon.

The state of society which demands the maintenance of such stupendous armies, must be terribly oppressive to the masses of the people, and cannot be permanent.

The King of Sardinia, depending upon the Emperor of France, has not only promised a war with Austria to his people, that he fears an overthrow of his own power unless he fulfills his promise, and is urging Napoleon to hasten the crisis. Napoleon is also anxious for the war to begin, as he fears the loss of his empire and of his life unless he can, by a glorious war, distract the attention of France from the wicked despotism of his government. His throne is a bed of thorns; he fears Paris, he fears France, his only trust is in his army, and in the spirit of patriotism which will be answered as soon as the red flag waves over the battle-fields of Europe. Then he will be identified with France as his uncle was; now the people fear him, distrust him, many of them hate him, and would gladly become his executioners.

The patriot, the hater of oppression, would not weep, though the fields of Germany and Italy were wet with the blood of Austria and France. Both governments are the arch enemies of freedom.

If war comes, we are authorised to expect a more severe struggle than modern times have witnessed. Austria has wonderfully strengthened her position in Italy. The Adige and the Mincio are the great moats which wash the foundations of her fortresses. All the arts of engineers have been brought into requisition to render her position as nearly impregnable as possible; fortifications such as the Great Napoleon never dreamed of, are scattered in the Tyrol, among the mountain passes and along the borders of Italian rivers. Mantua, Verona, Venice, are made capable of defense against an army of half a million. Ulm, Rastadt, Ingolstadt, Lintz, strengthened and enlarged since the great war, are full of men and material, and held as bases of Germanic operations. How enormous the cost to the people of Austria and of the Austrian Italian States, to enable their government to hold them in subjection! And every year the burden grows heavier and harder to bear; the people, ground deeper and deeper in the dust, will one day rise against the oppressor and their cry of revenge will make the world's ear tingle.

The European news does not justify the idea that war is now imminent, it forces us to believe, however, that present difficulties will in the end, inevitably lead to war; and that France and Sardinia on the one side, and Austria on the other, will be the first to take the field.

England, through her ambassador, declares that she can foresee no contingency which will induce her to form an alliance with Napoleon. She proposes, for the present at least, to remain neutral, and of course, to take all the money she can out of the belligerents.

Beside the clouds gathering above the thrones of Christendom, there is a speck rising from Constantinople and tending toward the Danube; the Sultan is not satisfied with the disposition of Wallachia and Moldavia, made by contracting parties at the conclusion of the Russian war, and as fast as he succeeds in borrowing money he arms and dispatches fresh forces to the Danube, with orders to defend the integrity of his empire. The Sultan's struggle will be vain. The Danubian Provinces will, in the end, be divided

between Russia and Austria, as the same powers, in conjunction with Prussia, divided Poland, in the early part of the century.

Cabinet of Natural History.

A petition is now in circulation praying the Legislature to appropriate some portion of the Back Bay lands to the establishment and support of a cabinet of the Natural History of the country.

It seems to us no enterprise could better deserve the good wishes of the people, or the candid consideration of the Legislature. The proceeds of the Back Bay lands must be used and will be. If left undisposed of, a myriad schemes will be formed; a few thousands will be given here and there until it will have vanished and left no lasting memorial behind. How much better would it be to establish a great museum, which, while it gratifies the people will instruct them in useful branches of learning for many generations. There are considerations which should lead our Legislature to attend to this matter without unnecessary delay. The distinguished naturalist who proposes to lend his learning and to give his great collection to the object, is the only man of this generation in whose hands the matter could be safely trusted; should he pass away a century might elapse before another, so well fitted by natural endowments and by learning, could be found to carry out the wishes of the people, and the people's money may at any time be squandered by injudicious legislation.

Let the Legislature act now, the people will sustain them, and the future will owe them a debt of gratitude.

The Slave Wanderer.
The *Traveler* of Wednesday contains an extract from the *Savannah Republican* which shows conclusively that the authorities of Georgia are inclined to sustain Captain Corrie and his accomplices, notwithstanding the fact that the statutes of the United States declare them guilty of piracy.

Capt. Corrie may well boast that he has successfully tried the experiment of re-opening the African slave-trade, when every effort thus far made to bring him to justice has resulted in ignominious failure. The poor heathen, lately crowded between the decks of the *Wanderer*, are now for the most part distributed among the planters of Georgia, and the late trial has proved that the owners are secure in the possession of their "property." Notwithstanding the facts of the *Wanderer's* case, it is difficult for us to believe that slavery can have so dobad the moral sense of any portion of the community as to render them insensible to the horrible nature of that traffic which has been justly termed the "sum of all villainies."

Immediately after, a meeting was held at which Dr. Stebbins and others presented some very strong arguments in favor of the removal of the lock-up, it was voted that Dr. Stebbins, Messrs. W. A. Haslam, J. E. Littlefield E. N. Blake and John Flanders, prepare an article for the next town warrant, for its removal, and advocate the same at the next Town Meeting.

A GIFT WORTHILY BESTOWED.—Mr. John R. Dennett, a graduate of the Woburn High School, has just completed his first term at school teaching, having had charge of a school at Lexington. At the close of the term his pupils presented him with a silver watch.

It is very gratifying to hear of the success in life of the graduates of our High School, as we often do. Although the school has been established but a few years (six, we believe,) yet we find its graduates occupying

responsible and honorable positions in several of the large cities of the South and West, and even "away down east" as far as Waterville, in Maine.

FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Geo. Somers, a boy of sixteen years, was accidentally run over and killed by an express train near the Edgeworth station on the Boston and Maine Railroad, on Wednesday evening. The deceased was walking on the track at the time of the accident, and it is supposed that his attention was drawn toward an approaching train so that he did not hear the train which overtook and killed him.

THE Ball complimentary to Mr. A. J. Parker, on Tuesday evening last, was well attended notwithstanding the disagreeable weather, and passed off very pleasantly.

THE many friends of Dea. Uriah Manning, will rejoice to learn that he is slowly improving, with a fair prospect of recovering so as to be able to sit up and ride out. No unfavorable symptoms have occurred since the first attack.

AT a recent meeting of the class of 1862, of Waterville College, Mr. Groner L. Hunt, formerly of Woburn, Mass., was unanimously chosen Orator, and Mr. E. W. Hale, of Portland, Me., Post, for the class celebration on the evening of the forthcoming Commencement Day.

MAN DOG KILLED.—A dog belonging to Mr. T. G. Coffin, of Prospect Street, exhibited unmistakable signs of hydrophobia yesterday morning, but before he did any damage Mr. Coffin despatched him.

JUST as we were going to press, we received the notice of the Summer Arrangement of trains on the Boston & Lowell R.R., and give below that of the Woburn Branch:

Trains for Boston, on and after Monday next, leave as follows:—6.00, 7.00, 9.00 A.M. 1.15, 5.30, 7.15 P.M. For Woburn Centre, 7.00, 11.30 A.M., 3.00, 5.30, 6.30, 8.15 P.M. Saturday the last train leaves at 10.00 P.M., instead of 8.15.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.—The result of the New Hampshire election will foot up about 3,500 majority for the Republicans, who have elected their State officers, two-thirds of the Senate, four out of five Councilors, nearly two-thirds of the House of Representatives, and all three members of Congress.

We call attention to the notice in another column, of Bankrupt stock of Dry Goods at auction.

VERY PLEASANT PARTY.—On Thursday evening about 8.30 o'clock a special train arrived from Boston bringing about 120 ladies and gentlemen, who leaving the cars walked in procession to the Central House, the gentlemen carrying huge baskets well filled, and supposed to contain such substantial and delicacies as go to the making up of a good supper. Miss host Tay was "surprised" to find her host besieged by so goodly a company of "fair women and brave men"—some of the gentlemen being officers and members of the "Lancers," and other military companies in Boston—but with his characteristic coolness he gave them a hearty welcome and set himself to work to make their visit a pleasant one. In a few minutes the Hall was illuminated, the musicians took their places and dancing commenced, and was kept up merrily till twelve o'clock, when supper was announced. The supper table gave evidence of taste and liberality on the part of those who provided for it, and a merrier company never sat down to a profusion of good things. After supper dancing was resumed and kept up until two o'clock, when the company took the train in waiting for them and sped on their way homeward. Before leaving, they presented to the hostess of the Central House, beside a very beautiful bouquet, a purse containing a handsome sum in current bank bills.

FURTHER CORRUPTION DEVELOPMENTS.—Senator Wilson is a thorn in the side of the administration. He has recently brought to notice some transactions relating to the printing of some blanks, which, while enormous in themselves, are but a part of the almost universal corruption. In the debate on the post office appropriation bill, General Wilson

stated that the contracts for printing the blanks are now in the discretionary disposal of the Postmaster general; and that when this administration came into power, one of them, on which \$40,000 annually was paid, was assigned to Mr. Rice, of Philadelphia, the proprietor of the *Pennsylvania newspaper*; that the actual cost of the printing of which amount was paid did not exceed \$5000; and that the \$35,000 was distributed as follows:—Fifty per cent. to the Washington Union, five per cent. to Mr. John Appleton, now assistant secretary of State, and formerly Mr. Buchanan's secretary of legation at London, three per cent. to the editor of a petty newspaper in the district of one of the members from the city of Philadelphia, and the remainder to Mr. Rice himself; and further, that the contract was awarded and the proceeds distributed under the sanction and direction of the President of the United States.

Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania corroborated all these statements, and charged further that his colleague, Senator Bigler, was personally aware of the facts in the case.

POLITICS IN CALIFORNIA.—We have received, says the *Traveler*, extract of the *San Diego Herald* and *El Clamor Publico*, urging the re-nomination of the Republican ticket for 1860, Fremont and Dayton. The *Herold* urges the nomination in strong terms and says the people of the country demand it; whatever may be the wishes of interested politicians. *El Clamor Publico* believes no stronger nomination could be made. These indications would lead us to believe that the popularity of Col. Fremont is on the increase in that state.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We owe apologies to several of our correspondents for apparent inattention to their favors. The truth is, friends, that nearly four weeks of severe indisposition has prevented us from attending to many things that ought to have been attended to, your favors among the rest. We are glad to say, however, that present feelings indicate that we shall be "ready for action" again in a day or two, when we hope everything connected with our editorial duties will move along with accustomed regularity.

THE Methodist Tea Party in Lyceum Hall, on Thursday evening, was not as fully attended as was anticipated.

WE would call attention to the Special Notice to Members of the Woburn Institute, in another column.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS, March 10th, 1859.

MR. EDITOR:—It is perhaps about time to give you another dose from the "Saddle Bags." This city is a place of interest to the stranger from its great natural advantages. It seems to be a centre of trade. Situated near the dividing line between the North and the South it is very reasonably the place of exchange of commodities. It is hard to believe, yet it is said, that you can penetrate by water 2800 miles inland from St. Louis. In the water is rapidly rising now. The steamer submersed as far as the ground floor is concerned. This was the case last May. St. Louis is ten miles long by three wide. There are several Woburn people residing here. Mr. S. H. Leat is doing a good business in picture frames, mirrors and the collateral branches of this department of trade. Miss M. J. Cragin is recently here, a teacher in the Normal School. Of course it is pleasant to know that a townswoman fills so high a position in the West. Mr. C. S. Pennell, Principal of the St. Louis High School, formerly of Lawrence, Mass., is also known in Woburn. He is filling his station with general satisfaction I am told. These New Englanders gave your humble correspondent a warm welcome. When we last at Racine, I met the Rev. Dr. Roswell Parks, President of the Racine Episcopal College. He married some years ago in Woburn. He spoke of his Woburn acquaintances with interest. At Chicago I was very much pleased to meet one of the former Woburn selectmen, who was engaged in hunting up hide for some of our Woburn tanneries. The social intercourse with him proved one of the best remedies for my nostalgia. The twin brothers, William H. and Edward P. Rice, from Bangor, who attended the Warren Academy some eleven years ago have met me, one at Chicago, and the latter at St. Louis, both working men in the lead pipe business, and in the Congregational churches to which they belong.

Yours in haste, SADDLE BAGS.

For the *Middlesex Journal*.

LETTER FROM FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS.

ST. LOUIS, March 9th, 1859.

TAKING a walk about the city, of several miles, a day or two since, I had good opportunity to see something of the progress so conspicuous in every direction. The reservoir is a noble structure and much larger than the one in Boston. The water is forced by steam power through large tunnel pipes, I should think more than a mile, into the large reservoir which is elevated so that when it is filled it runs into another, and is then fit for use. The flat and low places are rapidly filling up, but there is immense territory within the city limits yet unoccupied. If Cincinnati is entitled to the appellation of "Queen city of the West," then I think St. Louis may well claim to be "King city of the North-West." The more I see of this city the more I admire it. Through the efforts of P. E. Bancroft, Esq., leader of the "Old Folks' Orchestra," who obtained a permit from the Belcher's sugar refinery, I, in company with others, visited that establishment yesterday, which probably is one of the most extensive works of this kind in the United States. We were very politely shown the various processes to be gone through with in order to furnish the beautiful pearl fine grained loaf sugar, so delicious. The sugar is bought in the New Orleans market, and the first process to which it is subjected is the putting it into a vat or kettle and boiling for a time, diluting with a sufficient quantity of water, then it is filtered through bone dust, which deprives it of many impurities and renders it of a lighter color; then again it is filtered through charcoal which renders it more pure and at the same time makes it white. It is then taken to another vat or boiler where a coil of steam pipes run through it, and in this vat which is in the form of a globe, is deposited 25,000 pounds at one time. It is boiled at a certain temperature for nearly an hour, until it forms into grains, and the longer it is boiled the finer they become; then it is let out into a tank and cooled, then put into small firkins or tubs upon which cold water is placed, and here it crystallizes. It is then placed where the molasses drains from the sugar, and this last process gives us what is called sugar house molasses. The loaf is thrown into a mill and soon yields to its crushing power and this furnishes the beautiful pulverized sugar. I have omitted some things in the description above, given, as it would occupy too much space to go more into detail. This establishment covers more than three acres of ground, and employs five hundred men. It has one hundred boilers. The machinery cost upwards of \$2,000,000. In this building is an artesian well which is 2,200 feet deep, and is said to be the deepest well in the world, but it is yet unfinished. The water is too strongly impregnated with sulphur and saline matter to be used for the purpose intended, it is however, made use of to a considerable extent by invalids. It is pronounced wholesome in its effects. Further efforts are to be made to reach the quality of water desired. The water which now copiously issues from it is quite warm, at 85 degrees. I stated in my last letter from this city, that the population of St. Louis was nearly 200,000. Since then I have obtained information more reliable and this alters the figures somewhat. At the census taken in October last, there was 135,330. They ap-

peared to have a well regulated fire department, and the city pays to each member duly en-

riched, \$100 per annum; the Captain of each company to consist of 25 members. Chief engineer holds his office a term of two years and has a salary of \$1200 per annum.

Members stationed at the engine houses receive \$10 per month. No person under twenty-one years of age can be a member of the fire department. The amount of taxable property in the city exceeds \$82,000,000, upon which a tax is assessed of \$756,150. Of churches there are Episcopal 6, Baptist 5, Presbyterian 8, Methodist 14, Congregational 4, Jewish Synagogues 2, African 5, Catholic 16. Want of time compels me to close without further remark.

LENO.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From Our Regular Correspondent—

NEW YORK, March 15, 1859.

The city continues to fill up with country merchants who are now getting up their stock of dry goods, hardware, boots and shoes, &c., and money flows quite abundantly into the pockets of those who have anything to sell. This influx of strangers of course brings a harvest to the proprietors of theat

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. VIII. :: No. 25.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1859.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Original Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

THE LAST WARRIOR.

The somber pine above him bent,
The tempest reigned supremely there,
The lurid lightning monarch sent
His lances through the heavy air;
But motionless and calm he stood—
That figure of majestic grace—
Above a wildly rolling flood—
The last, last warrior of his race.

Fiercely the gale from off his bough
Swept back the eagle's waxing plume,
And from those lips, all mute till now,
A deep voice echoes on the gloom—
A powerful voice of grief and pride,
Telling of deeds and triumphs high,
Of gallant chieftains who bravely died,
And taught their children how to die—

“Wave on, O! sad and lofty pine,
Wave in your dark and princely state,
As earth's kings bow to passing time,
And shifts of cruel, frowning fate,
Wave on, my glorious tree, wave on,
Seasoth by the lightnings though ye be!
My race from these dim hills are gone,
And I'm the last who stands by thee.

There too, roll on, deep moaning stream,
Upon thy broad and crested wave,
Night's banner'd head and darkly gleam
Like a little-pledge of warrior brav—
Here I stand, a lone and forlorn soul,
Our dusky chiefs in glory trod;
And here their noble, fearless band,
Worshipped in faith the red man's God.

Where shall I seek them? by this tide
Where heavy midnight thunders play?
Yes, here our bravest warriors died,
And here our race was swept away;
And not a mound remains to show
Where the red brethren take their sleep—
All is forgotten; but the now
Of nature's dirge is loud and deep.

They passed from their own smiling glades
Into the misty shades of death;
Before the white men's glittering blades;
And ruin's hot and furious breath
Hath swept the native Indians' homes

From lands that still are dear and fair,
And sent them where no pale face comes,
With power, and combat and despair.

Yes, far away in tales of bahn,
Within the sunny, sweet south-west,
Where all is one continuous calm,
And nothing e'er disturbs their rest—
In dream joy the happy brave

Becline by pines more broad than these,
And watch the sparkling, purple wave,
And hear the silvery murmuring breeze.

Or, there they chase the timid fawn,
Over hills so drowsy, buds of dew,
And soft the morn's hues of dawn;
And fawn will never venture there,
Within those hunting grounds of bliss,

And never so bleak and bare,
Settle in storm as dark as this.

Ah, they are gone, and gone for aye—
Gone like the moon beam on the wave—
Gone like the stars before the day—
Gone like the leaves where tempests blow—
But curses rest upon each plain,

That has become the victor's path,
And on the white man's haughty train,
Which blasted us before their wrath.

Their plumes are dim with many a stain,
Their crimson hands are deeply red,
And now I hear them once again—
The wailing voices of the dead!

They call me from the howling blast,
They call me from the rocking pine,
They call me, for I am the last
Of their once great and fearless line.

They call me, and my soul doth yearn
To meet them on that lovely shore,
Whence I shall never more return
To these lone hills, beloved of yore;

And all I ask of our pale foe
Is—“neath this pine, one little spot,
Where I may rest in slumbers low
Among the dead, and be forgot.”

Shaker Glen. ETTA W. P.

THE BURNING PENNY.

It was Christmas Eve, and the snow lay deep in the streets of Seeburg, a small mining town in Germany; but the neighboring peasants came down from their mountain homes, and sought to forget the rigor of the season in innocent festivity. Family groups assemble together, the voice of song and childish merriment resounds from many a humble home, and the preparations are being made for a general illumination.

Veronica Madel had, for some time past, supported her blind father and a little brother by lace-making. Once they had known better days. The father had been a slater, an industrious man, but had lost his eyesight from the effects of a conglomeration which he had bravely helped to extinguish. His wife did not long survive this calamity, but died, partly of grief, partly of over-exertion, committing her blind husband and her infant boy to the care of her daughter Veronica, herself a child.

Veronica's mind, however, had been prematurely ripened by the care and sorrow which had so early fallen to her lot; and well she fulfilled the charge committed to her by her dying parent.

On this Christmas Eve of which we speak, the young girl had been seated before her lace pillow, working without intermission from early morning till night closed in; then, poor child, she was forced to pause in her labors, for she could not afford a light. She made, however, a good fire in the stove to warm her blind father; and, having placed him in his easy chair close by its side, she would take him out to see the illuminations.

The two children accordingly set forth together. Already the whole town was astir. Miners in their characteristic costume marched along in groups, with bands of music preceding them; and ever and anon they paused before the door of some wealthy citizen, and caroled forth their Christmas greetings. Then the door of the house so honored might be seen to open, and the master himself would generally step forth and reward the leader of the serenade by presenting him some small

gratuity. Children, following the example of their elders, wandered also in little bands from door to door, singing their Christmas carols; and seldom were the young singers dismissed without some trifling present, accompanied by a kindly word.

As Veronica passed on her way holding her little brother by the hand, and gazing on these varied groups, a new thought suggested itself to her mind: “Why should she not seek to win some trifling Christmas gifts for her poor blind father?”

Timidly, and with a beating heart, the poor child bent her steps toward a part of the town where she was but little known. The character she was about to play was very new to her; and her heart well nigh failed her when it came to the point; but love to her father nerve her to the task; and, drawing her hood closely around her, she stepped close under the window of a house of lowly aspect, and sang in a very clear, though subdued, tone, the following verse:

“Cheer up, ya miners bold,
Nor let your courage flag!
For earth, her wealth untold,
Yields to your patient toil;
Then joyous dig beneath the soil,
And still be your gathering cry,
Cheer up, brave hearts, cheer up!”

Veronica's voice was tremulous with fear, when she began these simple lines; but she gained courage as she proceeded; and she repeated the burden of the song with spirit and energy. She then paused, and anxiously awaited the result of her efforts. Two or three minutes elapsed; the time seemed long to poor Veronica; she felt humiliated and confused, and was about to withdraw; but at last the door turned on its hinges, and a woman came out and placed in Veronica's trembling hands a small cake and a two-penny piece.

The poor child could scarcely contain herself for joy. “Oh, my dear little George!” she exclaimed, “see what a happy beginning I have made. You shall have the sugar-plum; but the cake and the money are for father, that he too may be able to keep his Christmas feast.”

The night was now far advanced, and Veronica thought she would make but one trial more before she turned her steps homeward. This time she determined on trying her chance at the door of a rich man, an inspector of some mine.

A band of mountain musicians supported the poor child, and exerted themselves to the utmost to do honor to their countryman. George Madel accompanied his sister on the violin, to the admiration of all present, and Veronica herself sang as she had seldom been heard to sing before; her voice reached every heart, and charmed every ear.

As Veronica heard these words, a cry of dismay burst from her lips. It seemed as if the unhappy man before her eyes. It was to her a solemn and overpowering emotion, and the young singer covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

The old schoolmaster, deeply moved, turned toward Veronica.

“Kunkel,” said the schoolmaster, in a tone of deep solemnity, “here is the very hand which, twelve years ago, you were so very cruel as to burn, this hand is now held out to you in token of forgiveness; and see! no trace remains of the wound you then inflicted; and my unkind thought harbors in the bosom of her who has now come to minister to your wants.”

Kunkel raised his head, and looked at Veronica. “No! no!” he replied, sighing heavily; “it is impossible; that fine lady cannot be the same as the poor child whom I so cruelly injured twelve years ago. You are making a mock of me, M. Rossel.”

“Pardon me, Kunkel, what I have told you is true. Through God's goodness, that burning penny has turned into a mine of gold in the hand of Veronica Madel; and here,” added he, laying a pile of crowns upon the table: “here is a share of her gains, which she has brought to you.”

Kunkel, with an air of bewilderment, gazed alternately at Veronica, at his wife who stood weeping by his side, and at the money which lay upon the table. “I wish I could believe what you tell me,” he exclaimed; “but it seems to me impossible. Do you remember, the song that was sung beneath my window that Christmas Eve? That song, and the cry of anguish which followed it, still rings in my ears. If you can repeat it to me, now, I shall believe that what M. Rossel tells me is indeed the truth.”

Veronica, with a voice tremulous from emotion, sang the well known miners' song; and, as she sang, the little infant's cry was hushed, the broken-hearted mother listened in admiring silence, and the sick man, holding his hands across his breast, and raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed: “God raise me to my sinner!”

Veronica, though somewhat wearied after the exertion and excitement of the day, could not bear to refuse her old master's request, and, committing her old father to George's care, set forth under the escort of the very kind-hearted schoolmaster. The darkening shades of evening prevented the young singer from distinguishing surrounding objects; and she allowed Rossel to guide her as he pleased, unconscious whether he was leading her.

“No one,” she replied; “my father is blind—he often finds the day very long, and I sing to him to amuse him. It is almost the greatest pleasure he has, and I am so glad that, for we are poor, and he cannot afford himself many other pleasures.”

“But the melody itself, and the method—where did you learn all that?” inquired the schoolmaster.

Veronica looked perplexed, but, after a moment's reflection, replied: “I have often heard our miners sing that air.”

“My child,” said M. Rossel to the little girl, “I see how God often overrules the wickedness of man for his own wise purposes.

The burn you received on your hand has

caused you much suffering, and has prevented

your working at the lace to earn money for

your father; but if it had not been for this

accident, I should never have noticed your

voice, which will, I hope, prove to you a min-

er of wealth, and enable you to procure more

comforts for him than if you had been work-

ing night and day at your pillow.”

“Is your husband asleep?” inquired M.

Rossel.

Veronica did not very well understand the good man's meaning, but she felt gratified for his kindness, and anxious to do her best to please him. From that day forward, M. Rossel gave her regular instruction in the art of singing, whilst, at the same time, he contrived to interest several benevolent people in the fate of this deserving family; so that the blind man's wants were fully supplied, and his little daughter was thus enabled to pursue her studies with a cheerful heart.

“Asleep! oh, no!” replied the woman. “I know not what will become of us!” The schoolmaster then approached the sick man's bed, and addressing him kindly, said: “How are you to-day, Kunkel?” “Just as I am always, replied the sufferer, “and so long as I feel that piece of money burning in my throat, I shall never get any better.”

“Cannot you dismiss that delusion?” interrupted Rossel. “The doctor and I have told you a hundred times that that burning sensation in your throat is a natural result of your disease; and what is the use of indulging a fancy which only aggravates your malady?”

“I ought to know what I feel, better than either you or the doctor can tell me,” rejoined the sick man, rather impatiently; “and I know that I feel one hard, burning spot in my throat, just as though I had tried to swallow a piece of red-hot copper. No water can cool that spot; it is always the same, always burning.”

Veronica's thoughts recurred to the suffering she had experienced when her hand was burned, and her pity for the poor man remained.

“Well, Kunkel,” replied the schoolmaster, “I can only repeat what I have said before; this is all a figment of your own imagination. How in the world could a piece of burning money find its way into the center of your throat?”

“Oh, I know it! I know it well!” exclaimed the sick man. “It was last Christmas Eve that I felt for the first time, that burning spot.”

“You felt it on that evening because the ulceration of your throat had just become more acute and widely spread.”

“Yes, it is a day of triumph for me and for the town of Seeburg, too,” rejoined the schoolmaster, “for she was born amongst us here, and I was her first teacher.”

At last all the company had arrived, the hall was thronged to the very door, and, at the appointed hour, Veronica Madel appeared upon the platform, accompanied by her youthful brother, and with her blind father leaning on her arm. A burst of enthusiastic plaudits greeted the young cantatrice as she gracefully coursed to the assemblage.

As Veronica heard these words, a cry of dismay burst from her lips. It seemed as if the retributive justice of God had fallen upon the unhappy man before her eyes. It was to her a solemn and overpowering emotion, and the young singer covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

The old schoolmaster, deeply moved, turned toward Veronica.

“Kunkel,” said the schoolmaster, in a tone of deep solemnity, “here is the very hand which, twelve years ago, you were so very cruel as to burn, this hand is now held out to you in token of forgiveness; and see! no trace remains of the wound you then inflicted; and my unkind thought harbors in the bosom of her who has now come to minister to your wants.”

Kunkel raised his head, and looked at Veronica. “No! no!” he replied, sighing heavily; “it is impossible; that fine lady cannot be the same as the poor child whom I so cruelly injured twelve years ago. You are making a mock of me, M. Rossel.”

“Pardon me, Kunkel, what I have told you is true. Through God's goodness, that burning penny has turned into a mine of gold in the hand of Veronica Madel; and here,” added he, laying a pile of crowns upon the table: “here is a share of her gains, which she has brought to you.”

Kunkel, with an air of bewilderment, gazed alternately at Veronica, at his wife who stood weeping by his side, and at the money which lay upon the table. “I wish I could believe what you tell me,” he exclaimed; “but it seems to me impossible. Do you remember, the song that was sung beneath my window that Christmas Eve? That song, and the cry of anguish which followed it, still rings in my ears. If you can repeat it to me, now, I shall believe that what M. Rossel tells me is indeed the truth.”

Veronica, with a voice tremulous from emotion, sang the well known miners' song; and, as she sang, the little infant's cry was hushed, the broken-hearted mother listened in admiring silence, and the sick man, holding his hands across his breast, and raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed: “God raise me to my sinner!”

Veronica seated herself by his side, spoke to him of pardon and of peace, until a length a ray of hope beamed from the sufferer's eye. He stroked his weathered limbs, as though seeking that repose which had long been denied to him, and then, with a gentle sigh, fell asleep.

The schoolmaster, familiar by long experience with scenes of sufferings and of death, quickly perceived that the vital spark had fled. He laid his hand upon the marble brow of the departed, and, with tears in his eyes, folded his hands across his breast, and said, turning to the weeping widow: “Cheer up, brave hearts, cheer up.”

“I trust, my poor friend, that your husband is at rest after his long struggle; and you and your children shall not be forsaken. Put your trust in the God of the fatherless and the widow; and to-morrow I will come again and see what I can do for you.”

Veronica Madel and her old instructor now quitted the house of sorrow; and it was with full hearts that they repaired to the hospitable banquet which had been prepared for them by their fellow-citizens.

“I should like you,” observed the old man, “to see some, at least, of those

the burn you received on your hand has

caused you much suffering, and has prevented

your working at the lace to earn money for

your father; but if it had not been for this

accident, I should never have noticed your

voice, which will, I hope, prove to you a min-

er of wealth, and enable you to procure more

comforts for him than if you had been work-

ing night and day at your pillow.”

“Is your husband asleep?” inquired M.

Rossel.

TALKS WITH MY FRIENDS.—NO. VI.

BY CHARLES CARROLL.

The village called Fisherville, a part of the City of Concord in New Hampshire, stretches along the left bank of the Merrimac river, opposite the town of Boscowen; the stream between the two villages is divided by a small island, at present entirely uninhabited, and in summer almost inaccessible from either shore. This little spot, surrounded by a turbid, foamy current, struggling with huge boulders of granite which form its bed, derives its name of “Dustin's Island,” from having been the scene of one of the most thrilling tragedies recorded in the early history of New England.

Here Mrs. Dustin and her child were taken captives by the Indians on their way to the French settlements of the St. Lawrence. The savages, fearing no attempt at escape from that wild spot, so far remote from the settlements and surrounded

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1859.

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPY, Editor and Proprietor

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrangements are made for its appearance in the next number; any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (fourteen lines,) one insertion, \$1.00; each insertion, \$1.00; two squares, \$1.00; three squares, \$1.00; one insertion, 15 cents; each subsequent insertion, 20 cents. One Square, per year, \$12.00; six months, \$7.00; three months, \$4.00; half a Square, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.00; three months, \$2.00. Less than half a square charged as half a square; more than half a square charged as a square. Special Notices, ten cents; each insertion, one cent; each subsequent insertion, 12 cents. All advertisements, not otherwise marked, will be inserted at the regular rates, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

AGENTS.

North Woburn—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. East Woburn—ALBERT L. RICHARDSON. Stowham—E. T. WHITFIELD. Reading—THOMAS L. RICHARDSON. South Reading—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD. Winchester—JOSEPH HOVEY.

S. M. PETTEGILL & CO., Boston and New York. S. M. PETTEGILL, comes to V. B. Palmer, Esq., Building, Court Street, Boston; and JOHN BURKILL, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions for the JOURNAL at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of the JOURNAL renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and preserved by the best families of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates to an extent enjoyed by no other paper. It is not excelled, if equalled, in typographical appearance, by ANY PAPER published in Middlesex County. By preserving uniformity in arrangement, equal prominence is obtained by all ADVERTISERS. Our terms of advertising are moderate.

JOY PRINTING.

We call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of JOY PRINTING. The variety of NEW and HANDSOME type with which our office is supplied is very extensive; our presses are new and fast; our workmen experienced and skillful. We have, therefore, every facility for doing all kinds of work, QUICK, NEAT and CHEAP. Orders left at our office, or sent through our agents, will be promptly attended to, and the prices will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers will confer a favor by giving notice at the office when they fail to receive their paper regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAR. 26, 1859.

In the social and business relations of life we are brought into contact with men of every imaginable phase of character. We find the bluf, matter of fact yankee, who "guesses" things are about so and so, and we soon learn that what he says and what he promises is about as fixed a fact as were the laws of the ancient Medes and Persians. We meet, too, the polite, gentlemanly business man, who never makes any pretensions about what he has done or can do, and we soon learn that his word is as good as his bond, and his note, as the ready cash. Such men stand forth as the "silver linings" of clouds otherwise dark and ominous, showing us that integrity and the strict pointlessness of days "Lang Syne" have not entirely departed from our haunts of business. We meet others the first sight of whose countenances puts us upon our guard, and we instinctively feel that it will never do to place confidence in any integrity they may seem to exhibit. Whoever deals with such men must have his eyes open and take nothing upon trust. There are other men with whom we wish to have as little to do as possible. They are utterly desirous of kind feeling and moral honesty, and will treat you well only so far as may subserve their own selfish and ambitious ends. By flattery so profuse as to be altogether nauseating, or by bullying and browbeating, they attempt to bring those with whom they come in contact to aid them in their selfish schemes. Such being the case, there are many men who adopt the rule and carry it out rigidly in practice, to treat every person, in the transaction of business, as though he were a knave, fully bent upon taking every possible advantage. An opposite course, say they, exposes them to the risk of being duped and swindled out of their hard earned possessions. But, though there may be some truth in this assertion, we think the influence of such a rule of conduct is any thing but good upon all concerned. Better win men to integrity by a shining example ever held up before them, than to drive them into the practice of cunning and craftiness by the exhibition of an entire want of confidence in our fellow men. The world is bad enough already, without any attempts, positive or negative, to make it worse.

Again, in the daily social intercourse of men with men—in the casual meetings in places of public conveyance and resort, how much better it is not only to seem, but to be frank, cordial and courteous. It is of some importance to possess the respect, the esteem of all men, even of the most humble. The proud, aristocratic man, who stands aloof, and deigns not to greet the honest laborer with a hearty "good morning," will sooner or later find himself standing like the lofty pine of the forest, exposed without any protection to every passing blast, because so much exalted above the trees of human growth.

Another class of men of whom it becomes us to beware, are those who seek to exalt themselves by pulling others down into the mire and dirt where they have taken their own position. They are set on fire with jealousy if they see any one above them in any of the walks of life. Far better would it be to them to teach themselves from the filth and dirt with which they are besmeared, to wash themselves from the slime that covers them, and learn to practice those pure and gentle virtues which alone can make them truly good, and worthy the esteem of their fellow men. It is jealousy and ambition that constitute the undying fires which surge to and fro in many a human heart, reminding us of those into whom the evil spirits once entered, leading them captive at will. There is no community in which some such are not found, breathing forth the unsatisfied desires of restless ambition.

How much better it would be for society if all men, in all the relations of life, would adopt the rule of being kind and courteous to every one they met,—to cast out forever the unkindly spirits of passion, jealousy, envy and

intrigue,—to look upon each man as a brother, and to act toward him with fraternal kindness.

School Examinations and Schools.

The High School examination took place last Friday, at too late an hour for our last paper. The pupils made it evident still again that the teachers in that school are an honor to the town as well as the school itself—Great accuracy, highly creditable to the industry of the scholars, was manifested in all the classes and in all their studies. It is evident that the school is no show school; and that the examinations are not exhibitions but thorough investigations into what the scholars have learned. Sometimes, on this account, they may be a little dry to those who are not familiar with the branches taught, or who would prefer a little more display on the occasion.

The citizens are generous in their appropriations to the school, and worthily is their generosity bestowed. Some slight changes have been made in some studies, making the study of Latin and Greek optional with the pupil,—under the advice of the committee,—and enlarging considerably the scientific course. These changes will be stated in full in the Report of the town committee, now in press; a careful examination of which is recommended to the inhabitants of the town.

Several changes in the laws respecting the schools have made the labors of the town committee more difficult and delicate as well as more arduous. The hiring of the teachers is now placed in their hands by the State irrespective of the wishes of the town; a very delicate service to render to the districts, but one which it is hoped, they may succeed in performing by the generous co-operation of the prudent committees of the several districts, in such a manner as to give satisfaction. The teachers for all the districts except Nos. 3 and 4, have been engaged. All the teachers in No. 1 are re-engaged, except Miss Jones who will teach No. 5, Miss Nichols returning to the North Intermediate. No. 2 retains the teachers of last year; so also does No. 6.

There is no question but that the best understanding will continue to exist between the town and prudent committees.

The other new law referred to respects the books to be used in the schools. The town committee are required to superintend the purchase of books for the scholars, determine their prices, and give notice where they can be obtained, and the cost of the books. This notice it is the purpose of the committee to give as soon as arrangements can be made; meantime it will be well for the scholars not to purchase any new books.

There is one evil to which the parents of the town, and especially those of No. 1, should be called, it is the proximity of the lock-up to the central school-house. Over two hundred children pass within from fifty to ten feet of the door, many times a day, and their ears are polluted with all the profanity and obscenity which vagabonds and criminals utter. It appears that the district is already awake to a sense of the evil, and it is most earnestly hoped that the nuisance will be abated by the town at the earliest day.

SPRING STYLE HATS & CARS.—We invite attention to Mr. Haslam's advertisement in another column. Having worn hats of his manufacture for several years past, we can speak of them in the highest terms of praise. He makes a good hat, sells it at a moderate price, and is always on hand with the latest and newest fashions. His new waterproof silk hats are said to be a very superior article. We advise our townsmen to patronize Mr. H., instead of going to the city for *cha-peaus*—they will save money by so doing and be much better satisfied with their purchases.

MUSICAL.

The Stonham Musical Association proposes to favor our citizens with Mr. Root's Cantata of The Haymakers, in Lyceum Hall, on Monday evening, April 4th.

A more particular notice will appear in our paper next week. We have heard them perform this popular cantata and assure our fellow citizens that a rich treat is in store for them.

CORRECTION.—Wrong types sometimes make strange work with the sense of a paragraph. This is true in respect to the Latin quotation from Erasmus in "The Sketches from Roman History" last week. It should have been as follows:

"Quod mihi dixisti
Corde quod edas, et edis;
Sic tibi rescribo
Quod tu patris
Crede quod habeas, et habeas."

Our inability, as yet, to be around among our friends in the neighboring towns, has prevented us from gathering up many items of interesting news which would otherwise appear in our columns. In the course of another week we trust all this will be remedied.

FAST DAY.—His Excellency the Governor has appointed Thursday, the 7th day of April, a day of public Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer.

New Publications.

Brief Expositions of Rational Medicine; to which is prefixed The Paradise of Doctors, a Fable, by Jacob Bigelow, M. D., late President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, &c. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

Whoever wishes for both amusement and instruction will be amply repaid by a perusal of this unpretending little volume. The author is a man of profound learning, ripe experience and excellent judgment, knowing equally well how to impart valuable instruction and to "shoot folly as flies." His views upon "rational medicine" are eminently calculated to exert a salutary influence, and to secure for Nature no less than for intelligent art, a recognition of the real value to be attributed to each.

The "Atlantic" for April has been received; a number filled with good things.—The Autocrat never talked more pleasantly; the Minister's Wooing increases in interest, though the extremely "tender footed," may deploy its "sectionalism"; other tales and literary articles are fully up to the average of this most excellent periodical.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.—We understand that the Library Committee made choice, on Wednesday evening, of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Davis, as Librarians. Mrs. Davis will take the principal care of the Library.

intrigue,—to look upon each man as a brother, and to act toward him with fraternal kindness.

STATE LIQUOR AGENCY.

It seems that the State Liquor Agent, George P. Burnham—a name connected with the Hen Fever, some years ago—is likely to get into trouble in respect to the quality of liquors furnished by him to the town agents. Hearings have already been held at the State House respecting the matter. At a recent hearing, Dr. Burnham of Lowell, stated that he had purchased alcohol of the Agent in that city, which would neither burn nor dissolve resins. The liquor agents of other places complain of the quality of the articles furnished by the State Agent. We have heard similar complaints again and again in this town. The fault is not in the town agents, but at head-quarters. A gentleman in Lowell, formerly a Custom House official, said that he had examined brandy, sold by the agent, which was nothing but spirit flavored with brandy. He had seen whiskey, too, that must have been made of "mighty poor corn." All the witnesses examined, told the same story. There is something rotten somewhere, and unless the Legislature puts the matter on a proper basis, the sale of liquors by the regularly appointed agents will not increase, but the business will increase in other quarters.

THE BOSTON POST OFFICE

question, about which there has been so much excitement in the metropolis, has at length been definitely settled, by the Postmaster General ordering the office back to its old quarters in the Exchange Building, State street. Postmaster Captain's Summer street speculation will not, therefore, prove quite so profitable to himself and the real estate owners in the vicinity as they anticipated. One thing more is wanted to bring this matter to a result entirely satisfactory to the public—the discharge of Mr. Capen from an office which he has so shamefully abused, that he might put a fortune in his own pocket at the expense of the public, and serve the interests of a few crafty land speculators.

INCENDIARISM.—An attempt was made on Monday evening last to burn the "Chapel Building" on Main street, the lower story of which was formerly occupied by Mr. J. S. Ellis as a grocery store, and now transiently in use as a dry goods auction room.

The return of scholars from the High school reunion, who discovered the fire before it had made much headway, fortunately rendered the villainous attempt unsuccessful. A few buckets of water promptly applied quickly extinguished the fire, which was set in the shed attached to the building, without doing much damage.

AN EGG TO CROW OVER.

Mr. Harrison Flanders has handed us an egg, laid by a pullet less than a year old, measuring 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and weighing 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ounces, good weight. We expect to hear of a great deal of mortality among the hens, caused by their vain endeavor to bring forth a larger egg; but we trust our subscribers will be careful not to read this paragraph in the vicinity of a hen coop.

SPRING

High School Re-union.—A re-union of a most agreeable character took place at the Woburn High School on Monday evening last. The teachers, graduates and present pupils of the school assembled in a social gathering that they might keep alive and strengthen the bonds of friendship that had united them in times past, and create new ties that would render both scholars and teachers still warmer friends in the future.—After the many warm greetings which all received, and an hour of pleasant social intercourse, the company were invited to partake of a supper that had been prepared in the upper hall by the present pupils. Whether it was the excellence of the supper or the exuberant spirits of the company it does not appear, but a happier set never sat down to a table bountifully supplied. The suavity and kind attentions of the Principal to his past and present pupils, and teachers formerly associated with him, contributed much to the happiness of the occasion.

PRESENTATION AND SUPPER.

The members of Niagara No. 1, and their lady friends, had a very pleasant social gathering at the Engine House on Friday evening of last week. We regret that we could not avail ourselves of an invitation to be present. As some of the company were on the eve of taking their departure for California, it was determined to leave them in their most agreeable manner. The ladies prepared an excellent supper, which was partaken of with a hearty and jovial sociability that needs to be witnessed in the engine room to be appreciated.

During the evening of Captain J. B. Davis, the ex-wife of the Captain of the Niagara, presented to Mrs. B. Fletcher, in behalf of the company, a neat speech appropriate to the occasion, a handsome brooch, which the recipient received with many expressions of thanks to the donors, and her best wishes for the prosperity of the company. Her book was presented by Mrs. Moses Butler, in behalf of the ladies, to Mr. James Gunn—appropriate speeches being made by both.—Dancing and amusements of various kinds, closed one the most pleasant evenings ever passed within the walls of No. 1's house.

WOBURN INSTITUTE.

—At the annual meeting of this Association, on Monday evening last, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year, viz.: President, W. M. A. STONE; Vice President, Charles W. STEVENS; Secretary, E. D. HAYDEN; Treasurer, J. W. HAMMOND; Board of Managers, Wm. T. GRAMMER, B. Y. PIPPY, J. E. LITTLEFIELD, Wm. MILLER, M. M. TIDD.

The Institute has rapidly increased in numbers since its organization, and is now in a most prosperous condition. Weekly meetings are held for the consideration of such orders, bills and resolutions as may properly come before it, and the business is carried on with all the precision of a Legislative body. The debates have proved very profitable to the members, and we hope the public will soon have an opportunity of listening to some of these interesting exercises.

WOBURN INSTITUTE.

—At the annual meeting of this Association, on Monday evening last, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year, viz.: President, W. M. A. STONE; Vice President, Charles W. STEVENS; Secretary, E. D. HAYDEN; Treasurer, J. W. HAMMOND; Board of Managers, Wm. T. GRAMMER, B. Y. PIPPY, J. E. LITTLEFIELD, Wm. MILLER, M. M. TIDD.

THE "ATLANTIC."

The "Atlantic" for April has been received; a number filled with good things.—The Autocrat never talked more pleasantly; the Minister's Wooing increases in interest, though the extremely "tender footed," may deploy its "sectionalism"; other tales and literary articles are fully up to the average of this most excellent periodical.

The "Salem Register" says: "It is not a little remarkable that the gentleman (Mr. Kirk) who is designated as the writer who will probably complete Mr. Prescott's unfinished work, bears the name (John Foster) of the college student who unintentionally inflicted the injury on Mr. P. eye."

THE BOSTON AND NEW YORK FURNISHING STORE FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

No. 233 Washington Street, Boston, is the largest establishment of the kind in New England. An advertisement from which will be found in another column.

MR. SAMUEL WALKER'S BARN.

In Burton, was entered by burglars on the night of Tuesday last, and a wooden robe, a rubber coat, and 15 lbs. of sugar carried off.

DO YOU HAVE A COUGH, COLD, OR BRONCHITIS?

In Boston, we have to the present time, several presentations took place; two to Mr. Monroe, late Principal of the High School, and one to Miss S. S. Hardy, teacher of the school at Greenwood.

MARCH.

Should we look amid the constellated glories of the poets for one little modest star to shine above the Boudoir for this month, we should scarcely be able to find it. "Unhonest and unsung," if not "unwept," it passes in the procession of the calendar, with a cloudy brow, wrapped in a mantle of mist, and with a shattered crown, which is neither of ice nor flowers. Bryant, indeed, who is sure to see in Nature whatever is lovable, has given an exquisite hymn to this most forlorn of months; but it is fate to be neglected by nearly all. Yet its wild winds, its glimpses of sunshine and blue sky, foretelling spring, and precious because the first, ought surely to strike some sweet echo from the golden lyre of song. Capricious April and flowery May, rosy and perfumed June, voluptuous July, languid August, brilliant September, magnificient October, the Indian-summer of November, holiday December, January, the usher of the year, and cold exhilarating February, have all their bards and lovers. Poor March is a wallflower left pining in this festal circle, seldom asked to join in the gaudy dance. But little is done in them at the present time, as there is no demand for it. It can be bought for eight cents per bushel, and costs one half this sum to dig it. Four miles out of the city proper, is a female college which I am told is in a flourishing condition, and one hundred of its pupils attended our concert this evening, which was very way successful. The hall in which we sang was a new one, and had not been tested, and it was feared by many of the citizens that if completely filled, it would at once crumble and become a wreck; but I think their fears will now subside, as it will be impossible to give it a more thorough test than was subjected to it on this occasion, as its admitted capacity would accommodate seated, only six hundred persons, while we had proof that twice that number were present. Nature demands repose and I close this for some other post.

WHEELING, VA.

March 17. I have only time to announce our arrival 5 o'clock P. M.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1859.

New Advertisements.

Spring Style! Spring Style!!

—OF—

HATS & CAPS

For 1859,

NOW MANUFACTURING AT

W. A. HASLAM'S,

Cot. of Main & Walnut sts., Woburn.

EF Silk Hats Warranted Waterproof.

HATS AND CAPS made to order at short notice.

Old Hats renovated and made to look as good as new.

Mar. 26—1f.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.

To the Heirs at Law and others interested in the estate of E. H. RAY, late of Woburn, Middlesex County, deceased, testate.

W. A. HASLAM'S, Executor.

WHEREAS Mary B. Bacon, the Executrix of the last will and testament of said deceased, has presented for allowance the account of her administration, and the sum of six dollars.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Court of Probate to be held at Cambridge, in said County, the **Fourth Tuesday of April** of this year, and to show cause why the same will be considered, and all parties interested heard, who shall then appear to be entitled to this citation by publication hereof once a week in the *Middlesex Journal*, printed in Woburn, three weeks next before the day of publication to be three days at least before said Court.

Dated at Cambridge this twentieth day of March, A.D. 1859.

WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON,

Mar. 26. Judge of Probate and Insolvency.

BOSTON & LOWELL
AND NASHUA & LOWELL RAIL ROAD.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, March 21st, from Woburn, Manchester, Concord, Upper Ballards, 7.30, a.m., 12, m., 2.30, p.m.

Nashua, 7.30, a.m., 12, m., 5, p.m.

Lowell, 7.30, a.m., 12, m., 2.30, 5, p.m.

North Billerica, Billerica & Tewksbury, Wilmington, Woburn, W. S., and E. Woburn, 7.30, 10, a.m., 2.30, 5, p.m.

W. S., Woburn, 7.30, 10, p.m.

* Saturdays at 10 p.m.

TRAIN FOR BOSTON LEAVES

At 6.15, 11.15, a.m., 3.30 p.m.

Nashua, 7.15, a.m., 5 p.m., 10.30, * 2.15, 5.30, * p.m.

North Billerica, 7.15, 9, a.m., 2.30, 5, p.m.

Billerica & Tewksbury 7.15, 9, a.m., 2.30, 5, p.m.

Wilmington, 7.15, 9, a.m., 2.30, 5, p.m.

North Woburn 10, a.m., 2.30, 5, p.m.

Woburn, 7.15, 9, a.m., 2.30, 5, p.m.

* On arrival of trains from Nashua.

J. R. WINSLOW,
Superintendent B. & L. and N. & L. R. R.

March 26, 1859

\$3.00.

AN APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

We Want Your Decision!!

WE ARE PREPARED TO SELL FOR THE

LOW PRICE

—or—

\$3.00

A GOOD FASHIONABLE

BUSINESS SUIT!!

Fully equal to any that can be purchased elsewhere for

DOUBLE THAT SUM!!

EVERY ARTICLE OF OUR

IMMENSE STOCK,

COMPRISING SELECTIONS FROM THE

CHOICEST STOCKS

—OR THE—

New York Market.

WE NOW OFFER AT

PRICES PROPORTIONALLY LOW!!

LANE'S

GREAT BARGAIN STORE,

32 Dock Square.

March 26.—3w.

Spring Styles

HATS,

NOW READY FOR INSPECTION AT

BENT & BUSH'S

CORNER OF

Court and Washington streets.

—ALSO—

A Large Assortment of

Newly Imported

FRENCH SOFT FELT HATS!!

French Opera Hats!

FRANCIS' NAPOLEON HATS.

French Goods received by every Steamer.

BENT & BUSH,

Corner of Court and Washington Streets.

March 26.—5w.

293 WASHINGTON STREET.

BOSTON & NEW YORK

Ladies' and Children's' Furnishing Store

MRS. WYMAN, now in full operation at the

Ladies' and Children's' Furnishing Store,

and a full line of goods, to suit the wants of all, for cash.

Dress Makers, and all others, will find a

choice selection of patterns, trimming, plaid, furbelows, &c., of all kinds for sale as low as can be bought elsewhere.

Inviting all to make their purchases at our store, by an experienced workman.

Wardrobe complete, unequalled in style and beauty.

Dress Making, taught, and Diagrams for sale.

Lessons given in Embroidery, Stitching and Stamping, &c.

Best Watch Spring Skirts for ladies and children.

Grace Clothes ready, made, or to order.

293 Washington Street, Boston.

March 26.—6w.

LOOK AT THIS!

MESSRS. BEAN & CLAYTON,

WOULD respectfully inform our customers and

the public generally, that a few years of

experience have led us to the conclusion that the

only true practical for Retail Clothing Dealers is to

SELL FOR CASH, which will enable the seller to sell

for a profit, and the buyer will be more likely

to get his money's worth.

Now to save our good customers from paying the

debtors, we will take up the opportunity to inform them that the public generally that on and after April 1, 1859, we shall sell for CASH ONLY.

We hope this step we are about to take will meet the views of all our patrons and friends.

Bean & Clayton,

No. 2 Union, corner of Elm street, Boston.

March 26.—6w.

FAIRBANKS & BEARD,

Wholesale and Retail dealers in

ALE, PORTER, CIDER,

Molasses and Soda Waters.

Also, Draught Ale and Porter, Scotch Ale and

London Ale.

HOWARD ATHENEUM, HOWARD STREET

BOSTON. Sole Agents for Miles' Crotton Ale.

March 26.—6w.

BOSTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

BROWN'S CATHARTIC LOZENGES

A mild, safe, efficient and
a gentle remedy for Constipation of the Bowels, Habitual Constipation, Biliousness, & Nervous

Sick Heads.

BROWN'S LAXATIVE TROCHES.

For Piles, Flatulence, Inertia of the Liver,

Bilious Affections. For many unpleasant

and disagreeable symptoms of nature.

For all purposes of a Family Medicine.

Manny's Flowers and Reapers; Radway

House Powers, &c., &c.

Made by JOHN L. BROWN & SON, BOSTON.

Sold by all druggists at 25 cents per box.

NEW CONFETIONERY

—AND—

RESTAURANT.

The subscriber would like to inform the public that he has fitted up a great ex-

hibition hall, in which a new and elegant "RESTAURANT" and "ICE CREAM SALOON" is

prepared to supply the wants of the

public.

French and American Confectionery,

Cake, Pastry, &c.

His extensive Steam Manufacturing Works, en-

ables him to supply all kinds of

Confectionery, and to make up any quality not to be surpassed by any one.

Families supplied with Meats, Pastry, Jellies,

Ice Cream, Table Ornaments, &c., &c., at the lowest

prices.

All orders from the country, promptly at

JOHN JOHNSON,

61, No. 4 Tremont Row, Op. head of Hanover St.

CHAS. COPELAND, Special Partner.

PAINTS, OILS,

AND VARNISHES.

With all articles used by Painters and Artists. For sale by

A. WHEELER & CO.,

61 & 63 Union Street, cor. of Hanover St.,

BOSTON.

Will send a catalog of all their articles and

prices to any wishing the same.

To the Dealer,

TO

